The Saturday Evening
POST
November 28, 1959 — 15¢
NOV 23 '59

The World of the UNEDUCATED

By Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover, USN

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PROBLEM:
to store, measure, dilute and add bleach to your wash water... and avoid risk of bleach damage

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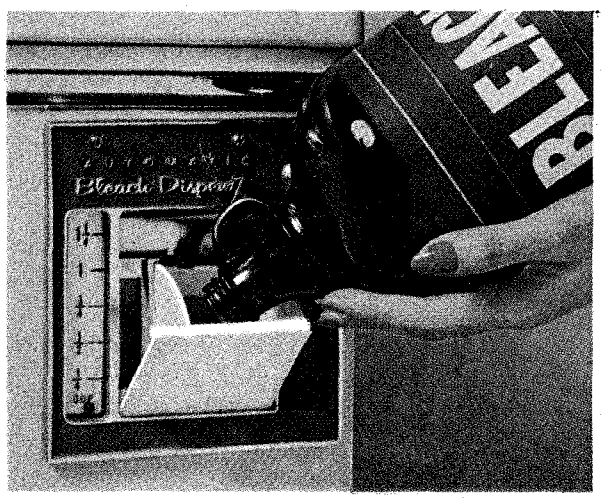
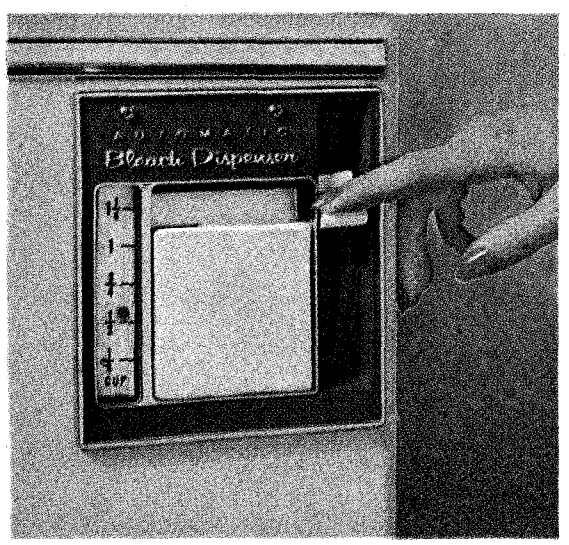
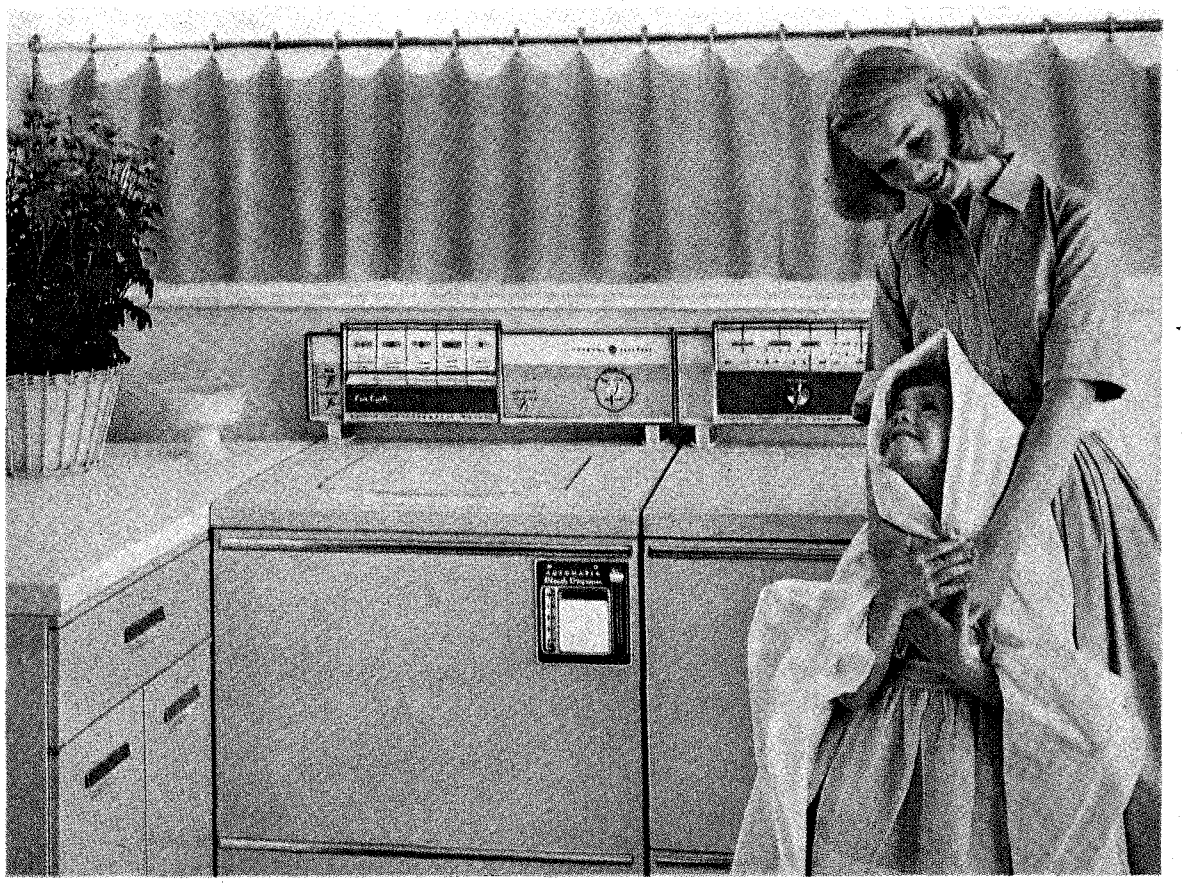
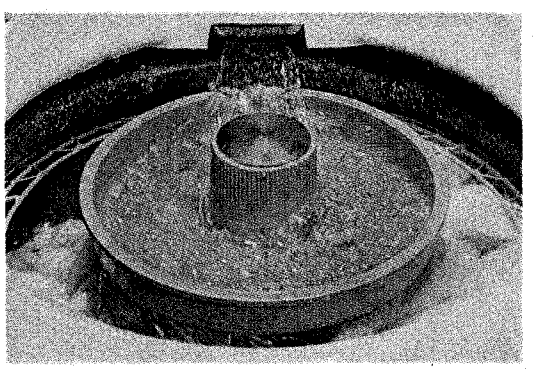


Only the General Electric Washer stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. And remember: fill the dispenser only once a month—after that bleaching's automatic.



Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach for you—automatically. Press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need for any wash load. Then—even before the bleach is added to the wash water—it is diluted to safe solution. Result: sparkling, spotless, perfectly bleached clothes every time.





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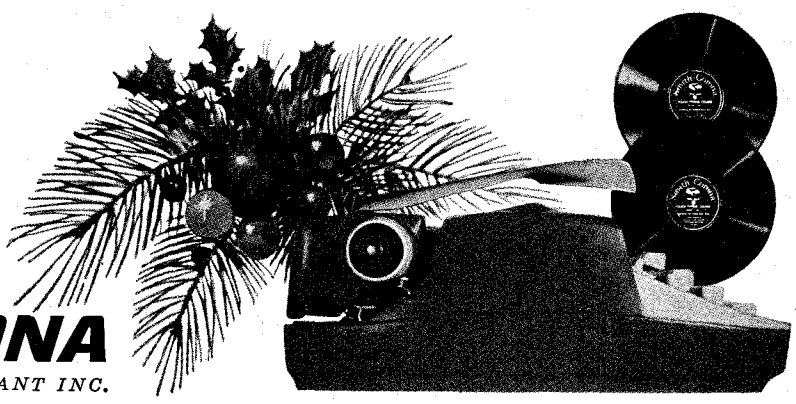

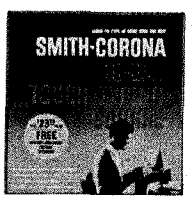

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THE COVER

Another manifestation of Mother Nature's genius—what an exquisite ice mirror she has fashioned without a single ammonia pipe in the whole blue-and-lavender sheen of it! Over this chilly glass whish the ice yachtsmen with the speed of the wind—no, that's wrong, for there is a complex aerodynamic gimmick which results in iceboats' whishing three times faster than the wind that is blowing. Hollanders started putting runners on boats circa 1750. Early United States iceboaters appeared on the Hudson, where they raced New York Central trains and beat 'em. Today ice-yacht clubs are likely to spring up wherever it doesn't snow too much but where water turns hard in winter. Our lustrous cover comes to you from Lake Warren, Connecticut, by way of John Clymer's illustrious brush.

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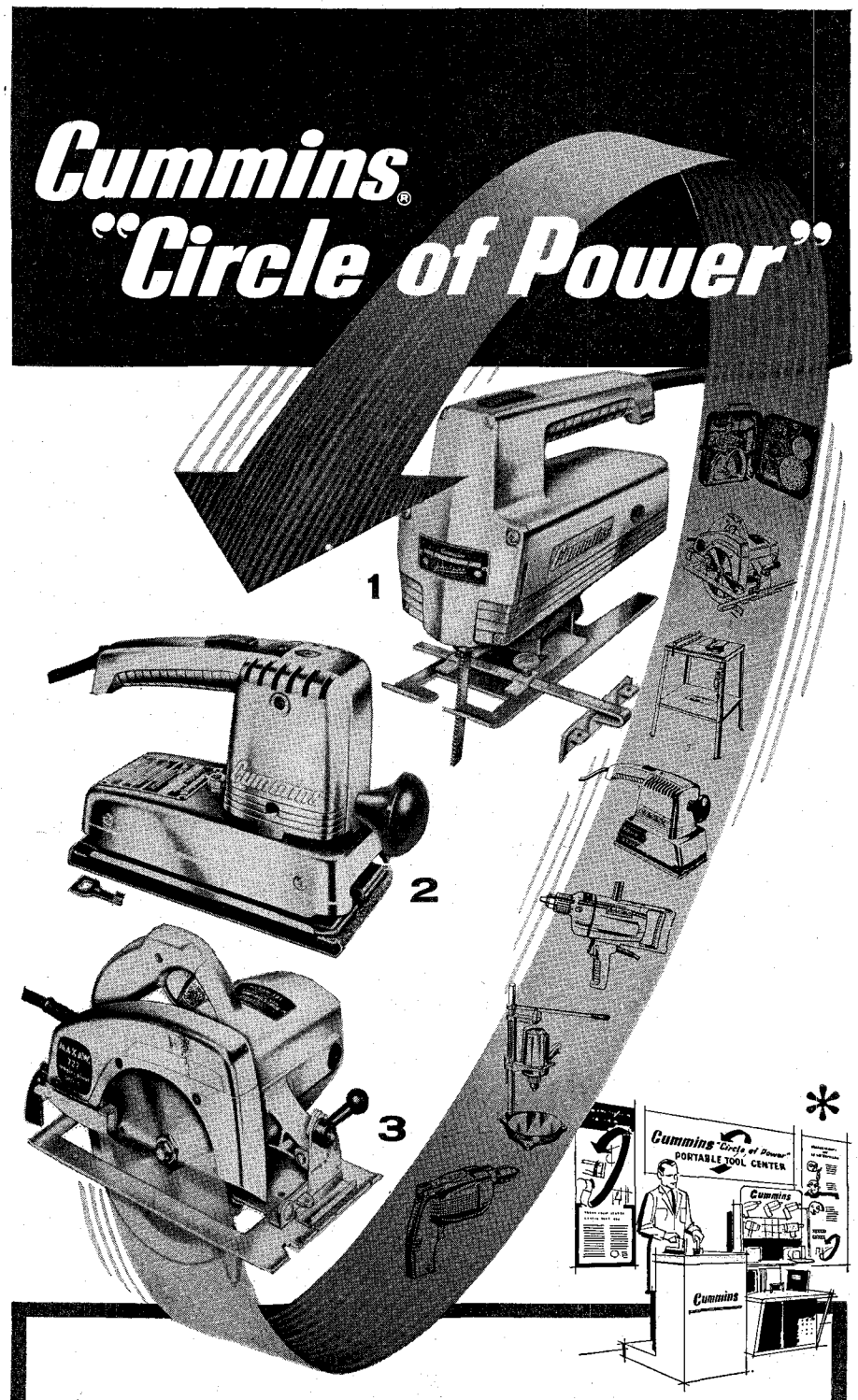

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Letters

Alcoholics

Dear Sirs:

May we heartily commend you for your courage in publishing MY TRIALS AS A NONDRINKING ALCOHOLIC [by Jonathan Tabor, M.D., as told to Hannah Lees, Oct. 24]. With some history of alcoholism in our family in generations past, we feel that our abstinence is both "pragmatic and principled." We have dear friends in all groups mentioned, and it is our hope that our quiet request for a nonalcoholic drink in a social drinking group will sometimes lend support to an alcoholic in those first hard years.

MRS. W. C. THEIMER JR.
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

An outstanding article which has infinite value to society.

RODNEY M. GUTHRIE, *Judge*
Sixth Judicial District
Newcastle, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

I, too, am a nondrinking alcoholic of long standing, but cocktail parties don't bother me a bit. I don't go to them. In fact, I'm an aggressive nonattender. . . .

Perhaps the doctor would enjoy life more if he would close the door on the rather nonsensical cocktail-party routine. One thing is sure: he'd move farther away from the possibility of an alcoholic relapse.

ROBERT J. CHURCH
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

The word alcoholic has a terrific stigma to it, and if someone twenty years ago had called me by that name, I would have stood up and done battle (if I had been able to stand up). Today the word does not mean any more to me than diabetes does to a diabetic. We are both sick people. He stays away from starch and sugar and . . . I stay away from that first drink.

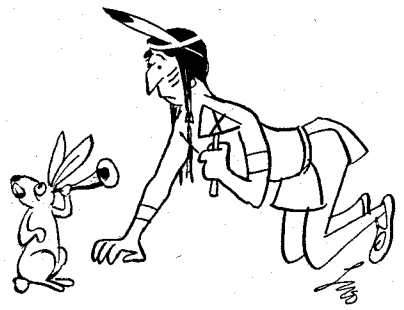
NAME WITHHELD, D.D.S.
Johnstown, Pa.

Wild Bull and Wild Bill

Dear Sirs:

From DUEL IN THE DUSK, by Gerald Kersh, Oct. 10: ". . . the tied pistol went off with a bang that sent the birds screaming. . . . Wild Bull Chase was down behind his horse in an instant, and he sent his rifle bullet right in the direction of where my pistol was.

"Then he looked to his own pistols and reloaded his rifle—always with his eyes in the direction from which that shot had come—while I was twenty yards closer to him before he had that ball rammed home. . . . I had been moving so like an



Injun that my hand closed upon the scruff of the neck of a sleeping hare."

Oh, no! Not deaf rabbits!

JACK SCHMIDT
Lake Worth, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

James Hickok was born in Homer, Illinois [not Troy Grove]. . . . The village's name was changed to Troy Grove in the 1880's when the railroad came. . . .

The story of the origin of the "Wild Bill" name is as good as any; however, they are all wrong. The [first Hickok to be called] "Wild Bill" was Lorenzo Butler Hickok, not James. . . . I know. Both were uncles of mine.

HOWARD L. HICKOK
Madison, Wis.

Speaking of Myths

Dear Sirs:

I read the [Oct. 24] article . . . of John Kobler entitled THE MYTHS ABOUT THE OAKES MURDER with interest, but I am unable to overlook a glaring misstatement of fact appearing on page 82 in which your author, commenting on the history of the Bahamas, states: "At the outset they served as a base of operations for pirates like Edward (Blackbeard) Teach. The first Royal Governor had Teach shot. . . ."

Nothing could be further from the truth than this statement. Blackbeard, under the protection of Governor Eden of North Carolina, was conducting piratical expeditions from the North Carolina sounds against shipping from New York to the Spanish Main. Depredations against Virginia commerce became so unendurable that the Royal Governor of Virginia dispatched Robert Maynard of the Virginia Navy with two sloops of war to seek out and destroy

Blackbeard. . . . In a pitched battle in North Carolina waters Maynard [above, right] slew Blackbeard.

CHARLES PICKETT
Fairfax, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Lieutenant Maynard sailed his ship up the Pamlico River with the head of Blackbeard hanging from the bowsprit. . . .

To this day the channel where Blackbeard was captured is known as Teach's Hole Channel, and local legend lingers that after the headless body of Teach was thrown into the sea it swam seven times about the ship before sinking.

FLETCHER STIERS JR.
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

A caption reads, in part, "house on the island of Nassau."

You may feel that it is unduly critical of me to say that Nassau is the capital

(Continued on Page 6)

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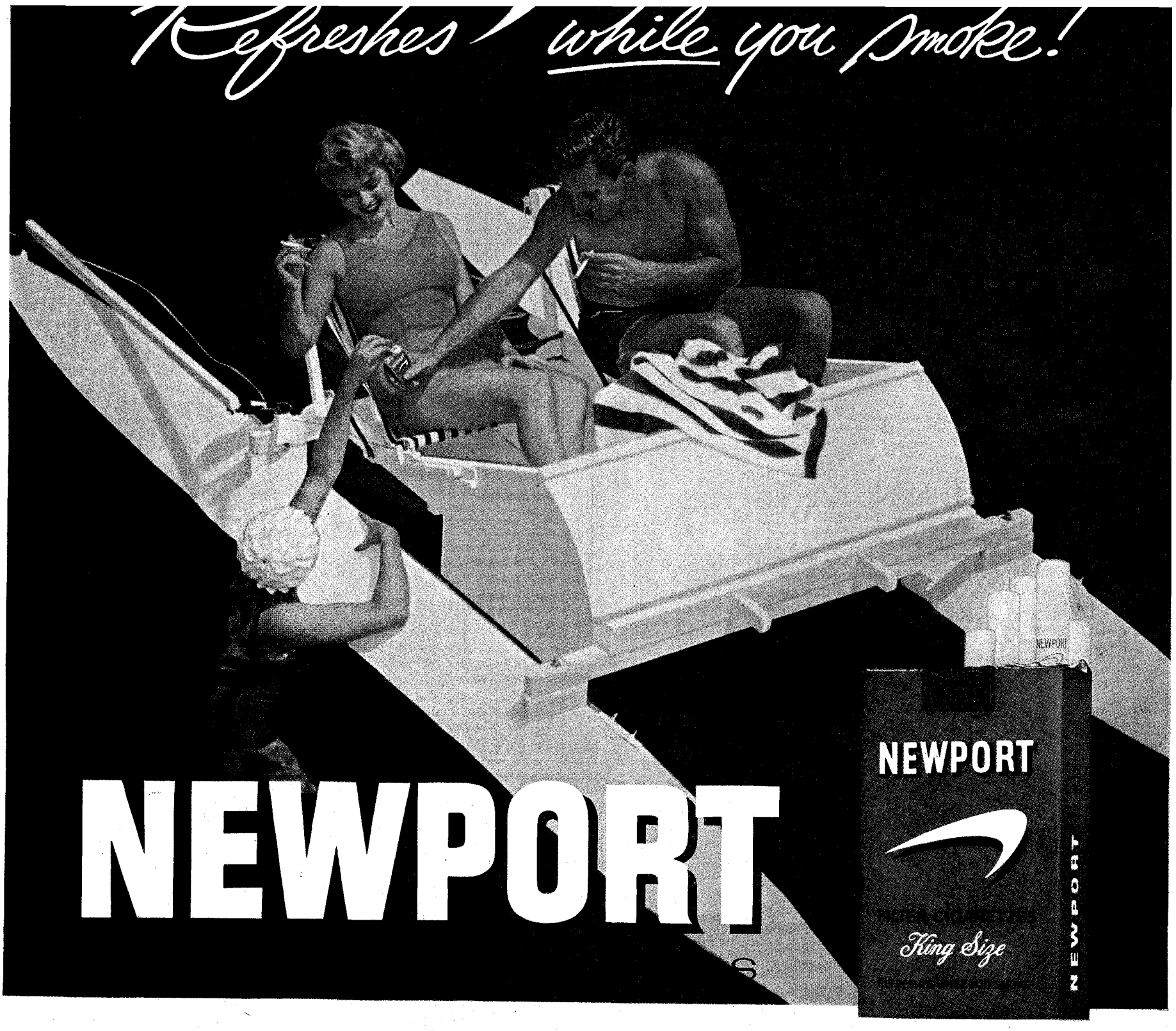

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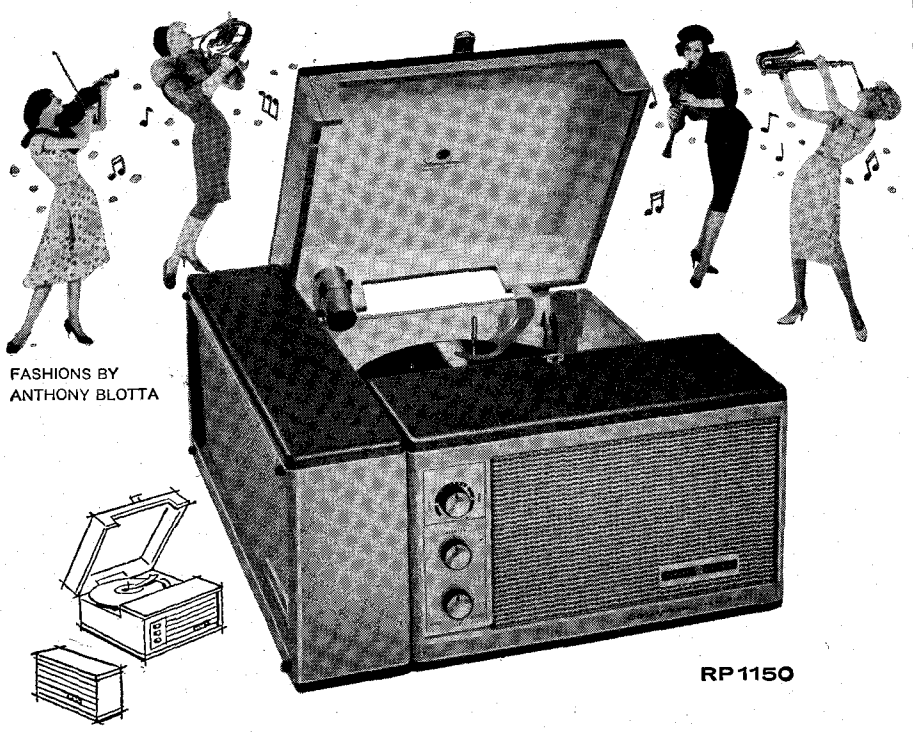

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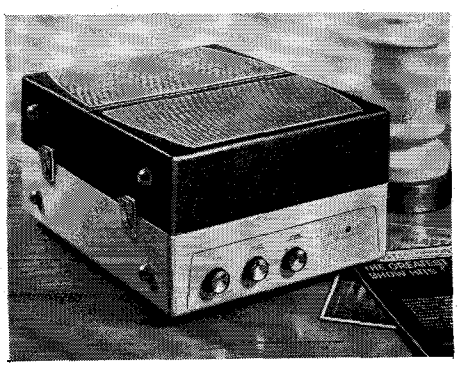

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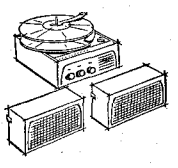

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

city of the Bahamas located on the *island* of New Providence.

MRS. H. J. KREBS
Shaker Heights, Ohio

● *We were unduly careless.—ED*

Roosevelt's Revelations

Dear Sirs:

Was it a coincidence that on a page with Jimmy Roosevelt's story [MY FATHER F.D.R., Part II], Oct. 17, appeared this squib of Franklin P. Jones: "An autobiography usually reveals nothing bad about its writer except his memory"?

JAMES P. SELVAGE
Flemington, N.J.

● *Yes.—ED.*

On the Nervous Side?

Dear Sirs:

In your Oct. 17 issue, on page 122, there is a cartoon by Roy Fox. Don't you

"I've never seen a girl so eager to start housekeeping."

agree that the bride should be standing on the opposite side?

BEVERLY ALBERT
Ypsilanti, Mich.

● *We do.—ED.*

"Soft-Headed Citizens"

Dear Sirs:

Bravo! Bravo! for your forthright and courageous Oct. 24 editorial [KHRUSHCHEV NEEDED THAT VISIT; BUT DID THE U.S.A.?]. How right you are that "the soft heads of some of our citizens are probably softer than before Khrushchev's arrival," which makes it incumbent upon the rest of us that our heads become just a little harder, if need be. . . .

May you and others of like conviction . . . be willing to stand firm and continue to "cry aloud". . . . God bless you.

REV. R. F. DUGGAN
First Baptist Church
Wheatridge, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Rumormongering can result from this unfair statement in your editorial: "Unless there has been or is to be a secret deal which the public knows nothing about, the result looks like no runs, no hits, no errors." No good purpose is served by such an irresponsible, off-the-cuff innuendo. . . .

Finally, you inject the craven word, "appeasement": "The coolness of the public's attitude (toward Khrushchev) may convince our statesmen that appeasement would not be popular". . . . I, as one of "the public," am very confident that during President Eisenhower's administration there will be no appeasement at the expense of the free world. When Khrushchev was here the President said, in response to a reporter's question, that he had a great deal of faith in the Biblical reference, "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." This is the most significant, most meaningful utterance I have discovered thus far in connection with the Khrushchev visit.

JACK JOHNSON
Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

The editorial . . . strikes me as outstanding. In its calm, strong, commonsense sort of way, *The Post* remains as it has been from the start—a representative of the firm core of America's conscience.

CHARLES E. LEE, *General Editor*
Henry Regnery Co., Publishers
Chicago, Ill.

Not Amused

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading Dean Jennings' article in the Oct. 24 issue [THE WATERWAY'S NO CINCH] on his trip down the Inland Waterway. I suppose that it was supposed to be humorous as well as informative, but frankly the humor was wasted on me. . . .

The fact that he broke the law on several occasions (defective fire extinguisher, running light inoperative) appeared to be of less significance than the fact that he had forgotten the bug bomb. The list of equipment that he did *not* have seems fantastic for even an admitted Sunday sailor.

My only hope is that the article will be read as the confessions of a lucky idiot which may inspire a little caution in those who may follow his route.

JOHN C. SNEDEKER
Great South Bay Yacht Racing Assn.
Bellport, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I, too, am planning a trip. A cruise? Dear no, you've printed *that* story. I'm going to climb Mt. Everest. . . . I shall wear only shorts and tennis shoes because I love cool weather, and oxygen is for sissies. I shall carry a candy bar, of course, for emergencies. . . . I shall re-

turn, successful and unscathed, [and] write a piece for *The Post*.

HARRISON BROWN
Cape Elizabeth, Maine

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Culver Service. • 19–Ollie Atkins. • 20, 21–Coby Whitmore. • 22, 23–Gus Pasquarella. • 24, 25–Fred Otnes. • 26, 27–Walter Skor. • 28, 29–Los Angeles Examiner. 30–Fred Otnes. • 31–Dennis Stock from Magnum; Wide World; Dennis Stock from Magnum. • 32–Wide World; United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. • 33–Gene Lester; Harry Saltzman; Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Henry Syverson. • 36–George Lazarnick. • 37–Robert Jones. • 38, 39–Ted Streshinsky. • 42–Joern Gerdts. • 45–Edwin Georgi. • 124–Anonymous; Sid Avery; anonymous (snapshot); Don Hunstein from Columbia Records.

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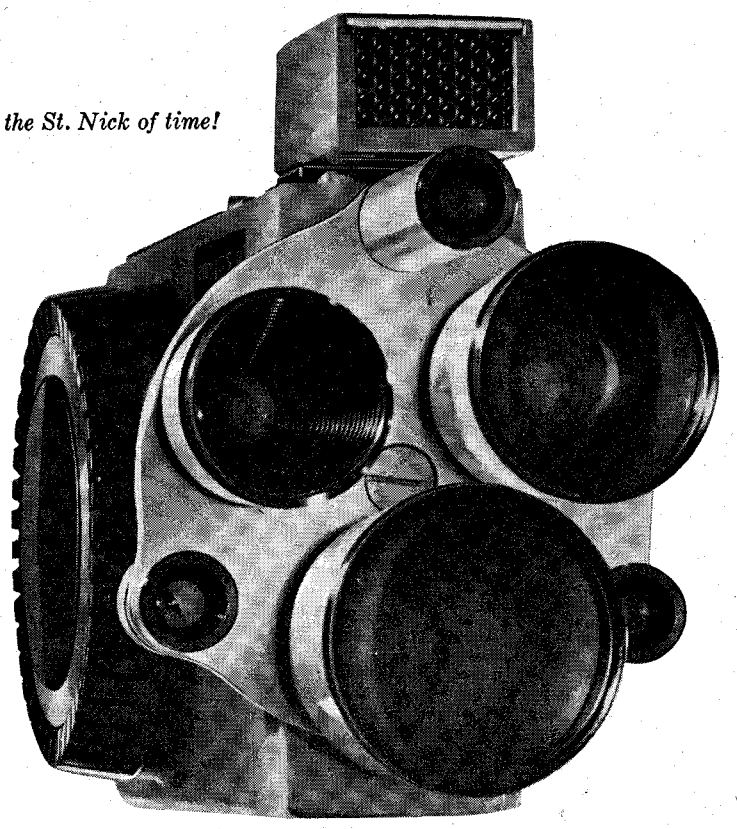
Just in the St. Nick of time!



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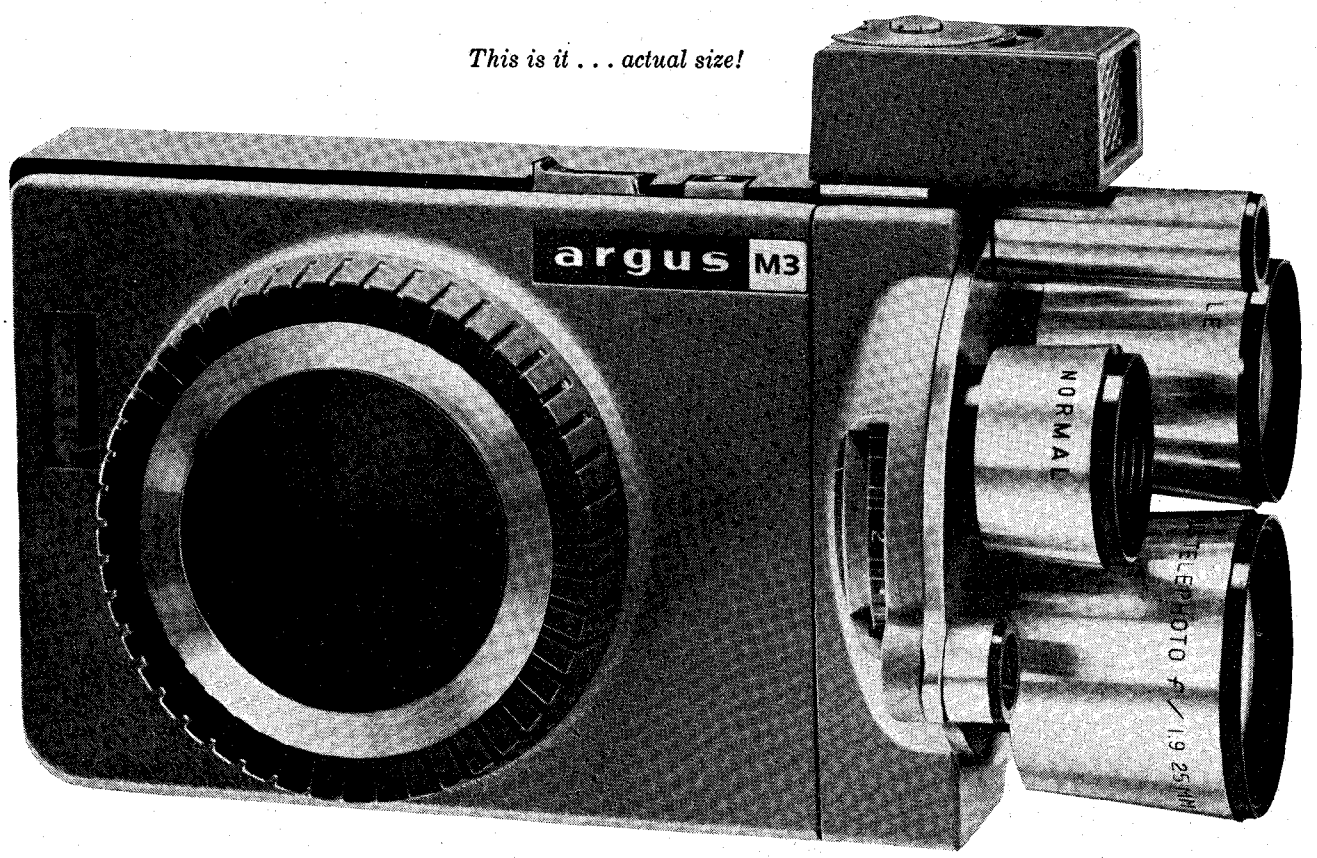

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e and everyone age 65 or over can
the peace of mind and security that
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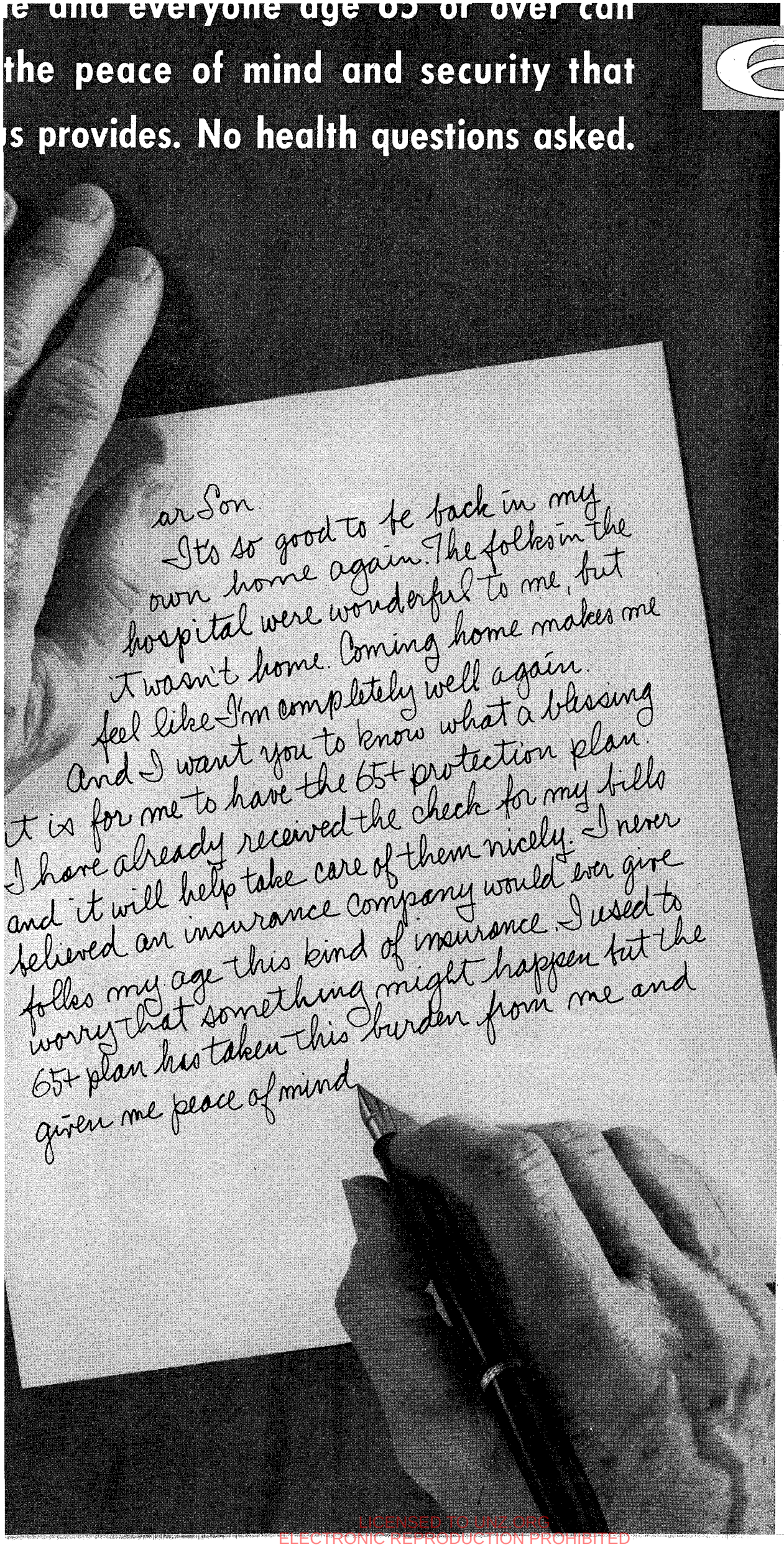
ar Son
-Its so good to be back in my
own home again. The folks in the
hospital were wonderful to me, but
it wasn't home. Coming home makes me
feel like-I'm completely well again.
And I want you to know what a blessing
it is for me to have the 65+ protection plan.
I have already received the check for my bills
and it will help take care of them nicely. I never
believed an insurance company would ever give
folks my age this kind of insurance. I used to
worry that something might happen but the
65+ plan has taken this burden from me and
given me peace of mind

65 plus

open for

Here is the opportunity for any one and everyone age 65 o over to join 65-Plus, tested and proved hospital-surgical plan

This insurance plan was originated by one of the world's largest insurance companies, the Continental Casualty Company, in 1957. Since then, whenever and wherever 65-Plus has opened its enrollment, thousands of men and women have joined and now have the comforting peace of mind, the freedom from worry, that comes with having 65-Plus protection.

The tremendous need and acceptance of this plan now make it possible for Continental to offer 65-Plus for nationwide enrollment. Now no one *regardless of past or present health,* will be refused this hospital-surgical insurance!

Who Can Join 65-Plus

Anyone and everyone age 65 or over residing within the continental limits of the United States, Alaska and Hawaii—with the exception of residents of the states of Georgia and North Carolina where this policy cannot be offered at this time. If you will have your 65th birthday by December 10, 1959, you, too, may join. What's more, there is no maximum age limit. You can be 65 . . . 85 . . . 90 or even older. No one will be refused who enrolls before midnight December 8, 1959.

No Medical Questions or Physical Examination

You join 65-Plus without answering any medical questions and without taking a physical examination. The 65-Plus policy can be yours no matter what your past health problems or present health condition—even if you have a serious ailment right now. You only need furnish us with your name, address, sex and birthdate which you put on your enrollment blank.

How We can Offer 65-Plus

The 65-Plus plan is based on the same principle as group insurance. This means that if we can issue the *same* policy for *many* people at *one time,* the savings we make in cost can be passed along to you in the form of substantial protection at low premium cost. This means it is necessary that everyone *sign up at the same time* during the time a limited enrollment period is open. All of the policies issued to the hundreds of thousands of men and women who enroll in 65-Plus during this period will be processed together. That is why we must ask that you join by December 8th.

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Hospital-Surgical Plan

enrollment until December 8

A Tested and Proved Plan

Continental originated the 65-Plus plan in 1957 with one purpose in mind—to provide everyone 65 or over with the most *needed* and most *practical* insurance coverage at the lowest possible cost. 65-Plus has proved successful. It has stood the test of time. Over five million dollars have already been paid to thousands of policyholders. You can join 65-Plus with complete confidence.

All These Benefits Are Yours for Only $6.50 A Month

1. Pays the actual cost of room and board up to $10.00 a day for as long as 31 days for each day of hospital confinement anywhere in the world.
2. Pays the actual cost of hospital extras up to $100.00 maximum—for X-ray, lab tests, operating room, anesthetics, dressings, drugs, medicines, ambulance, prosthetic devices.
3. Pays for surgery of every type in or out of the hospital on a schedule from $5.00 to $200.00. (Example: $5.00 for removal of toenail; $75.00 for broken thigh bone; $200.00 for removal of prostate.)
4. The Company cannot cancel your 65-Plus policy or raise the premium or make any change unless it does so to all 65-Plus policies in your state. (OA series.)
5. Pays you these benefits in addition to any other insurance you may have.
6. You are immediately protected on accidents which occur, or sickness which originates after the issue date of your policy.
7. You are also protected for conditions you had before your policy was issued, provided the hospital confinement begins—surgical operation is performed—after your policy has been in force six months.
8. Your policy protects you wherever you move or travel, anywhere in the world.

Covers you against all kinds of injuries or illnesses except those caused by war or covered by Workmen's Compensation or Occupational Disease Law. Confinement in Veterans Administration or other federal government hospitals is not covered; nor is confinement in local government mental and tuberculosis hospitals (exclusions differ slightly in Texas, California, West Virginia, Louisiana and Tennessee) covered under the policy.

The 65-Plus Guarantee

Continental Casualty Company guarantees that the 65-Plus policy will be issued to anyone 65 or over who makes application during this enrollment period. Continental further guarantees that the Company cannot cancel your 65-Plus policy, or make any changes unless it does so on ALL 65-Plus policies in your state.

You never need worry that your policy will be cancelled, or that you will be penalized, because of the number of times or the benefits you collect. Of course, you may discontinue your policy at any time you wish.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: After you receive your policy, examine it. Talk it over with a trusted advisor. If you are not 100% satisfied, return it within 10 days and your $6.50 will be refunded.

Mail Enrollment Blank Right Away!

We know this is a very important decision for you to make, yet the enrollment period must end December 8, 1959. This deadline is absolutely necessary so that Continental can handle all policies at the same time to bring you this unique protection at low cost.

Under 65?

In reading about 65-Plus insurance, you may recognize how much this protection would mean to some older friend of yours, or parent or relative. By all means show him or her these pages. Help others to find out how 65-Plus can help safeguard their security and give them needed protection. If you will become age 65 within the next twelve months, write to Continental Casualty Company for details on how you can join 65-Plus on your 65th birthday.

Here's All You Do To Join

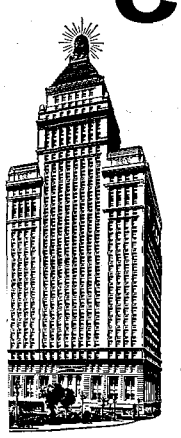
1. Clip and fill out the enrollment blank below.
2. Mail to: Dept. 32
   Continental Casualty Co.
   310 So. Michigan Ave.
   Chicago 4, Ill.
3. Continental Casualty will send you your policy (OA series) and 65-Plus Kit of instructions.

That's all there is to it. You are officially enrolled when you mail the enrollment blank, and protection begins December 10, 1959 if cash, check or money order accompanies your application, or December 25, 1959 if you wish to be billed later. Be sure to make a separate enrollment for each person. Enrollment also will be accepted from any insurance broker or any Continental Casualty agent.

AGENTS — BROKERS — for information contact any agent of the Continental-National Group, or the 65-Plus State Agents listed below:

Alabama—John E. Meloy
506 Bell Bldg., Birmingham 3
Alaska—Townsend Alaska Agency
308 East Street, Anchorage
Arizona—B. L. Udell General Agency
31 Luhrs Arcade, Phoenix
Arkansas—Rector-Means & Rowland
312 W. Capital, Little Rock
California—National Agencies, Inc.
3663 West 6th Street, Los Angeles 5
Colorado—Gates-Stone & Co.
1660 Stout St., Denver 2
Connecticut—Berg, Ellis & Wolf Agency
153 Court St., New Haven 10
Delaware—J. A. Montgomery
DuPont Building, Wilmington 99
District of Columbia—Johnson & Adams, Inc.
Edmonds Bldg., 917-15th St. N.W., Washington 5
Florida—Builders Mortgage Insurance Agency, Inc.
6160 Central Ave., St. Petersburg 7
Florida—Davis-Gillingham Associates, Inc.
932 Ponce de Leon Blvd., Coral Gables 34
Hawaii—Continental Ins. Agency of Hawaii, Ltd.
1521 S. King at Kalakaua, Honolulu 14
Idaho—James W. Perry
1111 Main St., Owyhee Hotel Bldg., Boise
Illinois—Youngberg-Carlson Co.
223 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6
Indiana—The Longden Agency, Inc.
1715 East 52nd St., Indianapolis 5
Iowa—Steadman & Blackburn
804 Register & Tribune Bldg., Des Moines 9
Kansas—Pierce B. Adams, Jr. Agency
208 Riss Building, Kansas City
Kentucky—Allen M. Reager Company
310 W. Liberty St., Louisville 2
Louisiana—Emery & Kaufman Limited
314 Camp Street, New Orleans 12
Maine—J. Harold McQuade
134 Congress Street, Rumford
Maryland—Hack Insurance Agency
18 E. Lexington St., Baltimore 2
Massachusetts—Gilmour-Rothery & Co.
40 Broad Street, Boston 2
Michigan—C. M. Verbiest & Associates, Inc.
8th Floor Fyfe Bldg., Woodward Ave. and Grand Circus Park, Detroit 26
Minnesota—Edward J. LeClair Agency, Inc.
315 Northwestern Bank Bldg., St. Paul 1
Mississippi—Thomas Yates & Co.
P. O. Box 1054, 1020 Plaza Bldg., Jackson
Missouri—R. B. Jones & Son
301 West 11th St., Kansas City 6
Missouri—Sidney Salomon Jr., & Associates, Inc.
1006 Ambassador Bldg., St. Louis 1
Montana—W. S. Toohey
618 Metals Bank Bldg., Butte
Nebraska—Foster-Barker Company
Foster-Barker Bldg., 209 S. 19th St., Omaha 2
Nebraska—The Harry A. Koch Co., Inc.
502 South 18th Street, Omaha 2
Nevada—Nevada-Pacific Company, Inc.
2032 E. Charleston, Las Vegas
New Jersey—C. J. Simons & Co.
563 Broad Street, Newark 3
New Hampshire—Romeo Danais
1662 Elm Street, Manchester
New Mexico—Fidel Romero
Suite 707, Simms Bldg., Albuquerque
New York—Leonard Davis & Co., Inc.
76 William Street, New York 5
New York—W. L. Perrin & Son, Inc.
75 Maiden Lane, New York 38
North Dakota—Lahr & Lahr, 207 Fifth St., Bismarck
Ohio—Henderson Insurance Agency
2526 N. High Street, Columbus 2
Oklahoma—C. L. Frates & Co.
720 N. W. 50th St., Oklahoma City 18
Oregon—Harold F. Leonard Co.
1217 S. W. 19th Ave., Portland 5
Pennsylvania—Parker & Co.
1616 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3
Rhode Island—Starkweather & Shepley, Inc.
17 Custom House St., Providence 2
South Carolina—Otto Harvell
P. O. Box 262, Greenville
South Dakota—Homer E. Grinde
1504 E. 33rd Street, Sioux Falls
Tennessee—Joe Cambron Insurance Agency
728 Third National Bank Bldg., Nashville 3
Texas—Drake-Alexander & Drake
750 Mercantile Dallas Building, Dallas 1
Utah—Continental Agency Co.
320 East 4th St., Salt Lake City
Vermont—McAllister & Kent, 131 N. Main St., Barre
Virginia—James W. Tinsley, Jr.
310 Mutual Bldg., Richmond 19
Washington—Michael Moskowitz & Co., Inc.
424 Yale, North, Seattle 9
West Virginia—McDonough Caperton, Shepherd and Goldsmith
1401 Kanawah Valley Bank Bldg., Charleston 26
Wisconsin—Robert Vogel & Associates, Inc.
Suite 838-40, 324 E. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee 2
Wyoming—C. N. Bell Agency
19th & Carey Streets, Cheyenne

All enrollments must be postmarked no later than midnight December 8, 1959



Continental Casualty Company

Over a Billion Dollars in Claims Paid to Date (All Departments)—Our 62nd year

Home Office:
310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois

A Member of the Continental-National Group

Do it NOW! Mail this application to: Dept. 32, Continental Casualty Co., 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.

O 14

Application for 65-PLUS PLAN to Continental Casualty Co.

Check one:

☐ Enclosed is $6.50. My protection will begin December 10, 1959.

☐ Bill me later. I understand that my coverage cannot go into effect until December 25, 1959.

AZ 15876B

Applicant's Name?_____
(Please Print) (First Name) (Middle Initial) (Last Name)

Mail in c/o Name (If Any)_____

Street Address?_____

City?_____ Zone?____ State?_____

County?_____

Date of Birth?_____ Male? ☐ Female? ☐
(Month) (Day) (Year)

Applicant's Signature_____

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Editorials

If We Want "Growth," We Must Cut Down on Strikes

Does an economy grow faster under free enterprise or under Communism? Khrushchev stepped up the statistical foray by declaring that the U.S.S.R. was expanding its economy at a rate which would at some unspecified time leave the United States far behind. This produced a counterattack by a group of economists, including Dr. Colin Clark of the Econometric Institute, who testified before a joint congressional committee in September that the facts were just about the reverse of Khrushchev's boast. Aside from space rockets and other beneficiaries of military "crash programs," the rate of growth of our economy far surpasses that of the U.S.S.R.

However, Doctor Clark and the other economists who gave their views did not assure us that we were so far ahead in the race that we could afford to relax and look back over our collective shoulder. He reminded the committee that much of our recent growth "has been accompanied by a persistent inflation of costs and prices at an average rate never before experienced for any long period in peacetime." In his opinion the economy of the West is threatened by excessive taxation as much as by wage demands.

Be that as it may, "growth" is not stimulated by a prolonged strike in the nation's leading industry, with incalculable repercussions throughout the whole industrial and economic structure. The central point at issue in the steel strike has been the sanctity of a complex system of work rules and practices which the steel companies claim are outmoded and add to the cost of its product, already under stiff competition from foreign industry. The union leaders, while apparently agreeing that the rules could do with an overhauling, rejected all proposals to get on with it. Lacking in the union attitude was any apparent appreciation of the difficulty of the steel industry's competitive position, which in the long run will prove as serious for the employees as for the companies.

Long before the strike it was testified that German producers of barbwire could deliver it in Dayton, Ohio, for forty dollars a ton less than a producer of barbwire in Cleveland could afford to deliver it! The American farmer, with the best will in the world for the welfare and continued employment of American steelworkers, can hardly afford to patronize home industry at such a sacrifice. Nor can American steelworkers afford to insist on conditions unfavorable to the industry which employs them. Companies without orders hire few workers.

A few months ago a trade mission from Yugoslavia, seeking electrical equipment from the United States, circulated its requirements among leading American producers. Only one company thought it worth while even to bid, so high are our costs compared with those of Great Britain, Germany, Italy or France, not to mention the Soviet Union. As for steel, the Japanese are able to buy scrap here, use it in their finished steel products, ship the end product back to this country and still beat our best price by a wide margin. The present seems an inopportune time to insist on industrial rules and practices which make American costs even higher.

Throughout the strike there have been repeated reports that many steelworkers would gladly have returned to work had they been permitted to do so. This gets to the heart of the matter—that is to say, the monopoly position which labor leaders enjoy. The bosses are prohibited from insisting that their employees stay out of unions or join any union not of their own choosing. But, as Dr. Sylvester Perlo of the New York University Law School has pointed out in his book, *Power Unlimited—the Corruption of Union Leadership* (Ronald Press), union leaders are free under the law to dictate not only that workers must join a union but, until the Labor Reform Bill intervened, that they must leave a union which they had already joined and sign up with some new organization which may be dominated by racketeers. Doctor Perlo declares, as former Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School pointed out before him, that "trade unions are specially privileged to tie up the country in the very types of monopolies and restraints of trade which the antitrust laws prohibit to business."

Obviously no country can put up with a situation in which steel production must be stopped altogether while fact-finding boards, mediation officials, lawyers and courts labor and bring forth lengthy, leisurely and inconclusive documents. The secret strike vote provided by Taft-Hartley after the eighty-day cooling-off period might well be required before a strike can be called at all, as President Eisenhower proposed in 1954. Nor is there any apparent reason why steel production should cease altogether while a small group of men wrangle over details which hardly seem important enough to justify so tragic a blow to the nation's welfare.

But the principal difficulty is seldom mentioned. It is the effective denial of the right of individual workers to work or not to work. As long as this right is surrendered to union leaders with power to punish those who prefer to make their own decisions, the progress of our economy will remain at the mercy of a few men who have been legally endowed with more power over their fellows than even a government ought to enjoy in time of peace.

"Only in America" Could a Holiday Like Thanksgiving Have Been Invented!

It is only one more tribute to Thanksgiving Day that so many sections of the country have lately claimed its origin for their own. Most Americans, however, are content to accept this feast day's traditional New England flavor—blended from golden-skinned turkey and sage or chestnut dressing, the harvest red and yellow of cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, bare-limbed maples etched against a steel-gray sky, maybe a smell of snow in the air, at any rate, in the northern latitudes; and always the unending echo of the Pilgrims' devout thanks that our land is strong and free and thriving.

It may be rightly said that the more our nation changes, the more Thanksgiving Day remains the same. It is more than a "day"; it is a grateful celebration of the harvest-time, a thanksgiving to the Providence that ordains the seasons of our turning world, on which men may labor in hope of abundant reward. Perhaps more than we realize—in the midst of our mighty industrial growth—our feelings for this unique American holiday are tied to the sights and sounds of the closing autumn.

Most of us, in fact, still keep in our "national memory" the picture of tall-hatted colonists, stanch women in white-aproned gowns, wild gobblers, dignified Indian guests at that harvest feast more than three centuries ago, and all the traditional Thanksgiving Day scenes that have decorated American schoolbooks in all sections of the country through every generation.

In our memories we still savor the old-home kitchens with their spicy pies, bright shimmer of jellies, simmering chili sauce and Indian relish, extended dining-room tables bearing snowdrifts of mashed potatoes caught in big old bowls, boats of rich-shining gravy on a sea of white tablecloth and, the center of attention, that noble bird the turkey.

We remember and are grateful for all the mellow harvests at winter's eve, for the lingering warmth of Indian summer or the snow-flurried and ice-laced borders of boyhood ponds, for many family gatherings through the years and the kindness in people's hearts. Among all the good things of American life on Thanksgiving Day, we reserve our deepest gratitude for living in a country that delights to celebrate such a warm and rewarding national holiday.

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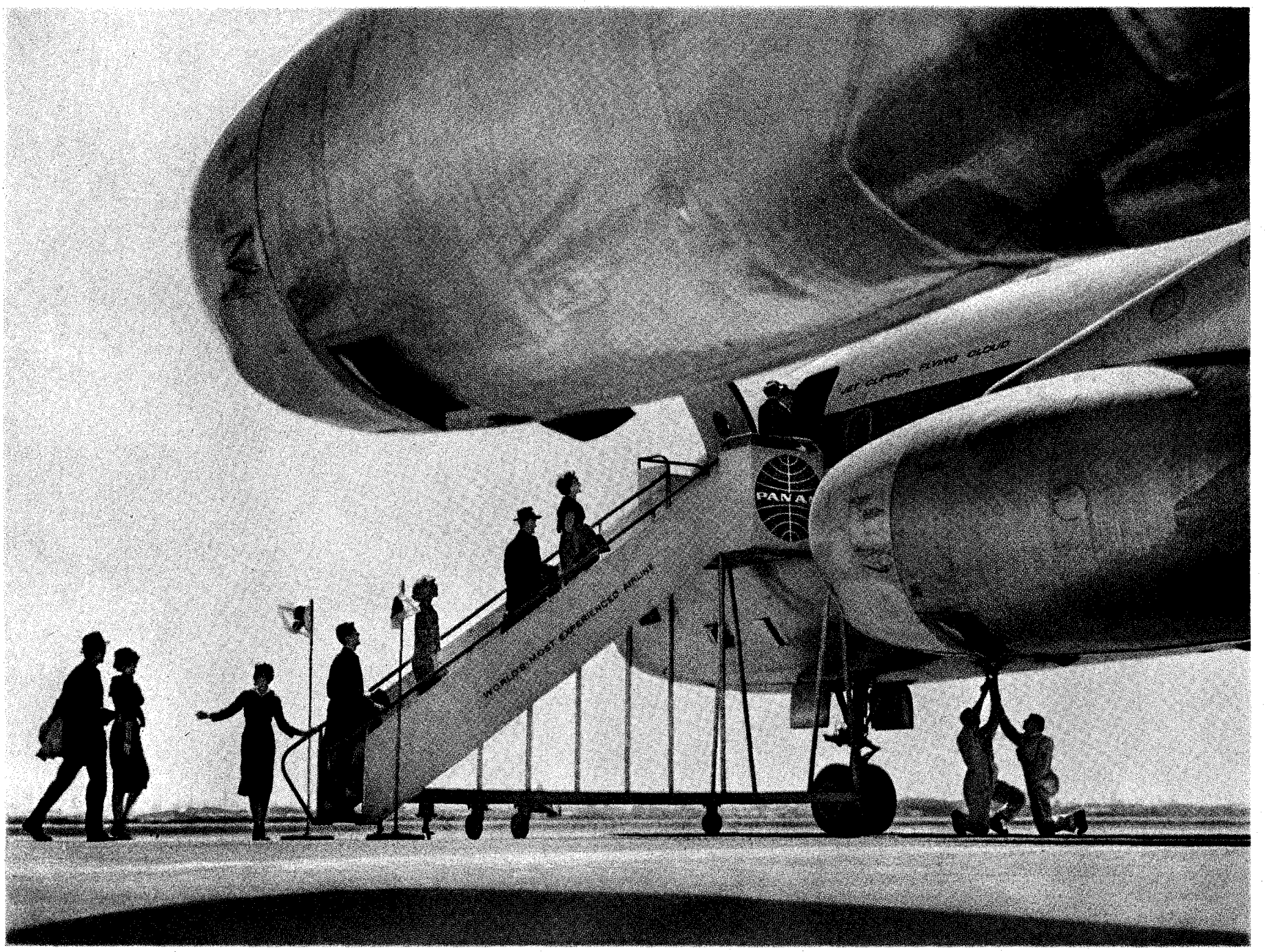

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Jet Clippers to London, Paris and Rome have been in operation for a year, and now serve Frankfurt, Düsseldorf/Cologne, Amsterdam, Brussels, Hamburg, Copenhagen and Istanbul as well. Also Pan Am is flying the world's *only Jet Polar service*—bringing Europe within 11 hours of the West Coast.

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World's Most Experienced Airline

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to fill your home and

warm your heart on Christmas and for every day to come

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EASIEST TO PLAY OF ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Memories are in the making when a family begins to discover the thrill of music together around The Lowrey. This is the instrument of so many exciting and realistic instrumental voices—so much variety to suit every mood and musical taste. And all this, even for those who play only with one finger. It's that easy!

Imagine yourself and your family playing carols together on Christmas day. The Lowrey can make this dream come true. In this remarkable instrument the science of electronics unlocks a treasure chest of music for you—even if you have never had a lesson!

Hard to believe? Just take a few minutes to try The Lowrey. That's all we ask. See if you do not agree with the thousands who say that this is the easiest to play of all musical instruments. Visit your nearby Lowrey Organ Studio (see the Yellow Pages) where you can see and play a wide variety of Lowrey models in beautiful hardwood cabinets. Or, if you wish, phone your Lowrey dealer. Have The Lowrey delivered to your home for a few days' free trial, complete with our fascinating "learn-as-you-play" instruction materials. Ask about free lessons, too.

With all these unique advantages, you might expect Lowrey organs to carry luxury prices. Happily this is not the case. Actually Lowrey makes the lowest priced full spinet organ on the market today. And that price includes two 44-note keyboards and brilliant "percussion" effects! Easy payments, too, so there's no reason why you cannot have your Lowrey to enjoy during the holidays. The Lowrey Organ Company, 7373 N. Cicero Avenue, Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois.

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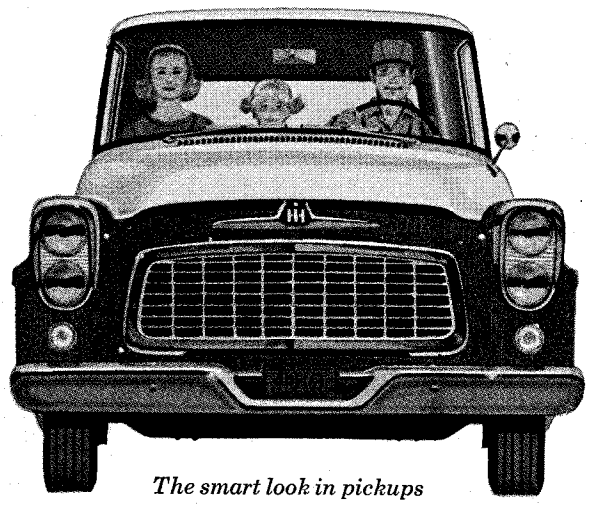

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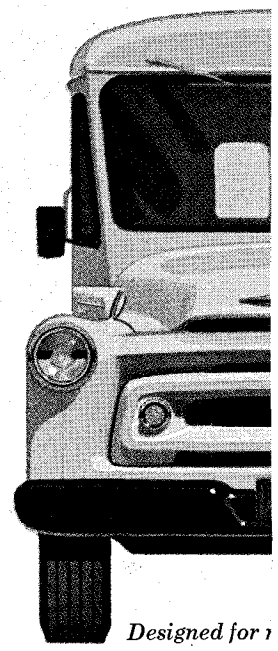
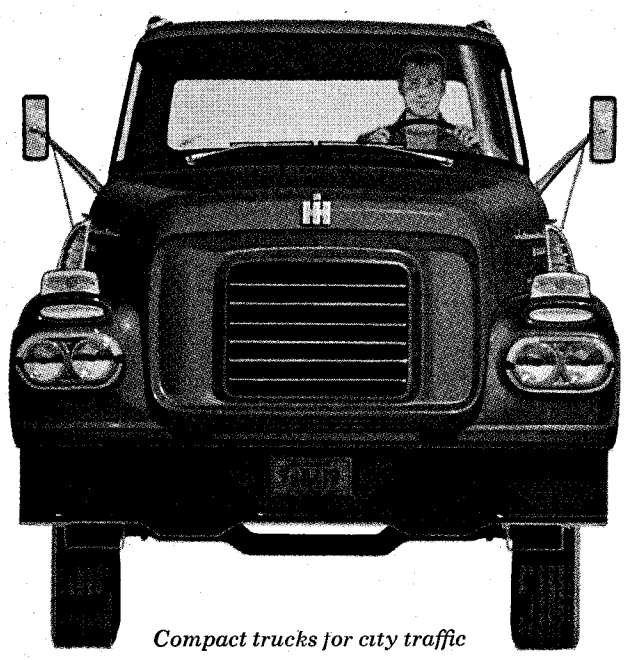
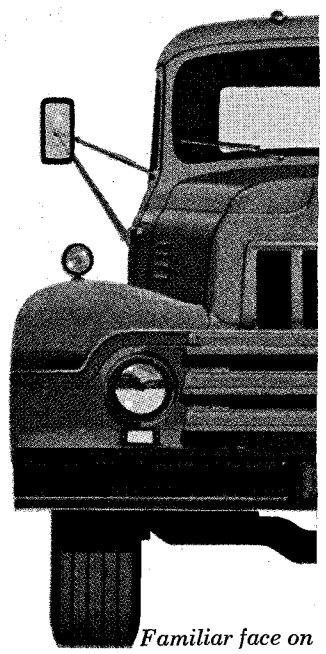


Designed for

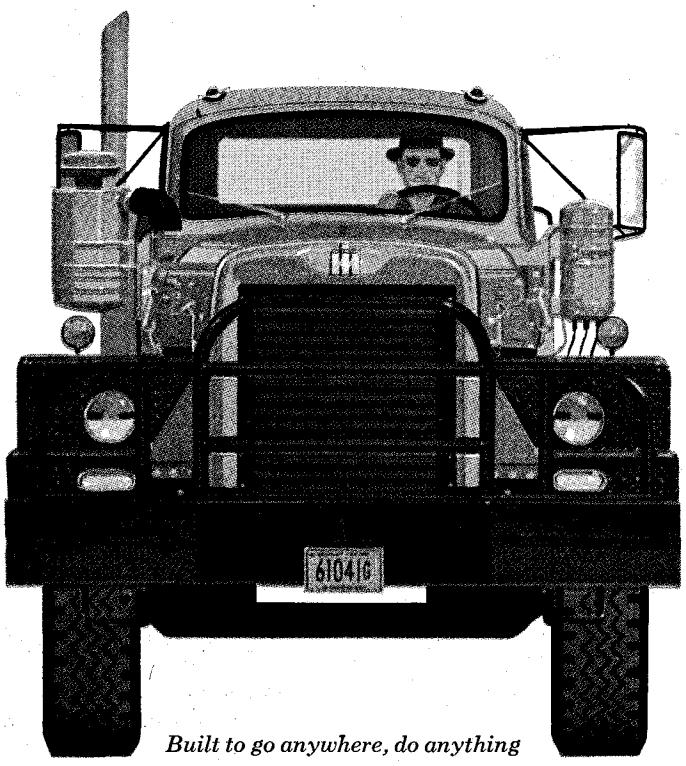


Compact trucks for city traffic

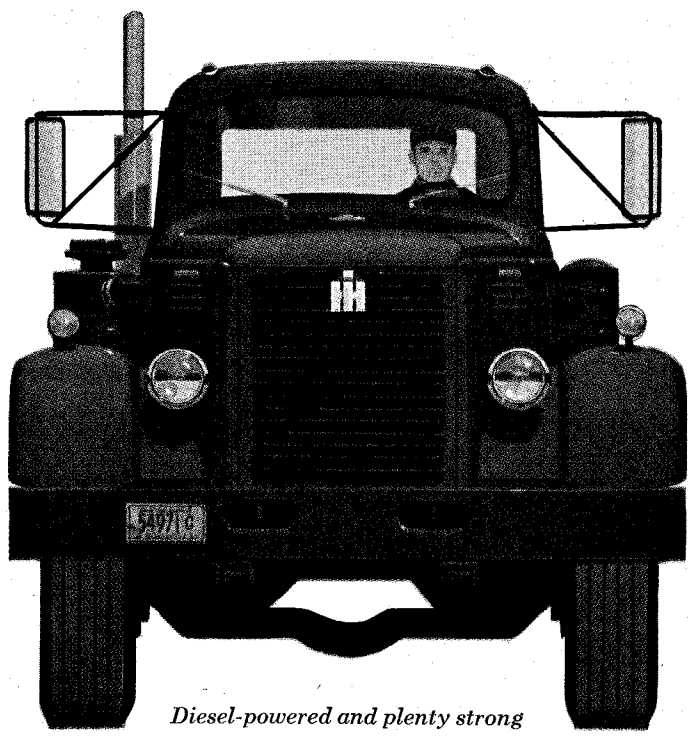
The huskiest V-8's going



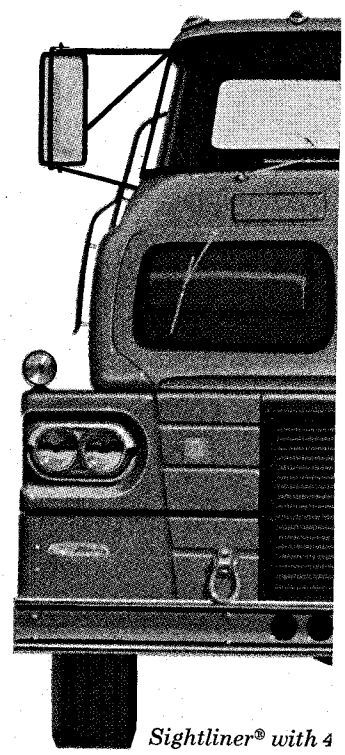
Familiar face on



Built to go anywhere, do anything



Diesel-powered and plenty strong



Sightliner® with 4

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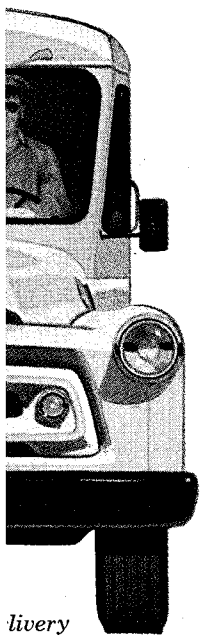

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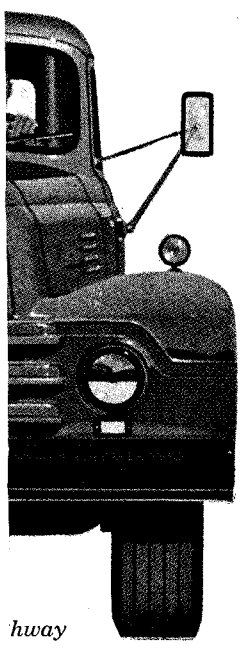
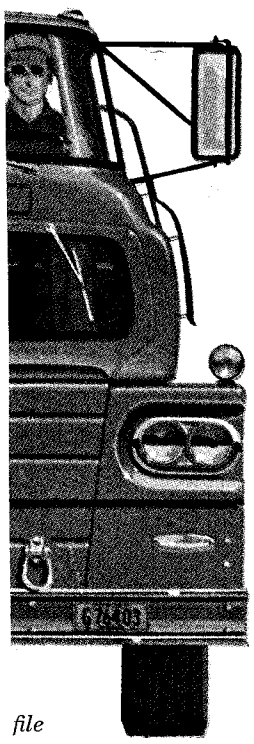
Famous Metro® multi-stop models



hway

Tilt-cabs for easy servicing



file

Premium-built diesel hauler

12 Famous Faces of International

They'd go far on looks alone. They go even farther on the strength of what's underneath!

Facing you are the 12 basic front-end designs that identify more than 500 different INTERNATIONAL Truck models, by wheelbases.

These are trucks built for different jobs, to save money for different owners. They're not turned out of one mold to save production costs for International Harvester.

The "family resemblance" is underneath . . .

In engine power. INTERNATIONAL offers 39 engines for gasoline, diesel or LPG. Each is *truck-designed* to deliver more pulling ability at lower rpm., for long-run economy.

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In the chassis. Each clutch, brake, spring, axle and chassis component is truck-type pure and simple. Truck-tested for long life and service accessibility.

What's behind all this variety? One idea: to provide the right truck for any job. INTERNATIONAL does it. And by building 'em for every general use, as well as every special application, INTERNATIONAL is able to combine a custom-builder's skill with a volume manufacturer's price.

See your INTERNATIONAL Branch or Dealer and see for yourself.

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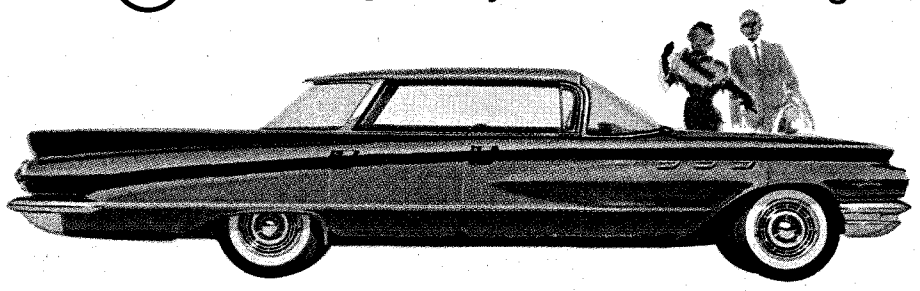
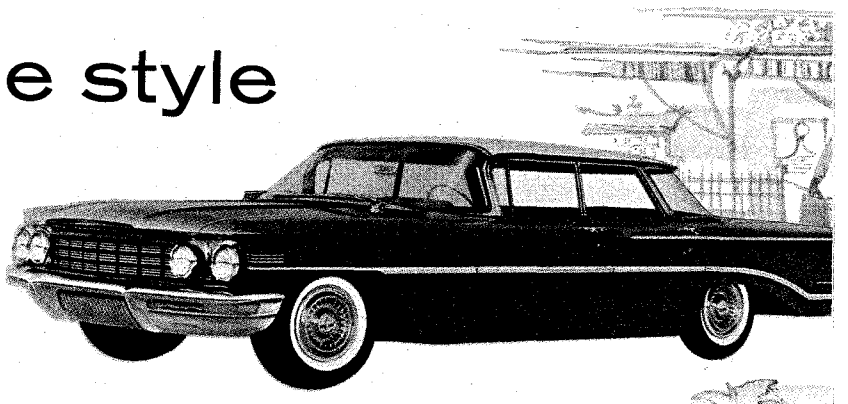
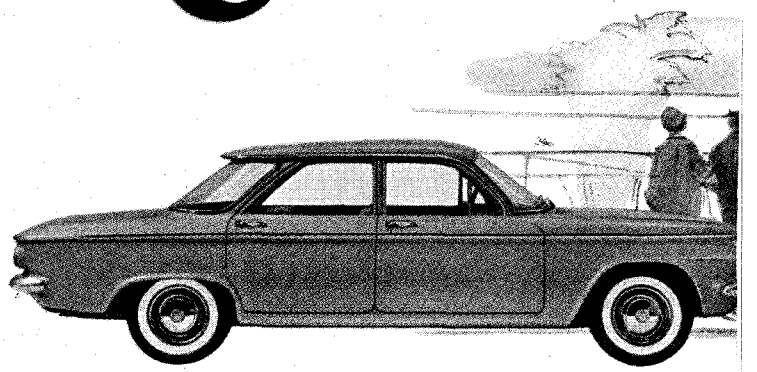
Today's USS steels lighten your work . . . brighten your leisure . . . widen your world.



Steel is for setting the style

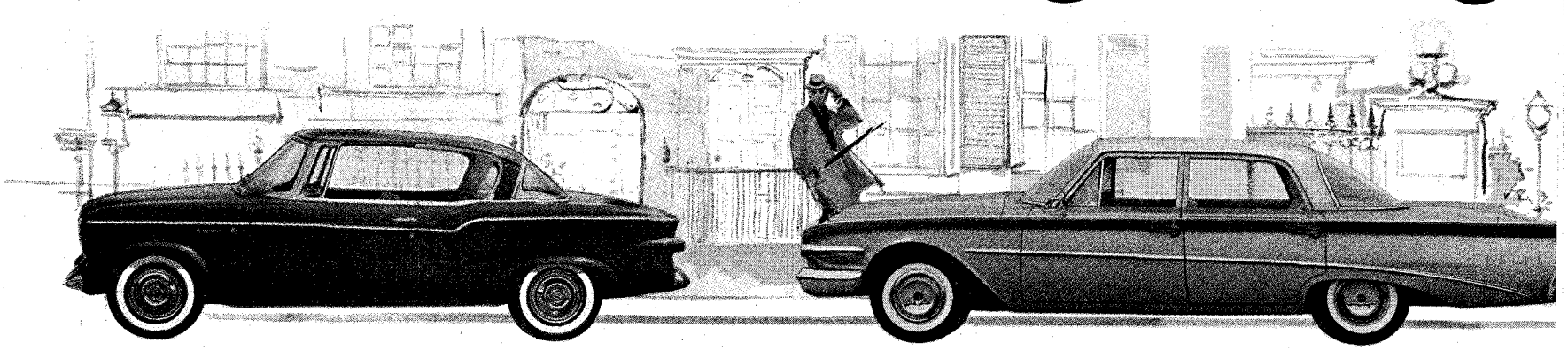


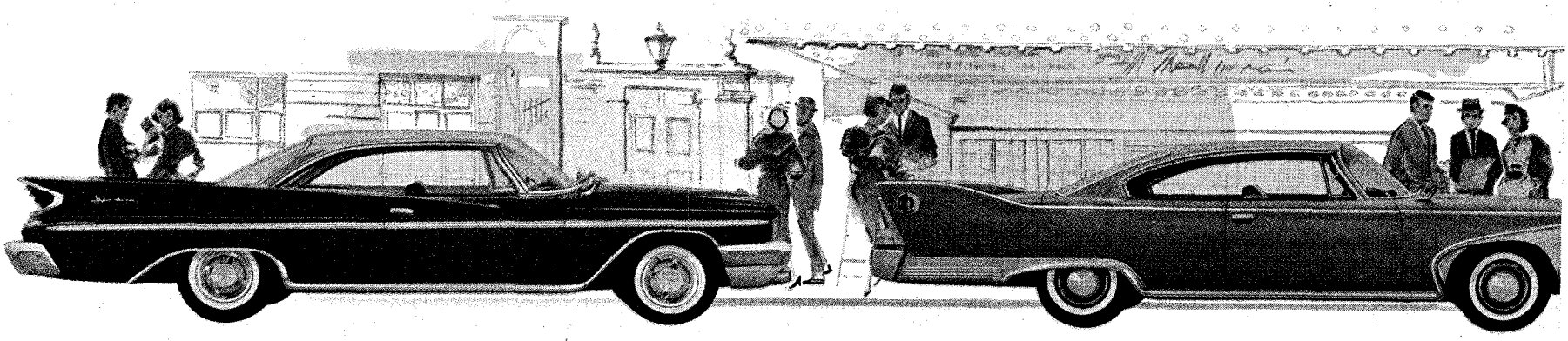
Look at this lineup for 1960! Sleek cars and saucy cars, cars that say "style" in every line—and every one sculptured in modern steels. Strong, versatile new steels let designers create curves and sweeping lines that once were impossible. Stainless Steel trim *stays* bright. New steels set the pace for driving fun. Working parts are practically indestructible when they're made from strong, hard steels. See your dealer soon—start the 60's in style with a new car!

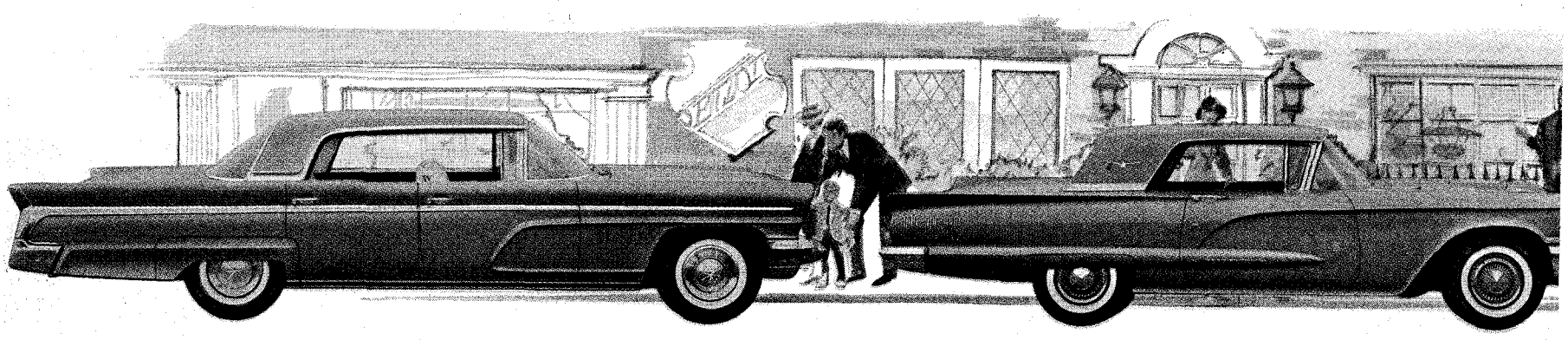


USS United States Steel

TRADEMARK







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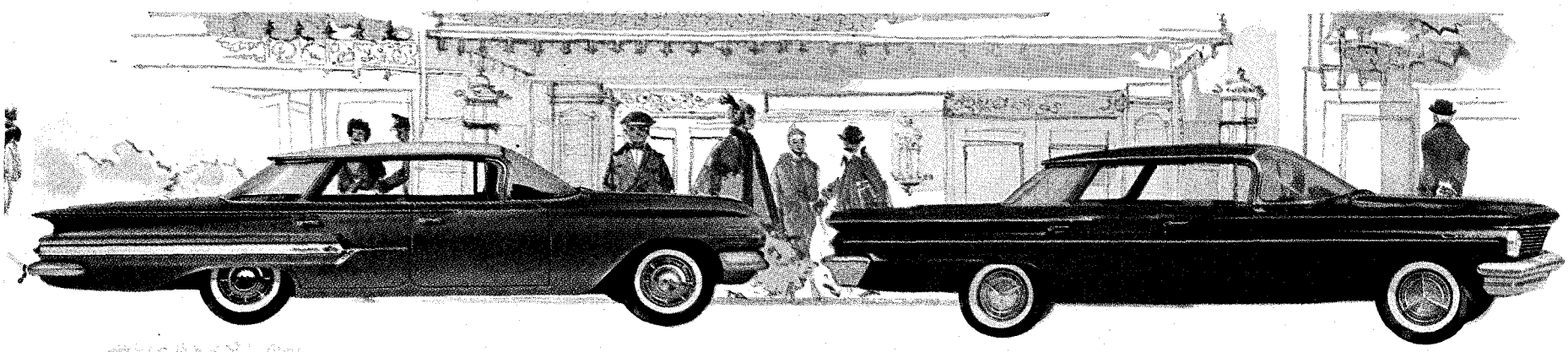

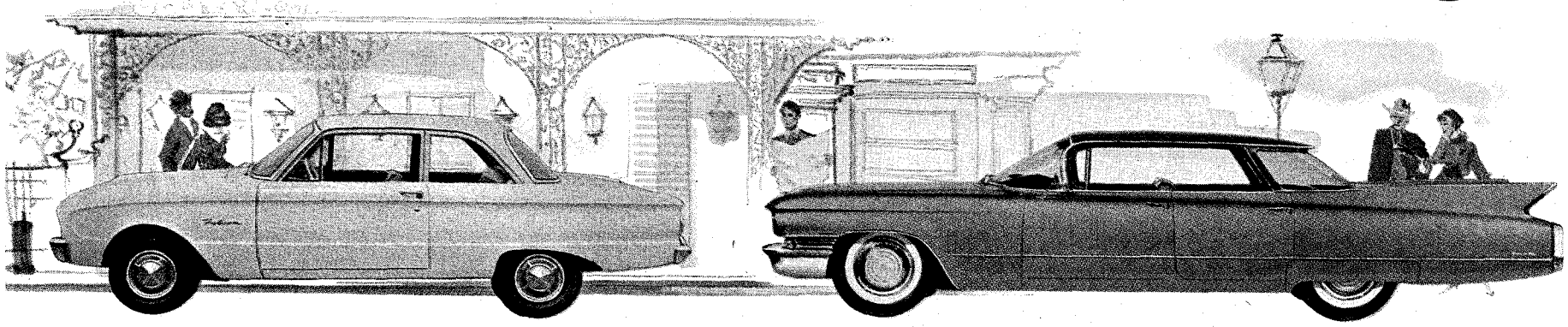

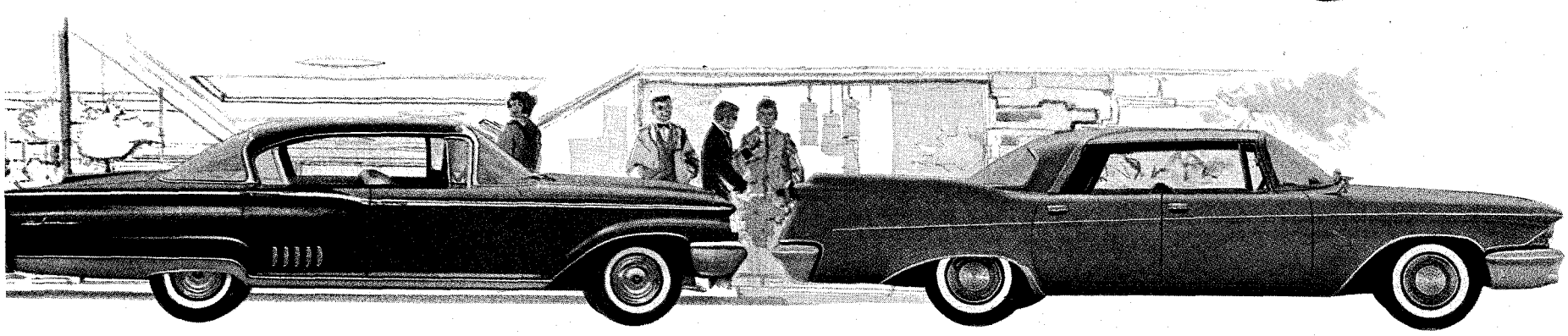

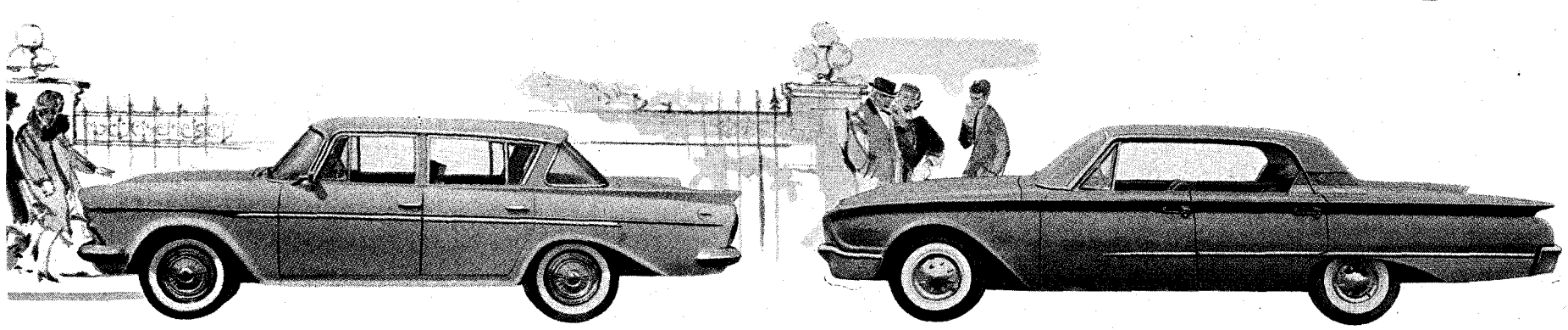

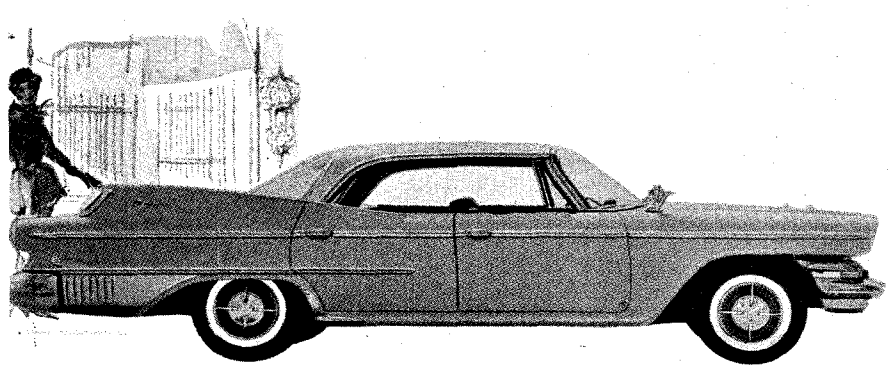

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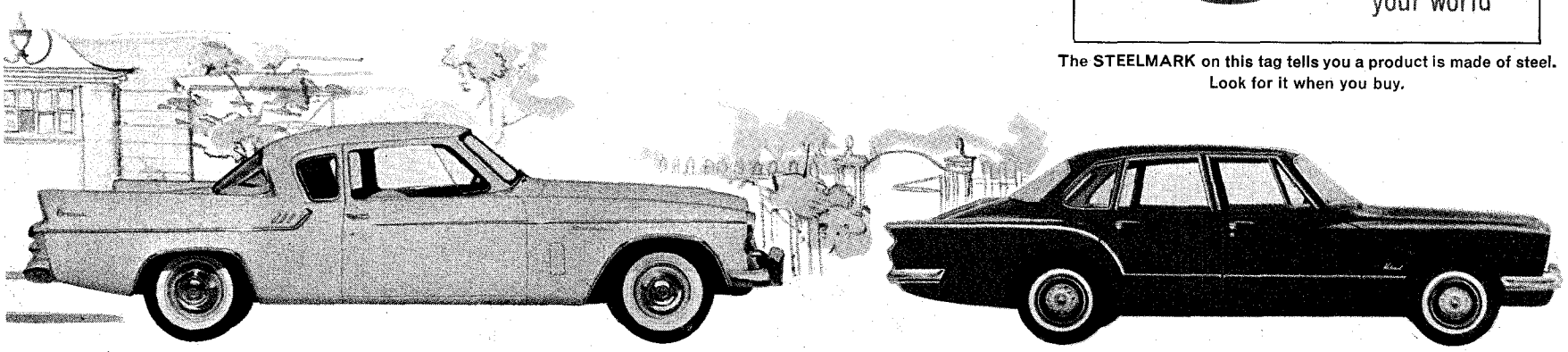

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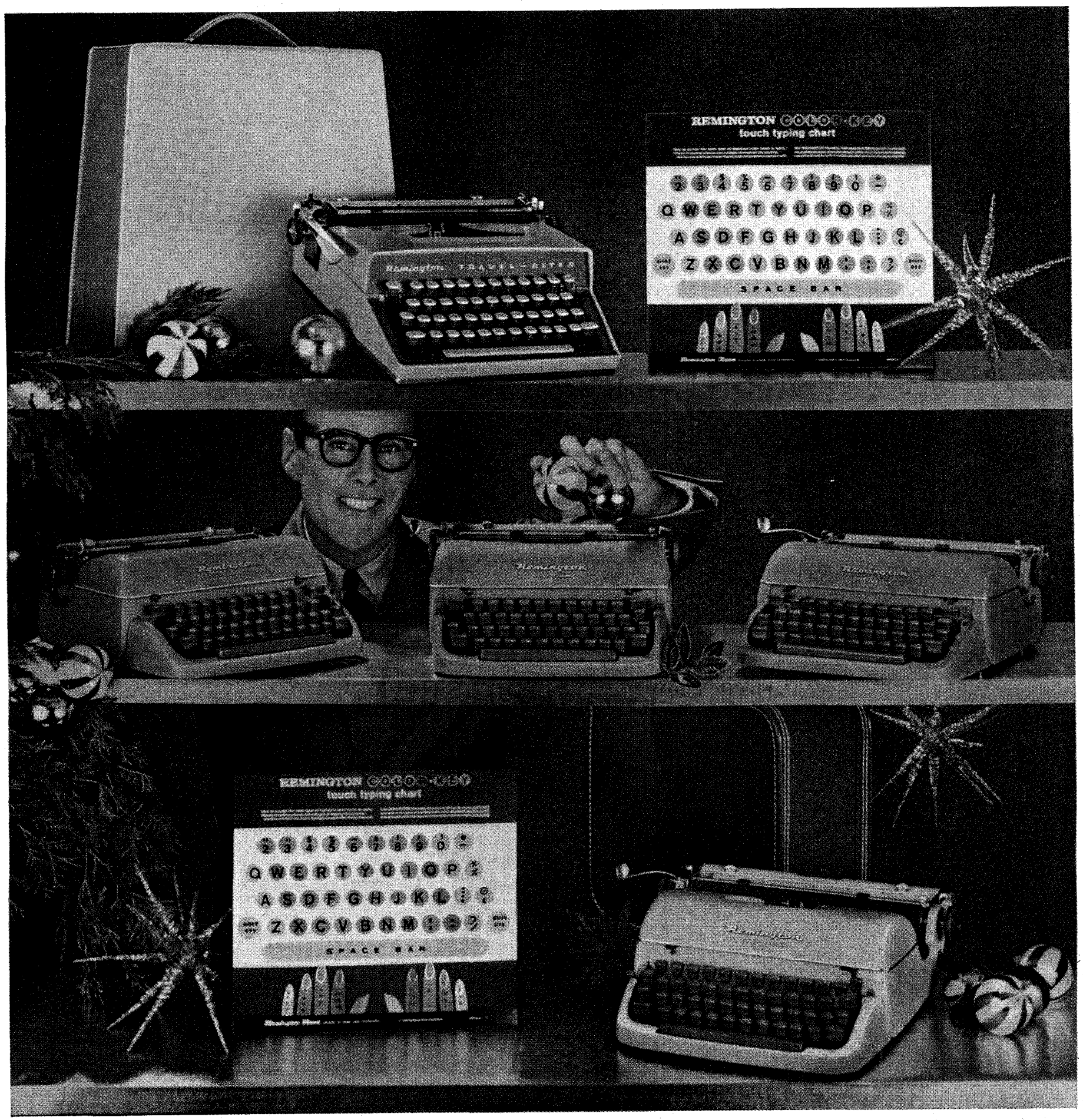

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY

"Too many of our schools are glittering workshops," says the author, who makes a powerful plea for broadening our children's intellectual horizons.

The World of the UNEDUCATED

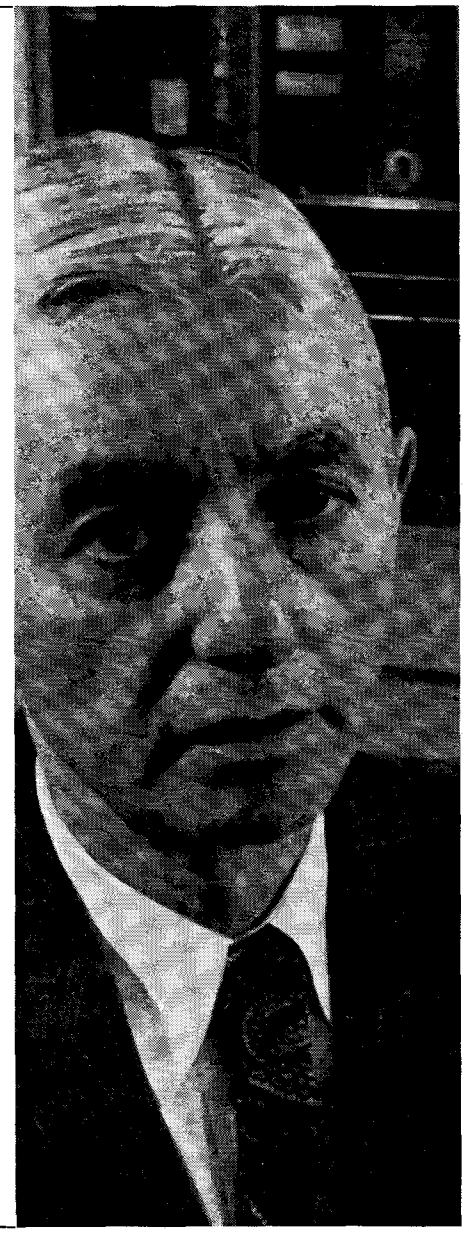
By Vice Adm. H. G. RICKOVER, USN

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Vice Adm. Hyman G. Rickover is known in Washington as a man with a caustic tongue and an active talent for cutting through red tape and getting things done. Generally regarded as one of the most brilliant men in public life today, he is often referred to as the "father of nuclear propulsion." It was he who built our first atomic submarine, the *Nautilus*, after having been told repeatedly that it couldn't be done. It was his genius that created our first electric generating plant powered by atomic energy, at Shippingport, Pennsylvania.

In recent years Admiral Rickover has become one of the sharpest critics of American education at all levels. Testifying last August before the Appropriations Committee of the House, he said: "I am a customer for the products of our schools. I tried to get people to help me do a job in nuclear-power development, and I found the product of our schools quite unsatisfactory, so I set out to find the reasons." In his search for those reasons, he has studied intensively not only American schools but the schools of western Europe and the U.S.S.R.

The Saturday Evening Post, in presenting the problems of education over the past several years, has tried to give a balanced viewpoint. It has published both critical articles and articles in defense of the American system. The accompanying discussion by Admiral Rickover is, of course, critical, but, we believe, constructively so.—THE EDITORS.



For some years a debate over American education has been going on which threatens to deteriorate into fruitless wrangling. With increasing determination, one side defends a *status quo* in which it has a vested interest; the other urges vainly that the rights of America's children and the survival of the nation in freedom and prosperity must be placed above this narrow self-interest.

Let us try to get back to fundamentals. What do we conceive education to be, and how does the educated person differ from the uneducated? What do we expect our tax-supported public schools to do for our children? What part should they have in rearing youngsters to adulthood? Let us try to segregate from the battle over methods, standards, democratic-versus-class education and similar generalities the real issue that divides those who represent what we may term the "traditional" viewpoint on education from those who represent what may be termed the "progressive" viewpoint.

The title of this article is THE WORLD OF THE UNEDUCATED. I wish through this title to emphasize two sides of "uneducation" which are often confused. First, there is the effect which lack of education has on the individual's comprehension of the world around him and on his ability to make a personal success. Second, there is the effect upon the world of the attitudes and actions of uneducated people—specifically the effect upon a democratic society of the manner in which the "uneducated" person carries out his duties as a citizen. By "uneducated" persons I mean those who have not obtained what in western civilization is termed an "education."

Education is but one of the two processes by which children (Continued on Page 54)

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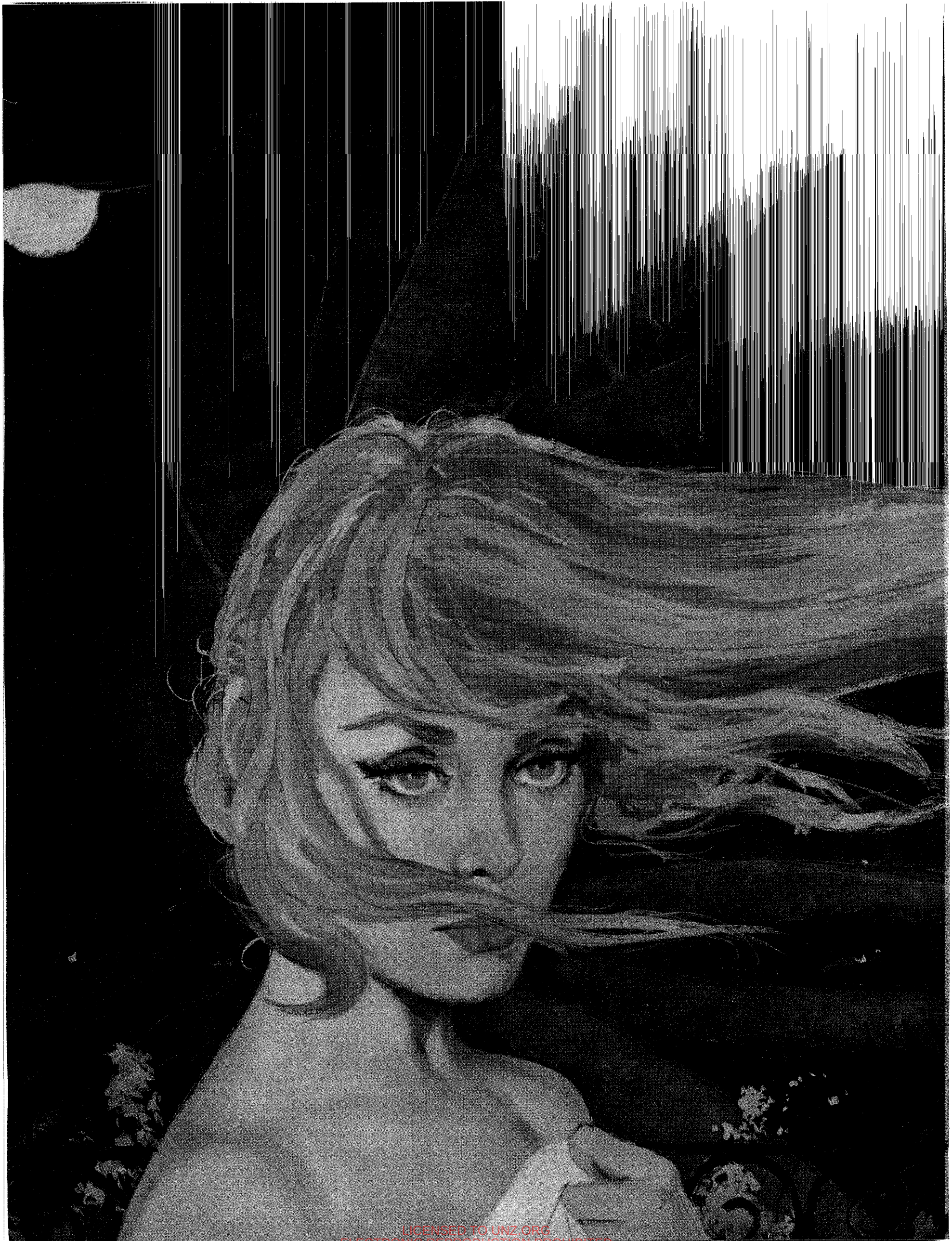

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He was gone now, but she knew she would never forget.

Night of Yearning

By SANORA BABB

All night the fog rolled up the hills from the sea and filled the garden, and in the morning lay cushioned against the door like an amiable dissolute ghost left over from the night. When Carrie opened the window she could hardly see the little garden table and two old chairs inviting her as they had invited futilely so many sunny mornings.

"It doesn't matter," she said. She spoke to herself and there was nothing strange or embarrassing about it; she felt a certain aware pleasure in her acceptance of this cheerful habit. She had lived alone for six years since the death of her mother, and silence at times was not to be endured. *But I'm not eccentric; just content. I've found my resources. Content*, she thought, but a latent superstition kept her from saying it aloud.

She started the water for tea, warmed the china pot and hesitated before the labeled canisters. "This is my day off," she said, and put in a heaping tablespoonful of black Ceylon so that the tea would be dark and strong with body enough to hold the milk and honey just as she liked it. Her mother had allowed this only on Sundays as a reckless treat. Weekday tea was fragrant and tonic camomile or a desert-herb mix. On one of the best plates, Carrie arranged a juicy Comice pear, a small papaya, a tangerine and a little cup of sunflower seeds.

Before the kitchen mirror she tied a scarf over her pale heavy hair and glanced at her face. Plain. Plain. But the years had touched it lightly, and health and strength were there.

"Be thankful for that," her mother had told her. "Beauty is simply a burden of temptations." Carrie had sighed then for the privilege of temptations.

"Imagine my ignorance!" she said aloud, feeling stuffed with other women's experience. All day long these women she massaged told her, instead of resting, the most minute details of their lives. Vicariously, she was a many-sided woman of the world.

This made her smile as she carried the tray of fruit and tea into the garden. With her sweater buttoned, she sat at the table eating breakfast, hidden in the amorphous body of the fog.

"I'm in a cloud," she said softly.

Steam rose from the tea into the fog. She ate the fruit with the sensuous delight of a traveler in an exotic land. She drank all the tea, aware of its flavor and warmth, and still she lingered in this private, palpable world. A mockingbird sang a long ripple of notes from the acacia tree and was abruptly silent. Carrie looked at the single cup, conscious of her pleasure, which without any warning at all fled with the thought, laying bare her loneliness. It was a quiescent loneliness, but it came upon her like a new dimension of living as if designed and reserved for this day. An impertinence at her age, she protested, because it was a young emotion, an ache, a hollow place in which her formless thoughts echoed like auto horns in a tunnel, shrill and melancholy at once. She stood up, feeling sad and foolish and chilled to the bone.

An erratic gust of wind shook the jasmine leaves as if with rough intent, and rushed on, pushing the sea air unceremoniously back toward the sea. The wind seemed to come from the same unknown place as her loneliness. She waited. The air grew still. The fog, undone and torn, wavered uncertain. A warm narrow wind raced through the garden bringing a wild fragrance. The fog disappeared. A little whirl of dust flew by. Swiftly the day changed.

Its brilliant air dazzled her eyes. Under a balm of warmth the garden lay deceptive. Like no other morning, this one sang with the pristine mystery of the first morning of time. She felt she could not endure it; it contained a powerful meaning she could not grasp.

When the Santa Ana comes, blowing off the Mojave Desert two hundred miles away, people walking along the city streets are suddenly embraced by a lasso of warm soft wind. The air has a radiant clarity. The atmosphere becomes strange, subtly exciting. People begin to unwind, to gentle, to feel young, to delight in breathing, to be aware of being alive, and sad that they've been dully taking it for granted. The wind enfolds them and kisses them like petals, and they begin to feel in love—in love with being alive; and this is so rare, like a primeval sensation coming up through all the centuries, that they are a little frightened, but the wind soothes them, and a tender wily restlessness sets in. They aren't what they call *themselves* until the wind ceases and they can get back into their protective masquerades. The wind sometimes blows a day and a night. The time is enchanted with an alien beauty. It is as if love had come without a lover.

Reluctantly, Carrie picked up her basket of orderly cleaning tools and went first to the small sanitary rooms divided off for her work. As she polished the glass over her diploma, she read her name there as if she had never seen it before. Carrie Hagen. A stranger, perhaps, if truly known. *Masseuse.* How curious! She studied her hands, whose strength contradicted their frail design. Would they be clumsy tomorrow with the questions of today?

A window blew open and when she moved to close it a mischievous twist of wind jerked it from her fingers and slammed it shut and gently opened it again. The sly foreign air filled the room. She stood in its spell and without knowing why, her throat ached and her eyes burned with tears.

Her mother's words scolded from her youth, "Being busy, Carrie, is the cure for irresponsible emotions." Carrie looked at the clock and turned again to her work, pressing back a passion of loneliness. The whole day's disorganization loomed ahead like an obstacle race. She still missed her mother's sensible guidance, and her clients missed it too. Her mother had welcomed the women as they came and went, exchanging her boasts of health for their migraines and operations, and now and then to comfort them, she complained with lively charm of her very old age. The women came liking Carrie and went away devoted to her mother. It was the same with the only young man she had known. After her mother's death, some of the clients quit coming. When her own grief had subsided into controlled sorrow, Carrie ran a classified ad and her appointment book filled again, its proceeds nibbling at the final bills. (Continued on Page 104)

Feeling the spell of this strange evening, she stood alone at the balcony.

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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Joe Hughes often has to cope with emergencies in the middle of the night. On wall at left is his fire-alarm box.

I'm the Whole Town's Chaplain

As official roving pastor of suburban Park Forest, Illinois, the Reverend Joseph Hughes is always on call whenever anyone—Protestant, Catholic or Jew—needs his help.

Hughes (second from left) with five clergymen representing his town's co-operating denominations: The others, from left: Rev. V. W. Butler, Presbyterian; the author, a Baptist; Rev. Luther Bekemeier, Lutheran; Rev. T. W. Anderson, Methodist; Dr. G. S. Engelmann, E. and R., and Rabbi Minard Klein, Jewish.

By The Rev. JOSEPH L. HUGHES
as told to Bernard Asbell

As a student in seminary, I once dreamed—as all seminary students do—of the day when a great bell would summon the flock to my pulpit. Today I have no pulpit. Instead, a fire alarm in my bedroom summons me to the flock. Outside my car hangs a red spotlight; inside, a mobile telephone. To complete my ministerial equipment, in my study, opposite a small table holding a bronze cross, stands a filing cabinet stuffed with cards listing certain facts about almost every man, woman and child in my community of 31,000 souls—Park Forest, Illinois, near Chicago.

These are unique tools to employ in the service of the Lord. But the Lord has placed

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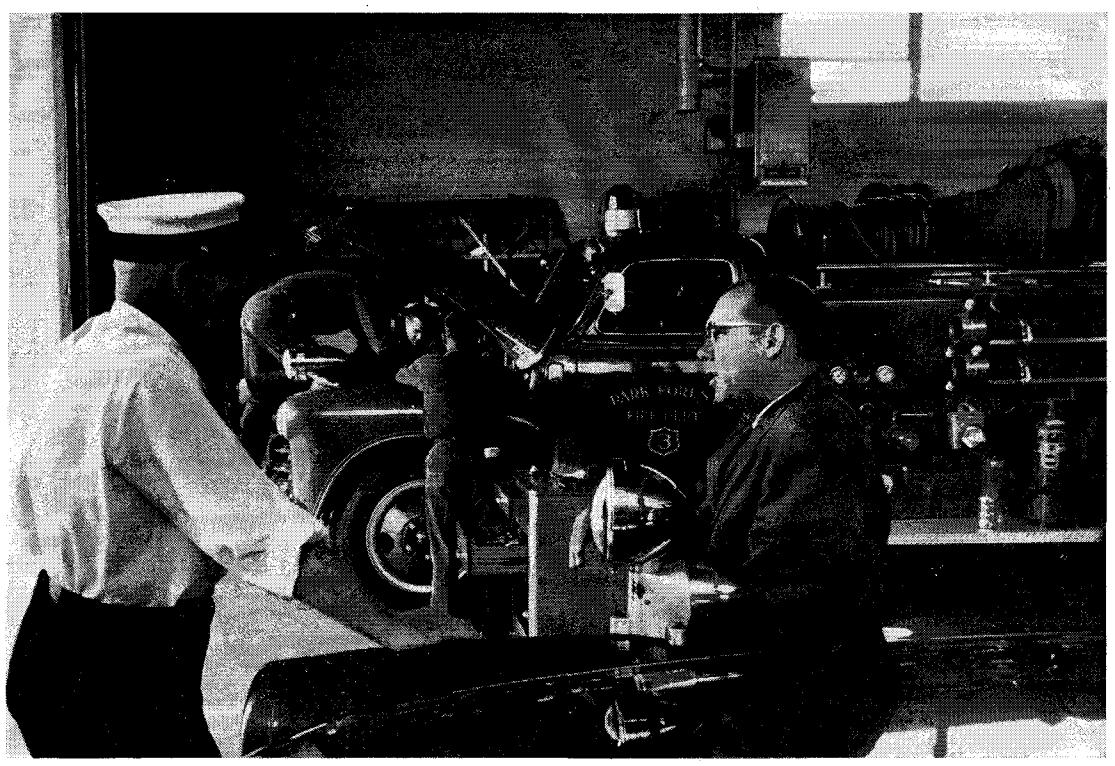
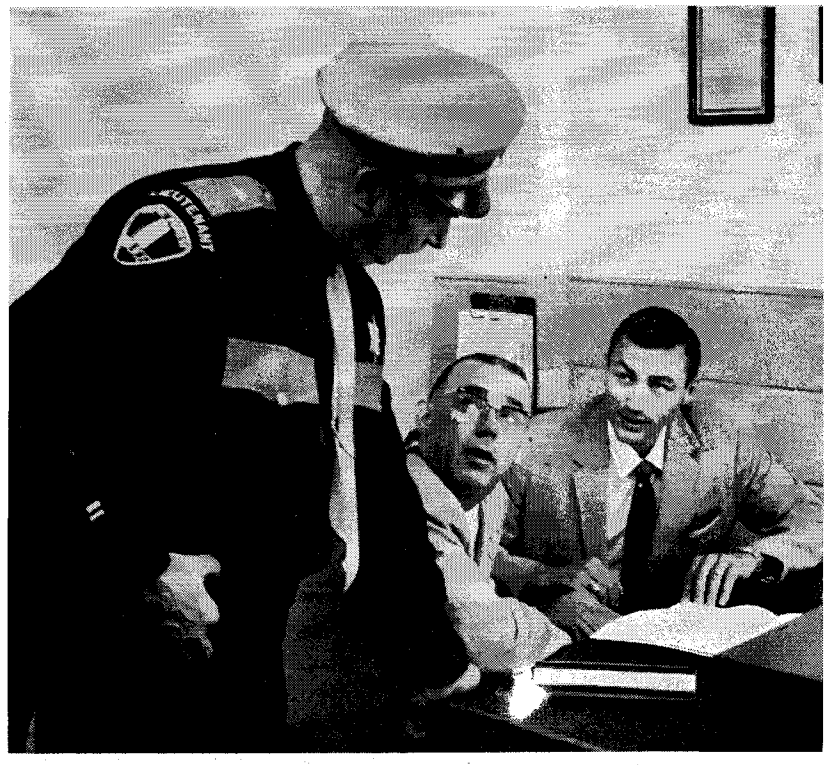
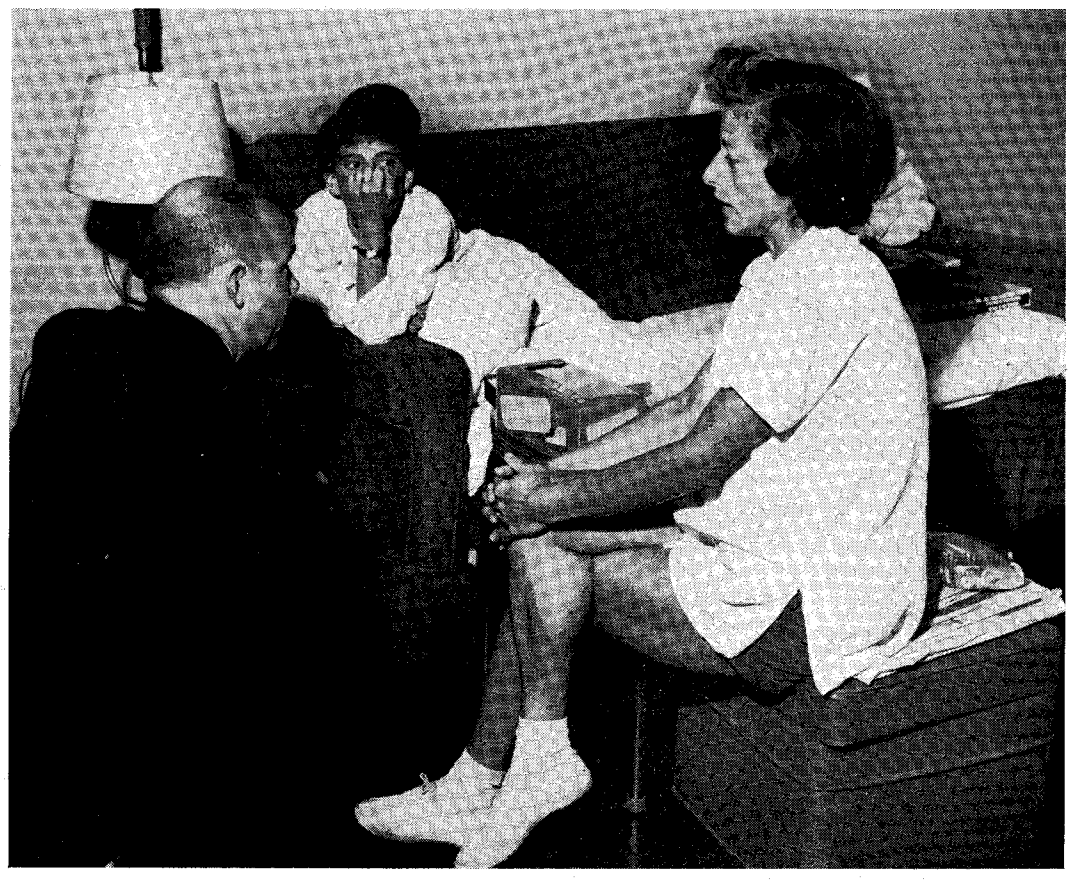


"I chase the inhalator squad to every call they make," says Hughes, who is official chaplain for both police and fire departments. Here he is with Fire Chief Olaf Sorenson.



Conferring on a police case: the author (center), with Lt. Jack Norbert (left) and Juvenile Officer Maurice Fuentes.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella



When Mrs. Maurice Witowsky (right) discovered a fire in her clothes drier, she called Park Forest firemen. The parson came, too, and calmed her while they doused the flames.

me in a unique job. I am the chaplain to a whole city. So far as I know, I am the only full-time minister engaged in so odd a task in any community in America.

The tools I have mentioned are clearly the symbols of trouble. These may seem incongruous with a model suburb like Park Forest, a town of educated young families, new homes, acres of green grass and gleaming new schools. The recent best seller, *The Organization Man*, focused on Park Forest because of its concentration of young executives, salesmen, engineers, air-line men, Army officers and professionals climbing to success. These families are among the tens of thousands who are forever being transferred around the great corporation checkerboard. Each month about 100 Park Forest families move out, and about 200 new ones move in. They come to us apprehensively, like rookie soldiers arriving in a new Army camp.

Recently my home fire alarm rang and sent me rushing across Park Forest to help a family in trouble. When I arrived the firemen had already doused what was just a flare-up in a home clothes drier. The young woman of the house, however, was in a state of panic. She insisted she had to call her husband, who was in San Francisco at a business meeting.

"What for?" I asked her.

"Because—well, because my house was on fire. It was an emergency!"

What she really meant was that she needed a strong, fatherly voice to tell her everything was all right. If she had called him in her upset state, her husband, wondering if half their house had burned, might have ditched his important meeting and flown home. There's no telling what such a futile trip might have cost him and his company. In my best strong, fatherly voice I settled her down.

Park Forest is a town of part-time widows. One out of two men travels for a living. Like green twigs, young women have been snapped away from their family trees by their husbands' careers and planted in the new sprouting suburbs. They may be 2000 miles from mom and dad, sisters and brothers. With the husband away, the slightest upset sometimes shatters a young homemaker. The wives join in a great, never-ending binge of chatty companionship—I am sure Park Forest can boast the highest per capita coffee consumption in the world—but their chitchat veils a loneliness that afflicts many.

Early villagers recognized, almost immediately after Park Forest was born in 1948, that the best way to combat the loneliness of new families was to get them churched as quickly as possible. They engaged Hugo Leinberger, an Evangelical and Reformed minister, and called him "village chaplain." His main duties were to welcome new families in behalf of a church of their choice, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic or Jewish. To help pay his salary and expenses, the local Protestants got financial aid from eight Protestant denominational boards. Sixteen other boards recognized him as their interdenominational representative in the

(Continued on Page 83)

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Violence on the Plains

By CHARLES O. LOCKE

She saved Johnson from the lynch mob only to have the killer repay her with insults.

These men are out to get even for Blaine's death," Bill Snow warned his boss, Amelia Rankin. "They won't forget fast."

As head of an immense Texas cattle ranch inherited from her husband, Amelia had given land to Howard Blaine and some others for farming. When her new assistant foreman, Red Johnson, killed Blaine, the farmers rode to the Rankin ranch to lynch the slayer. But Amelia wanted a fair trial for Johnson. On her side were lawyer Tom Turner, foreman Snow and Jess Albright. Against her also was Hurd Patchem, the other big rancher in the region. He viewed Amelia's farm grants as a threat to the grazing land. Seeing a chance to strike at her, he sent men to ride with the lynchers.

As they approached, Amelia managed to trick the riders into temporary calm. But the next morning they were angry again and eager to get on with their vengeance.

II

Tom Turner, the Rankin attorney, a Lincoln-lean man who everybody said would marry Amelia someday, never looked so good to her as when she went to the north bedroom window in the early light next morning and saw him quietly dismounting. She was about to shout downstairs to somebody to go meet him when both Albright and Snow came around the corner of the kitchen wing from the bunkhouse and began to talk to him. She could tell they were wasting no time, but already discussing the situation.

"Miz Rankin," Etta said, "you better get rid of that Johnson man or we goin' to suffer for it yet."

She saw Tom standing, as Albright talked, looking at the ground while he listened carefully and then raising his head to laugh quietly. She supposed Albright had already reached the story of her hair-raising return to the ranch with the self-appointed vigilantes.

She saw Tom hand his horse over to Snow and follow Jess. As she began to dress, after shivering through a sponge bath, she took minutes instead of seconds to choose what she would wear and smiled to herself with a touch of bitterness. The trouble was she had so little to choose from. She had not been off the ranch for nearly a year, and she decided her whole wardrobe was in rags. She heard more talk in the yard and from the window saw a half dozen of the vigilantes move beyond what she could see of the corral and her wrangler's small cabin. There was still a spot of iridescence there, a pool of precious water, reflecting the sky's early red and gold. They gathered wood for a trash fire, and one of them brought a battered skillet from a saddlebag, and another produced a blackened coffeepot.

They knew they were welcome to all they could eat at the Rankin table. She was, she found later, correct in her assumption that their mortification was growing, and this was the strongest play they could make to assert their independence. These were the real troublemakers. They refused to be soothed by any equivocal Rankin hospitality. Braced with their own breakfast, they would let her hear from them forcefully.

Amelia crossed to the cold fireplace of her room. It was right over the fireplace in the big dining room below. The dining room and Amelia's room had been in an unfinished state for two years. The whole wing was that way. The fireplaces above and below that still needed careful brickwork—because they still wouldn't draw—at least had one advantage. Amelia could hear distinctly most conversation that took place in the dining room. Now she could hear Etta serving coffee with the usual complaints, and Turner's big, easy voice and his usual kidding of Etta. Then Albright and Snow chimed in.

Amelia became alert as she heard a new voice join the group downstairs, the soft drawl of Willy Patchem. Because he was the son of her deadly enemy she was certain now she had been weak in letting Willy come and go at her ranch, the way his father was acting. And now that his brother, Lester, was home from school, Lester would be a frequent visitor. She weighed on one side the present feud and on the other the close friendship between the Patchems and the Rankins that had lasted till Henry died. Then Hurd, always jealous of Henry, had begun to take the dead man's reins of power in the region. The bitter feeling had grown, rising to its present danger point when, as Snow put it, she had begun to let the farmers "scratch her land in places."

Willy's drawl always fascinated her. He had inherited land and money from his mother and was able to defy almost everything his father stood for in the range country. His bad heart was a leftover from rheumatic fever.

"Who saw this shooting?" She moved closer to the fireplace as Willy spoke.

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Turner knocked Red Johnson down again.

"Omstead," said Jess. "He quit last night."

"That's right," said Snow, "he's gone."

"Older or younger one?" Willy asked.

"Older."

"And you say he's went?"

"Guess he has," said Turner.

"E-vaporated." Willy coughed a little. "Well, there's just a frog hair of a chance he's been hired by my pa. Maybe that clears up the mystery. My pa is a very kind-hearted man, and the minute anyone on the Rankin ranch would be in a piece of trouble, my pa would naturally rush in and hire him."

"He's not exactly in trouble," said Turner easily. "He's merely a witness—or said to be—to the shooting."

"I see," said Willy heavily. "Tell me his young brother saw it too. He also leak out of the landscape?"

"No," said Snow, "not as I know. He's still with us. He come over from the Catlins."

"Bailey Omstead owes me money," said Willy. "I'll sue him." The men laughed.

Turner said, "I'll have a look at Johnson."

"Better not talk to him before you talk to Mrs. Rankin."

"Why?"

"Well, she's got some ideas. After all, he's her prisoner."

Turner's voice changed to matter-of-fact rapidity with dry command in the overtone. "We've got to get a few things settled. Amelia's got to have some sense talked into her. It's getting dangerous for her to be here, the way some people who ought to be her friends act."

"Think so?" asked Willy.

"I do."

Amelia heard a chair scrape. "Well, I'll talk to her," Willy said. "I'll put in my oar."

Amelia heard the door close. There was a space of silence. Amelia could hear the clink of coffee cups.

"I think Willy got out quick due to being embarrassed."

"Yes," said Turner. "Never thought about Hurd. Well ——"

"Yes?"

Turner lowered his voice. "Just as well Willy's not here. Allows me to make a point. Amelia is counting too much on chivalry."

"What's that you said?" Albright was confessing his ignorance.

"I mean just this. Amelia thinks Willy's father and the rest of the association he heads up are going to let her alone, have her own way because she's a woman. What Melly doesn't understand is that the Patchem crowd have had a tough year with cattle."

"Ain't we all?"

"That's true, but it doesn't enter in. Hurd stands to lose a lot of money. The way the business is going now, they're fighting for their lives and they know it. And when they see Amelia Rankin as another stumbling block to their salvation, they're double mean. They'll stop at nothing."

"You don't mean they'd take a shot at Mrs. Rankin!"

"Why not? Have you ever heard them talk at one of these meetings, Jess?"

"Nope."

"Well, I have. What I can't get over to Amelia is that whatever does happen to her will be made to show like an accident. It's been done before. It'll be done again. The minute Amelia Rankin's husband died and she started running this ranch, she became to all intents and purposes a man in the eyes of the association. She doesn't attend the meetings any more. Any consideration of her being a woman is hogwash. If she's in their way, they'll get her out of their way. But she doesn't believe that."

Amelia was startled. Stated in this way, with the flat, bold precision of a lawyer's words, the idea took on a stark quality. And the effect of the words on the simple men below was unmistakable.

Then the heavy scraping of chairs and the door slam told her the men had gone outside. From the window she saw them in the yard.

Etta sat awhile at the big table, at about three places from the end where Amelia sat, and saw that Amelia had everything she wanted. She had eaten no supper the night before, and her appetite this morning was equal to eggs, hot cakes, and more bacon than she had eaten in months. She would have made Etta bring the oatmeal from the kitchen after that, except that she was suddenly embarrassed about her appetite, and when Etta suggested it she said no.

"Miz Rankin," said Etta, "you better get rid of that Johnson man quick or we goin' to suffer for it. Men (Continued on Page 113)

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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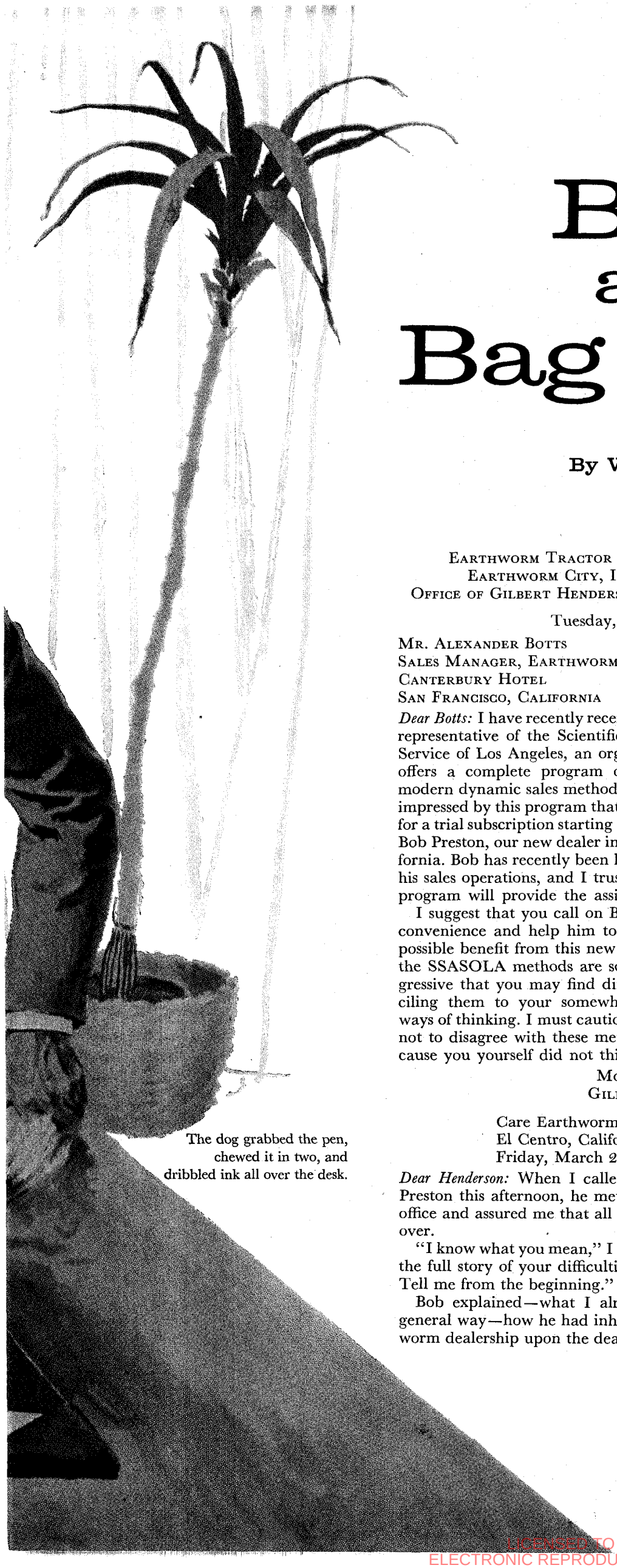
BOTTS and the Bag of Tricks

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON



The dog grabbed the pen, chewed it in two, and dribbled ink all over the desk.

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Tuesday, March 24, 1959

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER, EARTHWORM TRACTOR CO.
CANTERBURY HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Dear Botts: I have recently received a call from a representative of the Scientific Sales Advisory Service of Los Angeles, an organization which offers a complete program of instruction in modern dynamic sales methods. I have been so impressed by this program that I have arranged for a trial subscription starting at once for young Bob Preston, our new dealer in El Centro, California. Bob has recently been having trouble in his sales operations, and I trust the SSASOLA program will provide the assistance he needs.

I suggest that you call on Bob at your early convenience and help him to get the greatest possible benefit from this new service. Some of the SSASOLA methods are so novel and progressive that you may find difficulty in reconciling them to your somewhat old-fashioned ways of thinking. I must caution you, therefore, not to disagree with these methods merely because you yourself did not think of them first.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

Care Earthworm Tractor Agency
El Centro, California
Friday, March 27, 1959

Dear Henderson: When I called on young Bob Preston this afternoon, he met me in his outer office and assured me that all his troubles were over.

"I know what you mean," I said. "But I want the full story of your difficulties just the same. Tell me from the beginning."

Bob explained—what I already knew in a general way—how he had inherited the Earthworm dealership upon the death of his father a year ago, how he left college, got married and plunged into the business with the greatest enthusiasm—but soon found himself in trouble.

"I never had any experience in selling," he said. "I didn't know how to handle the customers. I began losing business to my competitors. And every month I sank deeper into the red. In the meantime I had gone heavily in debt for a new showroom, repair shop and a lot of other stuff. So I decided I had to make more sales or I would be sunk. I became so worried I was almost paralyzed. Last week when I heard about a man who might buy a lot of tractors, I was afraid to go after him."

"Why?"

"This man is so important. He is Mr. Vedder Van Cortlandt—a big capitalist from New York City. He has been buying a lot of mining and mineral properties in the mountains around here. Last week he arrived in El Centro and set up an office. And I understand he plans to reopen an abandoned mine somewhere in the mountains west of here. It produces a rare mineral that has recently become important. And he needs a tractor to work inside the mine—pushing material around and loading ore."

"Just one tractor?"

"That's all he needs for this one mine. But when he opens up a lot of his other mines he will need half a dozen or more."

"He sounds like a good prospect," I said.

"I know," said Bob. "And that's what scared me. This sale was going to be so important to me that I just went into a panic. I had already lost so many sales that I had no confidence in myself. I was afraid I would say the wrong thing or make some blunder that would spoil everything. But probably you can't understand this."

"On the contrary," I said, "I understand perfectly. Even though I myself never worry, I have the greatest sympathy for those who do. So you can relax, Bob. As you yourself said when I came in, your troubles are now over. I have arrived on the scene. I will take charge of everything."

(Continued on Page 108)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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THE JERRY GIESLER STORY PART THREE

My Most Unbelievable Case

Rarely has a man's devotion to a woman taken such a bizarre turn as in the strange case of The Little Fellow in the Attic.

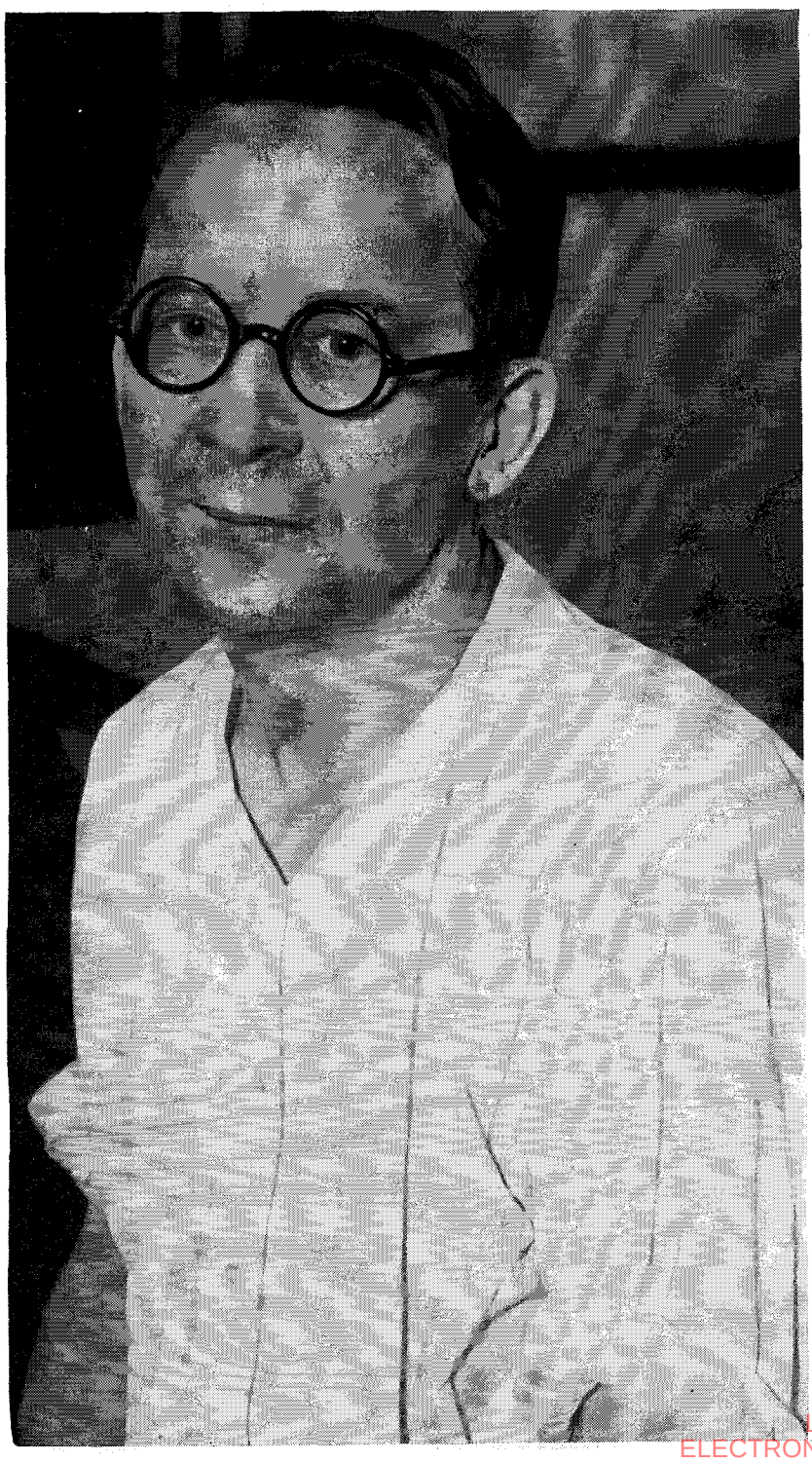
By JERRY GIESLER as told to Pete Martin

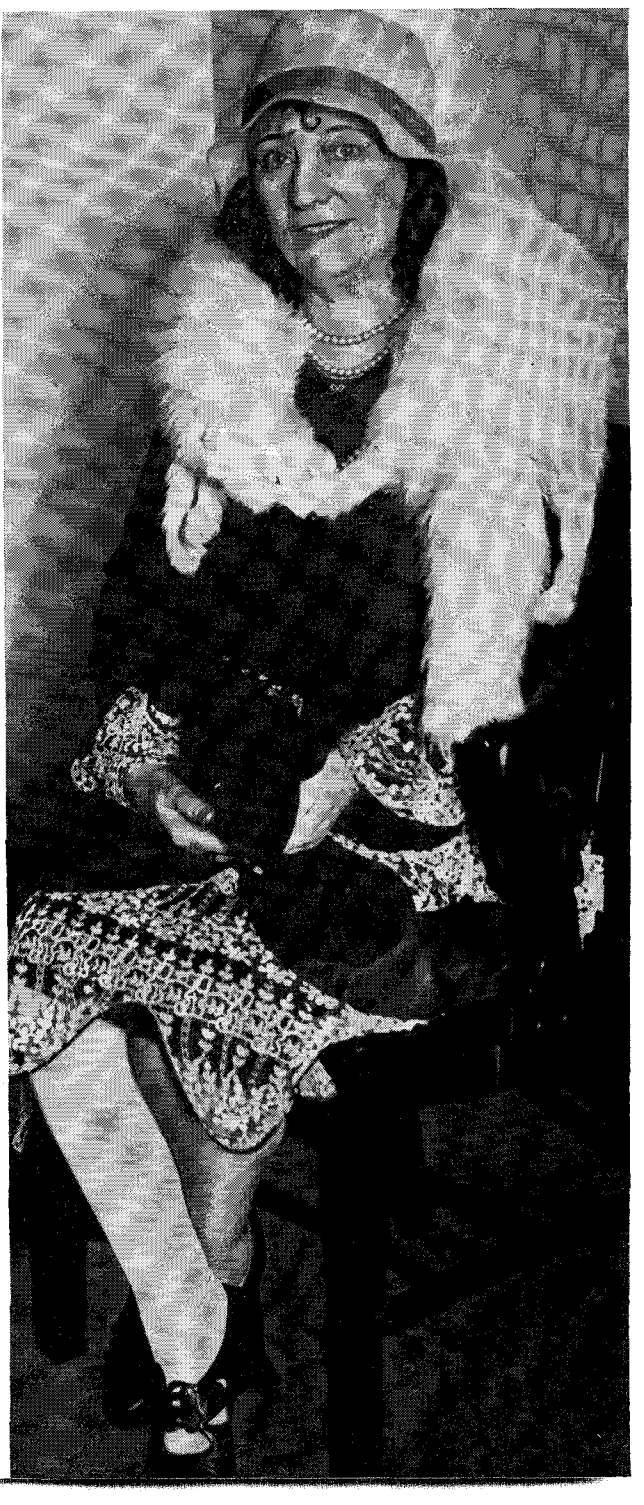
In all my lifetime I have never heard of a stranger case than The Little Fellow in the Attic. If I hadn't been a part of it, I wouldn't have believed it occurred. I wasn't the only one who thought it fantastic. The press described The Little Fellow in screaming headlines: ATTIC HERMIT REVEALS SELF AS LOVE THIEF . . . ADMITS HE SOUGHT HEART OF MRS. OESTERREICH . . . SAYS GARRET HABIT GREW ON HIM.

Years have passed since the attic hermit—whose real name was Otto Sanhuber—and Mrs. Walburga Oesterreich faced justice, but the tale is made up of so many wildly unbelievable details that it still makes my brain whirl when I think about it.

Although the names of the principals involved mean nothing—unlike the names of many of my clients about whom I will tell later; among them Walter Wanger, Robert Mitchum, Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel and Edward G. Robinson Jr.—the case is the most sensational I have ever had anything to do with.

The story of The Little Fellow in the Attic began in Milwaukee back in 1908. When he was in his teens, he struck up a friendship with Mrs. Oesterreich's son Raymond. After





Above is Fred Oesterreich, victim of a grotesque crime. At left is Otto Sanhuber, "the batman" who lived under the eaves. At right is Walburga Oesterreich, who for years concealed from her husband the constant presence of her lover, hidden in the house.

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THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.

—THE EDITORS

that, Mrs. Oesterreich herself treated him very kindly. He first met her when he visited her husband's garment factory to repair defective sewing machines. Occasionally the factory owner sent him out to his house as a messenger. Then suddenly the messenger boy disappeared.

He had fallen in love with Mrs. Oesterreich and she with him. In a confession he made later, before a Los Angeles grand jury, he said that it was then that he began to lead the life of a bat concealed under the eaves of whatever roof sheltered her. He never regretted leading his shadowy existence, since it had meant that he could steal out from his concealment and they could enjoy their illicit love.

Whenever the Oesterreichs moved, and they did a number of times, Sanhuber found a new cubbyhole in their home and moved into it. If this all seems grubby and furtive, that was the way extracurricular sex was in those days—and is today.

Sanhuber was uncertain who his parents were. He had been left on a doorstep as an infant. He never was sure of the date of his birth. When young Raymond Oesterreich died, Mrs. Oesterreich's sorrow made her so distraught that Sanhuber continued his visits to her home to comfort her. She embraced him and told him that he made the loss of her son more bearable.

He became dependent for happiness upon this attractive, youthful-looking woman in her late thirties. Sanhuber said that he thought of Mrs. Oesterreich as his benefactress; that her loving kindness to him built up a tremendous loyalty and a silent devotion within him, so much so that he thought her—to use his trite phrase—"the only woman in the world."

Her emotional dependence upon him soon developed into a more passionate relationship. Mrs. Oesterreich was vital. Life's juices flowed freely within her. Seeking shelter one day from a sudden rain—this was before he became a resident of her attic—they repaired to the small rooms where Sanhuber lived. There they became lovers.

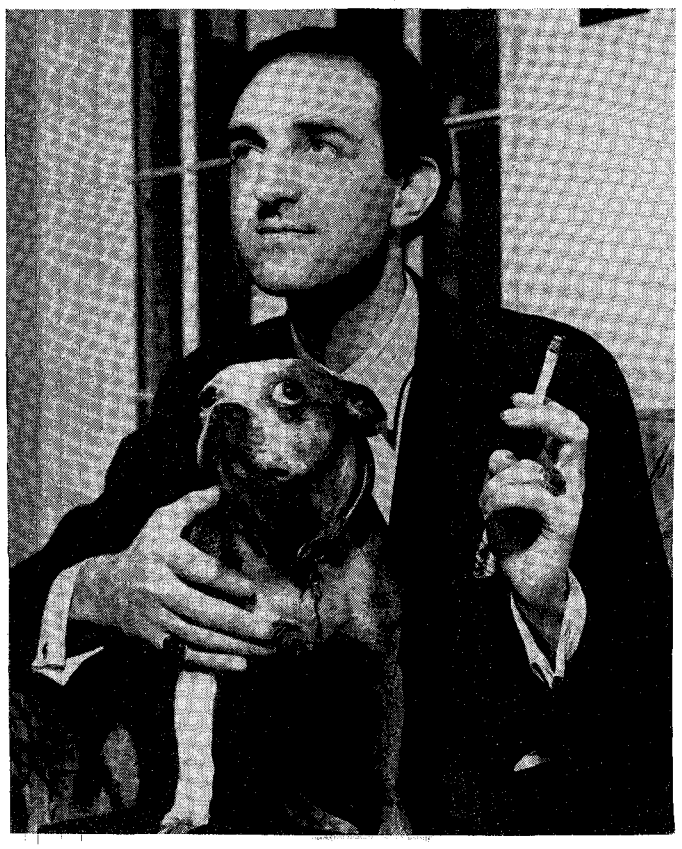
Walburga Oesterreich was fifteen or twenty years older than The Little Fellow, and she discovered hidden charms in this younger man. When I first saw him, his physical appeal was invisible. He was undersized, his skin was fish-belly yellow. He was weak and puny. Of course, I hadn't known him when he and the factory owner's wife began their affair. He might have had more appeal then.

Sanhuber began to meet her in her home when her husband was at work. On one of those occasions Oesterreich came home unexpectedly.

(Continued on Page 76)

Heiress Barbara Hutton and actor Cary Grant. "The grounds for her application for divorce were 'extreme cruelty,'" says Giesler, "but what really curdled her romance with Grant was that their friends belonged to different worlds. Hers were of the social world, his of the theatrical world. They didn't mix."

Above is Lew Brice, brother of the late Fanny Brice. In 1938 he got into a stud-poker game—illegal in California—with British millionaire Henry Talbot Devers Clifton (right) and won $150,000 from him. When Brice tried to collect on Clifton's checks, Giesler arrived at the last minute with a court order stopping payment.



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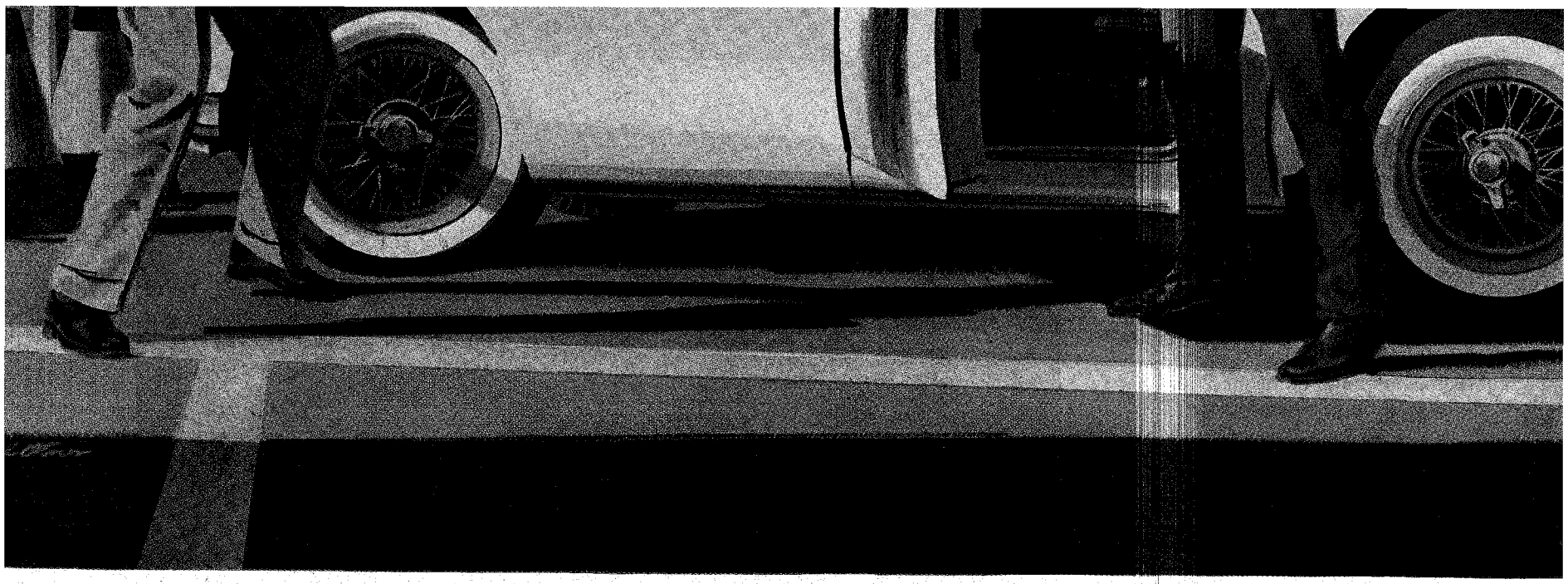

"That's better, mister," Sundown said. "I wouldn't bother to kill a man with as slow a draw as you."

THE TELEVISION COWBOY

This time he wasn't in front of a camera. He was drawing his gun for real.

By ROBERT CARSON

Among the guests assembled one night at the table of a well-heeled hostess in Los Angeles was a Jack Brennan, star of a television series known as *Top Gun*. Tall, faintly melancholy, long-haired-and-sideburned, Jack wasn't having the best time of his life. On his left sat a small girl with blue eyes who seemed shy and not anything for looks; on his right sat his manager, a haggard survivor of several divorces whose name was Elsie Rich Wardon.

"This sure ain't like the Harvey House in Santa Fee, is it, Sundown?" Elsie said.

"No, it ain't," Jack replied, "and let's skip the Western bit."

"Mr. Brennan," the small girl said, "I watch you each Wednesday evening, and you're just wonderful."

"I'm told that constantly," Jack said, "and it depresses me." She was disconcerted by his blunt manner and he added, "Please don't get sore. I used to be an honest rodeo bum, and this acting dodge is getting me down."

"Then why don't you quit?" the girl asked softly.

"I'm going to," Jack said. "As soon as I save money enough to buy a ranch and a few head of cattle." He looked at her. "Who are you? What do you do?"

"I'm Doc Grogarty," Doc Grogarty said. "A chemist, but I paint as a side line." She smiled. "Not fences. Pictures."

"Fences," Jack said, frowning. "I wish you hadn't mentioned them. They're always causing trouble on TV between the sodbusters and the cowboys."

Later, as Jack and Elsie were having coffee in the living room, Doc brought over a husky, round-faced young man. "Mr. Brennan," she said, "may I present Mr. H. Edward Gray?"

"I like nothing better than one of your adult Westerns with those grown-up horses," H. Edward Gray said. (Continued on Page 99)

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I Watched the Red Bosses at Play

A Russian-speaking American tells what he saw in Bulgaria, a rigidly controlled satellite now open to U.S. travelers, and a favorite Riviera for the Communist elite.

By FRED WARNER NEAL

A restaurant at Varna. Russians get preferred treatment at this resort, but tourists include members of the elite New Class from all the countries behind the Iron Curtain.

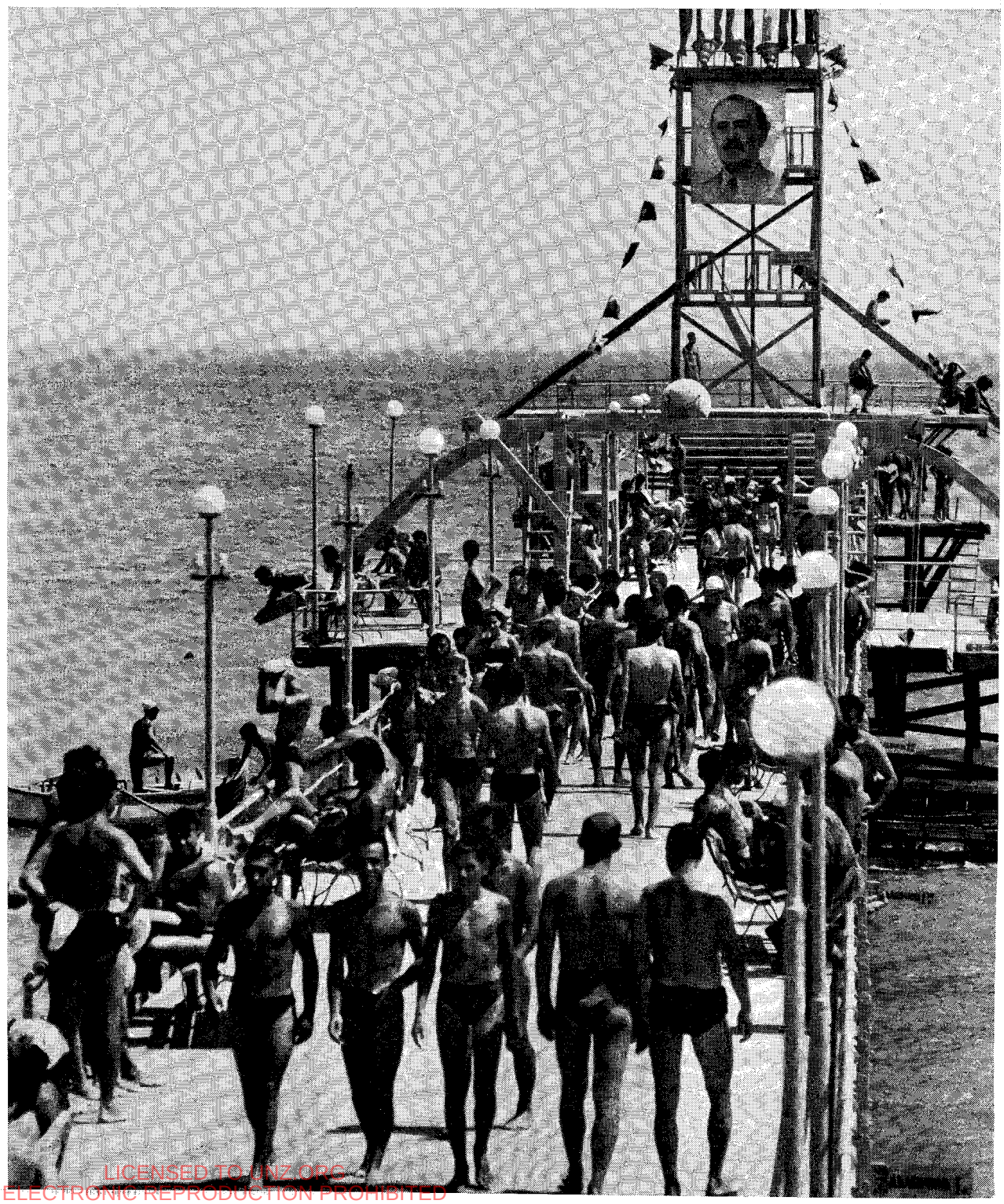
If you want to watch the Communist big shots of Eastern Europe at play, lolling in luxury amid a poverty-stricken peasantry, the place to go is Bulgaria, the most backward, most tightly controlled, most Russianized of the Soviet satellites—and at the same time the main tourist resort behind the Iron Curtain.

This picturesque little Balkan dictatorship with its beautiful Black Sea coast has become, according to official plan, the vacation mecca for the New Class from all over the Soviet Empire. The guest list reads like a Communist Who's Who. At the top is Soviet Russia's leading tourist, Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, whose presence in 1958 signaled Bulgaria's designation as tourist resort No. 1 for the Iron Curtain countries. Lesser members of Communist society are commonplace here. I know, because not long ago, as one of the first Americans to visit the tightly policed state in some years, I swam at the beach at Varna, one of the major resorts, with planning officials from Czechoslovakia. In the dining hall the table across from mine was occupied by a diplomat from Hungary and a factory director from Rumania. Later, in the lobby I watched a chess match between a Russian professor and a Communist Party functionary from East Germany. It was all very cozy.

Frankly I was surprised at being in Bulgaria. Many Bulgarians were equally surprised at seeing me there. For example, on learning that I was an American, a Bulgarian I met on a train exclaimed, "What are you doing *here?*" — then lowered his voice and asked cautiously, "Are you here

(Continued on Page 92)

Russian Premier Khrushchev (center) at Sofia airport after attending the Bulgarian Communist Party Congress last year. At right is Bulgaria's Premier Anton Yugov.



People's Beach at Varna is one of the few special facilities for workers and peasants, who do not ordinarily mingle with vacationing upper-echelon Communists.

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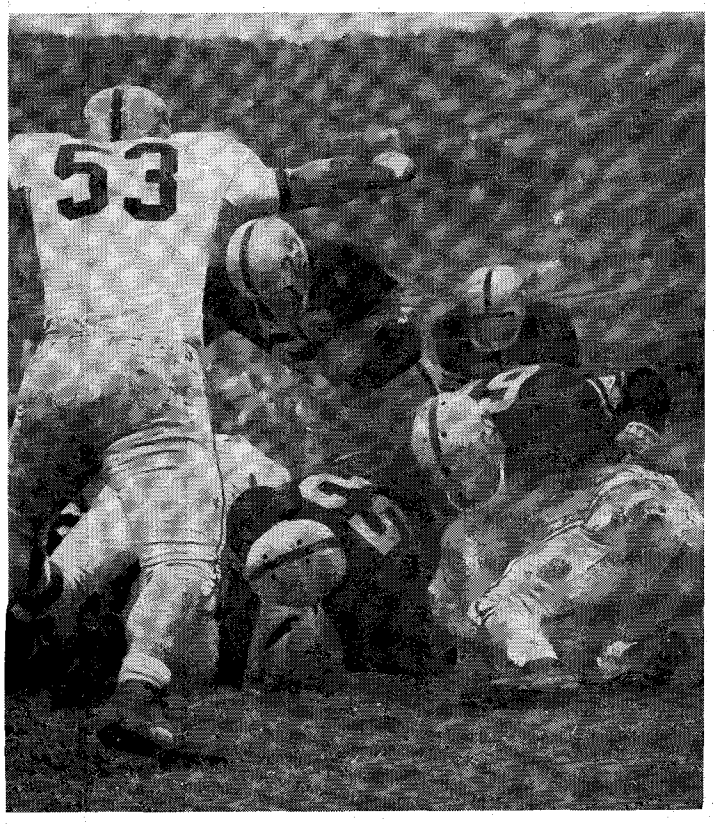
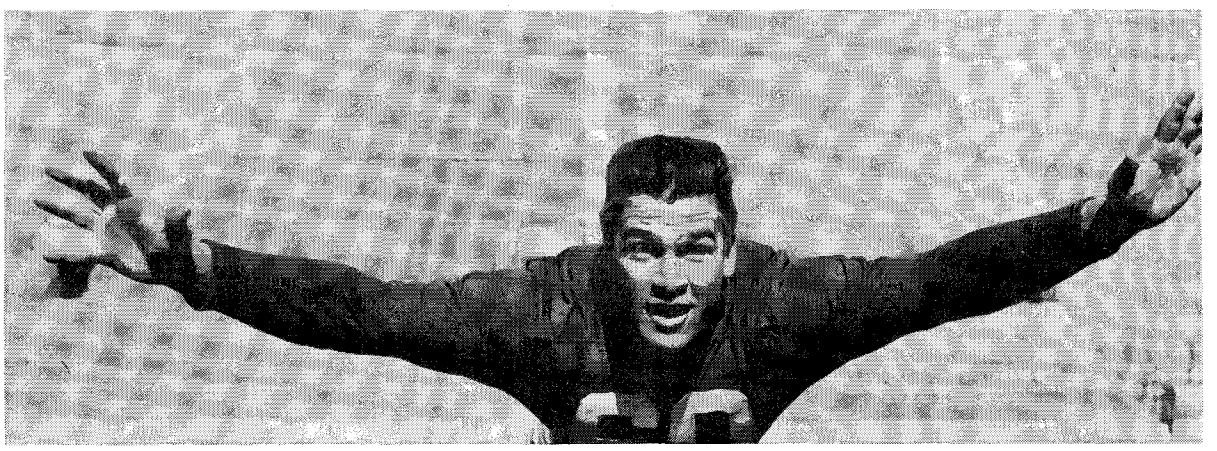
The two top-ranked college quarterbacks last year were California's Joe Kapp (with ball, above) and Iowa's Randy Duncan (with ball, below). Kapp was a good all-around performer who received only token attention from the pros because he was not outstanding enough in any given specialty. Duncan was the first man drafted for 1959, but he elected to sign with a Canadian team, as did Kapp.





Al Ecuyer (above), a fine All-American guard for Notre Dame last season, was not picked until the eighteenth round of the draft because he lacked size to cope with the giant pro linemen. Harlan Hill (snaring pass below) is a supreme example of an obscure player who was spotted by the professionals. The former Florence State College (Alabama) gridder has been a great end for the Chicago Bears.

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The All-American Label Doesn't Fool the Pros

By Tommy Devine

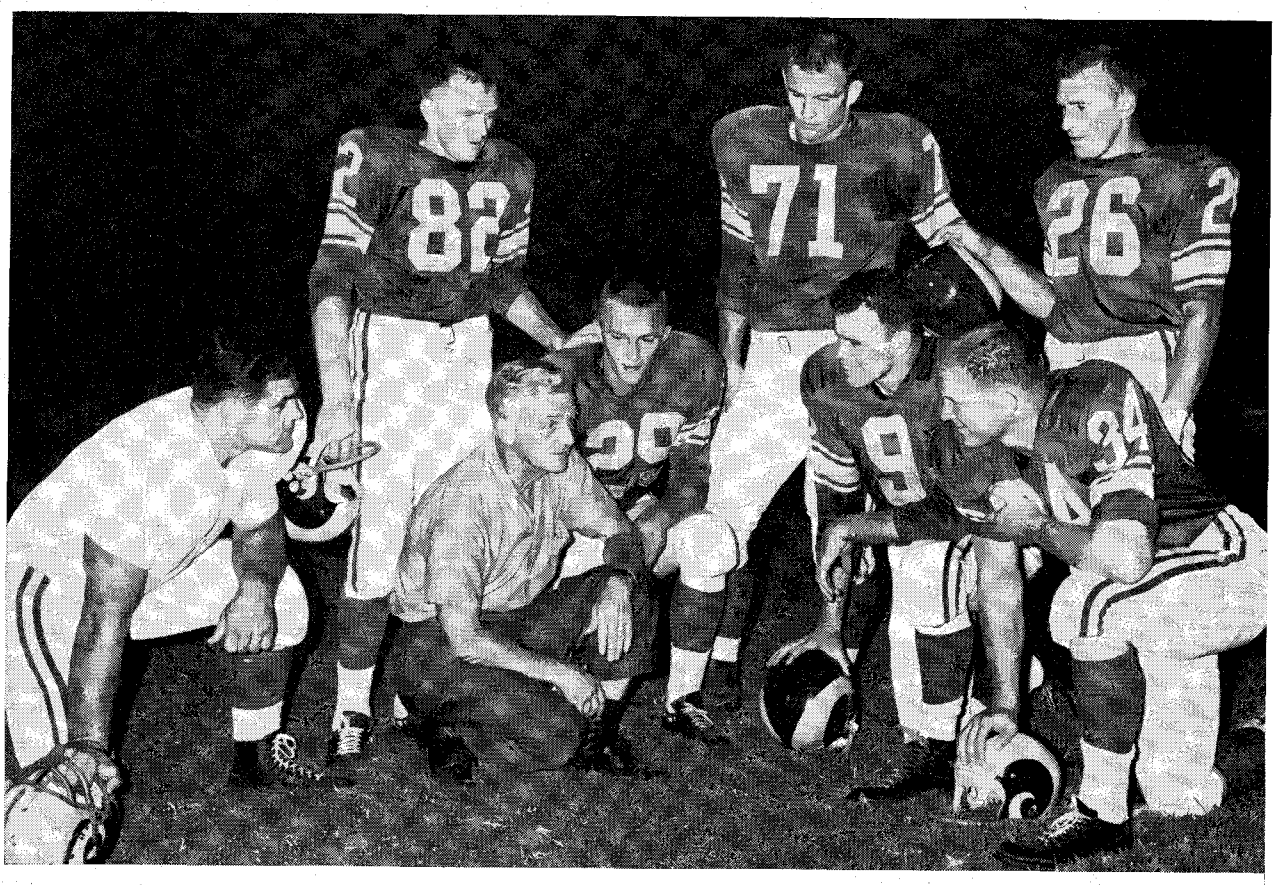
Next week the National Football League will draft its future stars from thousands of carefully scouted college players. Here is why you never hear of some "million-dollar" players after they leave school.

It was the first day of practice for the Chicago Bears last year at the secluded campus of St. Joseph's College in Collegeville, Indiana. George Halas, owner-coach of the Bears and elder statesman of the National Football League, stood in the center of a human circle formed by candidates for his team. He was extending a welcome—and a warning.

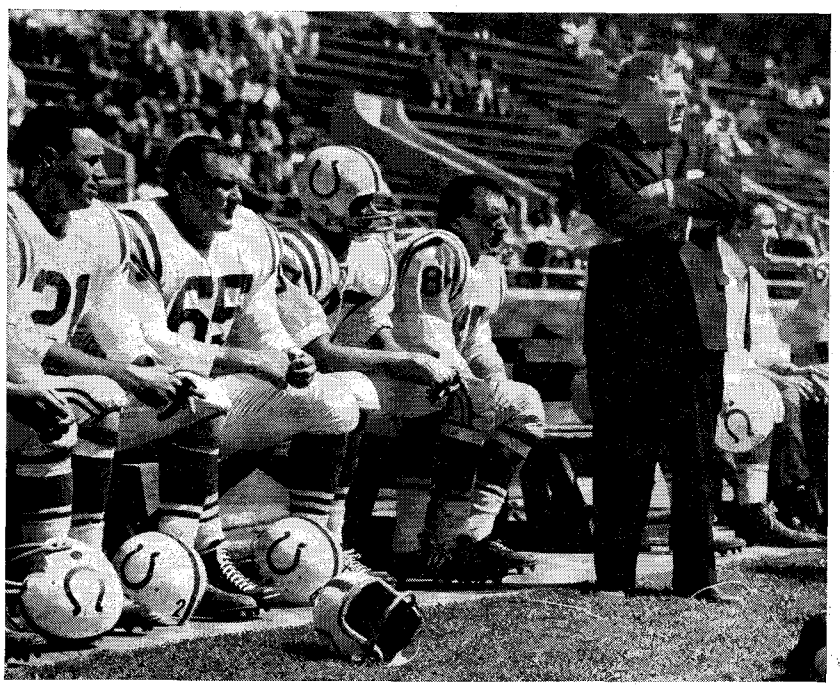
"You discard your reputation when you put on that Bears uniform," Halas said bluntly. "We judge you solely on what you do here. Everyone starts on even terms. That goes for you fellows who are All-Americans. I won't hold that against you. You, too, will have a chance to make the Bears."

Halas wasn't just kidding. The All-American label may impress the average football fan, but it doesn't influence the pros in their choice of players. They dig far beyond the newspaper headlines and publicity brochures to make their own appraisals of collegiate talent. When representatives of the twelve N.F.L. teams sit down for their annual drafting of college players, any resemblance between their selections and those of the All-American pickers is sheer coincidence.

There are 618 colleges in the United States playing football, according to a census by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. As an indication of how thoroughly the pros are combing the field, the 360 players they claimed in last year's draft (Continued on Page 89)



Eddie Kotal (center), chief talent scout for the Los Angeles Rams since 1945, is regarded as the pioneer of modern pro scouting. With him here are seven Ram players he scouted personally. From left: Lou Michaels, Jim Phillips, Kotal, Del Shofner, Paul Dixon, Billy Wade, Jon Arnett and Joe Marconi.



Colt guard Steve Myhra (65), discovered at North Dakota in 1956, developed into a superlative professional. Colt Coach Weeb Ewbank (right) also benefited from the signing of all-pro quarterback Johnny Unitas while he was in the sandlot ranks.

Lynn "Pappy" Waldorf (left), head of the San Francisco Forty Niner scouting staff, visits Texas Tech prospect E. J. Holub and his coach, DeWitt Weaver, following Tulane game last month. Waldorf and his aides log 100,000 miles annually searching for new talent.

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Until the moment she opens her present,
a man never knows whether it will
bring him kisses (above) or calamity (see below).

By Peg Bracken

Women Want the Oddest Things for Christmas

You don't have to spend a lot of money to make your wife happy, says the author. But harried husbands had better heed what she says about what not to buy.

Women, as every woman knows, are gravely misunderstood. A major misconception about them, which men seem to cherish and even foster, concerns the gifts women like. It is based on the notion that women tend to focus on the price tag instead of the present.

It is time to set the record straight, and I must try. Lately I have been asking—of enough people to crowd the aisles of the annual Christmas church bazaar, including the Potholder and Penuche departments—a simple question: What is the best present anyone ever gave you?

My poll, I am glad to be able to report, proves that women are as sentimental as anyone else, and possibly more so. Indeed, women are starry-eyed and touchingly grateful for

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small favors; and right now, with the holiday season again charging us like a Miura bull, I think men should know this. Not only is it an interesting fact but it also can save them money.

A difference between the sexes became resoundingly clear long before I was done with my survey. A woman, for one thing, usually knows the answer right away. A man doesn't. A man must scratch his head and think. A woman's best present involves, nearly always, a man. But a man's best present is singularly uncluttered by romance. Dollars to doughnuts, he'll dredge it up out of the misty, many-layered, womanless past, out of the brave bright days when he was a boy. The pup he got when he was seven. The Fire Chief bike he got when he was ten. Or the dart board with real darts that went "Thud!" Oh, boy! You'd think his girl or his wife never gave him a thing.

Now, perhaps there are sound reasons for this. Perhaps a man becomes so bemused after twenty or thirty adult Christmases, with their accompanying welter of sport shirts and camera attachments, that nothing comes very clear any more. As every woman knows, men are practically impossible to get presents for anyhow.

And perhaps a man figures, in some obscure but practical fashion, that it all comes out of his own hide anyway. He'll pay for it when the January bills roll in. Or else he figures he's paid for it already, in the number of casserole dishes he's eaten while she squeezed the price of it out of the grocery money. Or else, if she is a money-making working girl, he has likewise paid for it through a certain lack of dependable home comforts which he might otherwise be getting.

Whatever the reason, give a man a horse he can ride, a gun he can shoot, or a dart board with darts that go "Thud!" and give it to him when he's under twelve, and he will remember it, though he probably won't remember that you gave it to him.

But women! Well, take my good friend Virginia, one of the first persons I questioned concerning her best gift. "The twelfth rose," she answered promptly. "But don't tell George!"

Well, the twelfth rose, it developed, was a rose which arrived on Christmas Eve—the final one of a dozen long-stemmed beauties given to her by a former suitor named Edward, delivered by a florist one rose at a time. He had told her that he'd always felt that a man should propose with a dozen long-stemmed roses, but he couldn't afford them all at once.

Observe, now, that Virginia didn't marry Edward. She married George; and this is probably a good thing. There is a certain pixies-in-the-bottom-of-my-garden touch to this gambit which doesn't augur too well as husband material. And if Edward couldn't afford even a dozen (Continued on Page 96)

Drawings by
Henry Syverson

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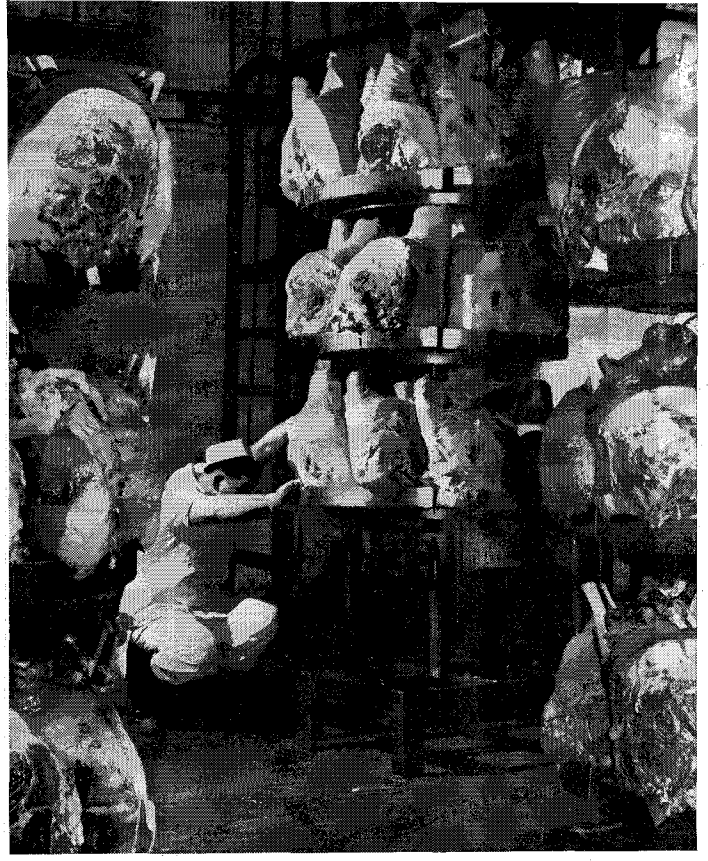

Hams on racks called "Christmas trees" await their turn in the pressure cooker. The company puts up about 20 tons of this meat a day.

Right: A "taste panel" sampling a new batch of deviled ham, Underwood's staple. Standing (from left) are president George Seybolt, Dr. Samuel Prescott, who helped the company revolutionize canning technology, and marketing manager James Wells.

The Unusual Underwoods

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

If it's edible, the chances are that it has been canned or bottled at some time in the past 138 years by the William Underwood Company—the nation's oldest packers.

Mrs. William Underwood (left), widow of the last Underwood to work for the company, and Mrs. Francis Davis, great-granddaughter of founder William Underwood, whose portrait is shown here.

The Underwoods live in Belmont, Massachusetts, a stately suburb of Boston. They are in most respects as orthodox as the shape of Beacon Hill. Yet for five generations they have persisted in a violation of an American business tradition. For 138 years the Underwood family has owned the William Underwood Company, named for the first emigrant English family member, who has since been trailed by a string of further Williams. Traditionally, 138 years is quite long enough for a normal company to fulfill a customary business sequence—start small, succeed, get big. By special effort, however, the Underwood company has been able to start small, succeed and remain small.

It hasn't been easy. The company, 90 per cent Underwood-owned, has successfully resisted a number of things which, with a little carelessness, could have made it a huge organization. It is the nation's oldest existing packer. One of its products is widely known and carries what is probably the oldest brand name and symbol in the country. And it was responsible for the first sterilization processes which are the foundation of the enormously prolific modern canned-goods industry.

These achievements could easily have steered Underwood westward toward more natural centers of supply and made it a giant where the giant packers have since flourished. But alert generations of Underwoods have been more than a match for any such disaster. Aside from their belief that success in excess is not in good taste, there is the matter of leaving New England. They have always been willing to go as far south as Nantucket for recreation, or as far north as Maine. But leave Boston for Chicago, the Imperial Valley or Green Bay? Ridiculous.

The Underwoods have never been seriously tempted to abandon the old family houses, genealogical charts and cemeteries. The ashes of one Underwood lie beneath an oak tree on a shaded Belmont lawn; the ancestral paintings and daguerreotypes hang and stand in Belmont. The family gave Belmont its library and its park. These are not things to be dropped for the sake of trade.

(Continued on Page 118)

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Her mother didn't tell her. So Mari had to find out for herself . . .

THE FACTS OF LOVE

By HARRIET RENAUD

Owing to the facts that I lost my father in a plane accident during my prenatal period and after birth lived with a beautiful young girl who was not the right type for a mother, I had led a very problem-laden life. So naturally I knew even before I got to the university that I wanted to major in psychology and prepare myself for a lifetime career of helping others.

Well, last year, about a week before I was due to leave home for the campus in the northern part of the state, I thought I would tell mother my decision about the psychology. I came home early from a date, and there was mother playing cribbage with one of her admirers.

"Darling, how nice," mother said. "I didn't expect you home for hours."

I have always had a terrible time remembering the names of mother's admirers.

"Ford was nice enough to offer to keep me company until you got home," mother said, which was her way of reminding me what his name was.

"Nice enough and crafty enough," this Ford said, unwinding a whole lot of himself and standing up. "The plan really was to beat her at this game fifteen ways to Christmas, although"—he smiled down at mother—"I can't say that is precisely the way things worked out."

"No, it didn't, did it?" mother smiled, standing up too.

This particular admirer, Ford, is the big type of man who (Continued on Page 47)

Chip stood up.
"You have natural talents," he said.

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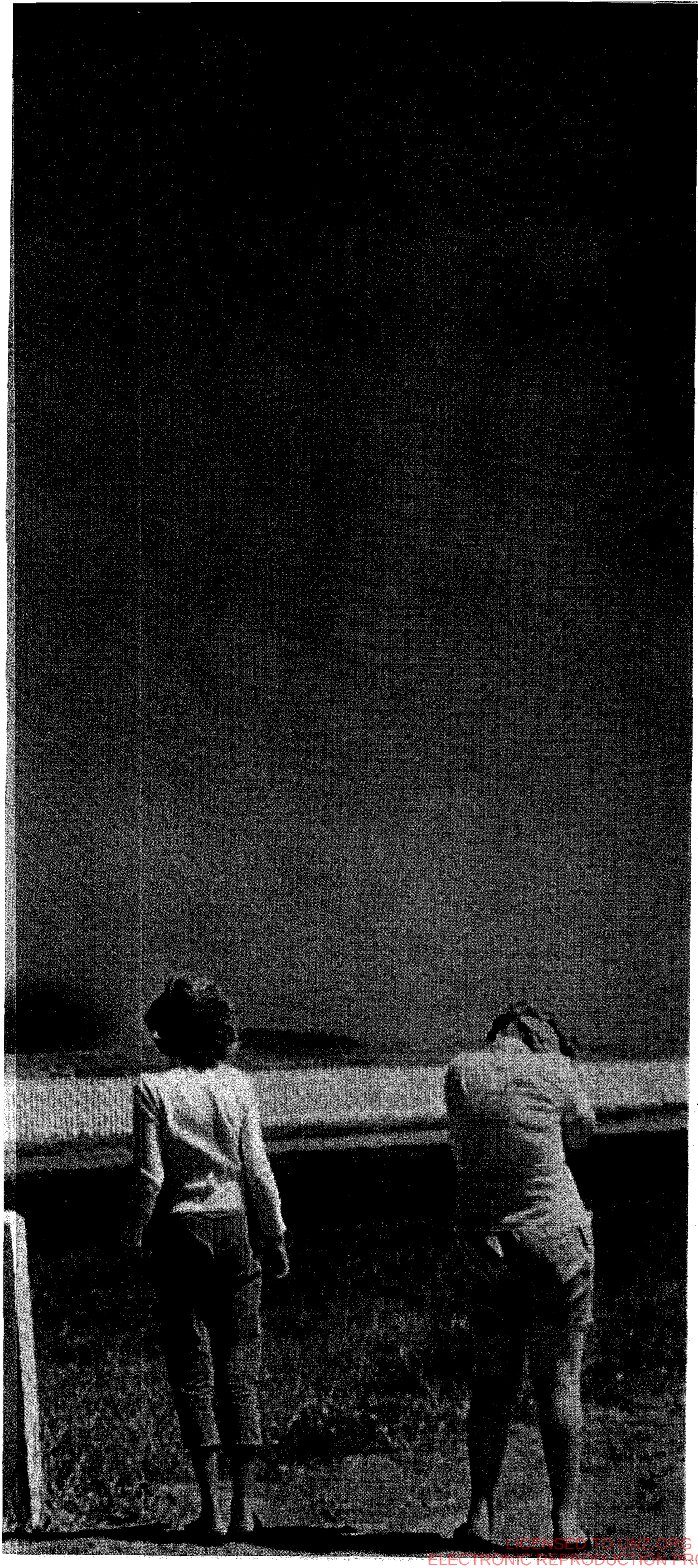
The Face of AMERICA

Up, Up, Away



It won't be so much longer, but the great jetliners are still a novelty, and the curious still gather at airfields to see their thunderous take-offs. Here the mighty Boeing 707 is rising from a San Francisco Airport runway. The 13,000-pound thrust of its engines produces what has been described as the most exciting sound in the world. The awful roar in this case has obviously transfixed one of the girl spectators and made the other cower in a semblance of terror. The engine heat generated by the big liner's ascent is so intense that two tons of distilled-water coolant are consumed on each take-off. The vaporized water, ejected along with imperfectly consumed fuel, forms the impressive plumes of black exhaust. As the engines pass through the inevitable progressions of newer and further-improved designs, the jetliners' uninhibited bellows probably will grow more discreet and someday, perhaps, they will take off, not with a scream but a sigh. Bless the day!

Photograph by Ted Streshinsky

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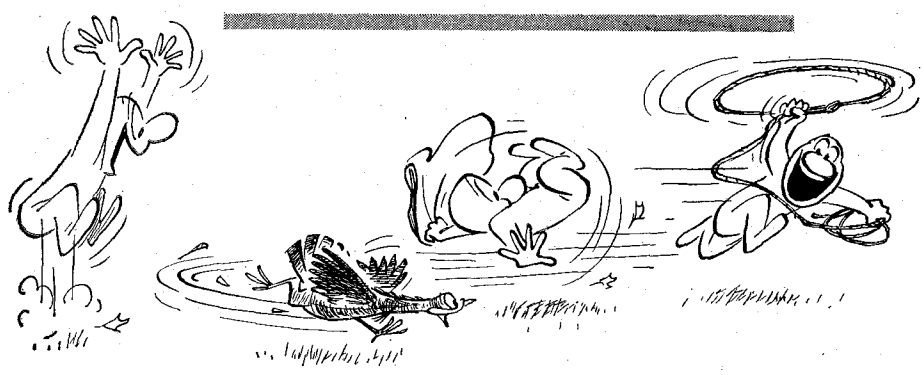
Post Scripts



LETTERS YOU'D BETTER WRITE RIGHT NOW

Nov.28

Dearest "Mother & Dad" Simson,

How's everything "down on the farm?" We're still talking about the grand time we had withyou Thanksgiving-- honestly, I thought little Harland would explode after all that turkey and trimmin's! We've been looking forward ever since to another Christmas at "the old homestead", but darn it, Mother phoned this A.M. and wondered if we could go there for the tree this year, and I just didn't see how we could refuse -- you know how Mother is these days -- and of course we'll be with you for New Year's like we always are, and so .....

5648 S.W. Ravensview Drive
Portland, Oregon
Nov. 28

The Halls are having a party!
With fun and carol-singing!
So come to the party, me hearties
For the Christmas bells are ringing!

So come to our house at seven
And bring the children too
On the 17th day of December
We'll be so glad to see you

R.S.V.P

"Amazing the way sound carries in the jungle."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL P.-T.A.
14 High Street
Dayton, Ohio

November 28, 1959

SOS!!! SOS!!! SOS!!!

Calling all BARITONES (male) and SOPRANOS (female) for Carol Practice Wed. evening in the gym! As you know, our Christmas Caroling Group has been a tradition now for two years but this year our "ranks" have been depleted because Bill and Eloise McGraw are now in Europe and George Hoffmann has "the pip (Ginny says all get-well cards greatly appreciated.) So even if you think you can't "carry a tune in a basket hurry

hurry

HURRY.---------

2109 SW Sunset Blvd.
City
Nov. 28, 1959

The Cheery-Ho! Photo-Kard Co.
Dolphin Bldg., City

Enclosed are ~~1 of~~ 2 negatives of snapshots which I would like to have made into Christmas Cards as in Sample "G" in your folder, which picture on the left and "From ALL of us to ALL of you" on right. The ~~1~~ negative marked "A" is the one I would like if it is not too dark, otherwise the other one will be all right if you can trim off the lightstruck part but be very careful not to trim off any of ~~the~~/L/ the baby

2015 S.W. 17th Ave.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS
NORTH POLE
DEAR SANTA CLAUS

WHEN YOU COME THERE IS A PLATE OF COOKIES BY THE FIRPLACE. IT IS BY THE FIRPLACE MILK IS THERE TO

JOHANNA

Ivy Hall
Dec 5

Dearest Uncle Len & Aunt Selma—

I've been meaning to write for weeks but you should see what I've been up against! World Govt. has been pouring it on—I mean, Prof. Gruder has!—and you may not believe this but I'm simply ape for it, I mean it sends me, and I think it's terribly important for us all to learn all about the other countries especially now, don't you? Yesterday Prof. Gruder showed us an Italian movie and I saw these sharp Italian parkas that I'm simply ape for!—striped poplin with fur—and I understand practically all stores here carry them!—Well, it's a small world, as they say! How are you?

PEG BRACKEN

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Good things begin to happen

when a man has his good hot soup

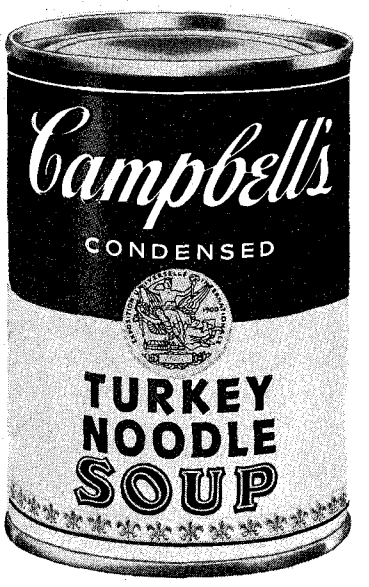
Good appetite happens. There's something about a bowl of soup — bright, warming, sending out whiffs of good fragrance—that warms up an appetite. Makes you want to dig right in. Soup is so right for hearty young appetites—indifferent appetites, too.

Soup's healthy good eating! There are proteins, vitamins and minerals in the happy variety of meats, fish, vegetables and dairy products in Campbell's Soups. Good nourishment that helps a youngster through the day. Good eating *everybody* needs.

Turkey Noodle Soup's the kind a young man is likely to favor. Turkey's in this soup aplenty — choice bites of light and dark meat, rich, long-simmered turkey broth — and those golden-good enriched egg noodles that small boys like so well.

Are the men in your house hungry? Heat up a kettleful of Campbell's Turkey Noodle, why don't you? (You can have it ready in just 4 minutes.) Then just sit back and watch those good things begin to happen.

By the way . . . *have you had your soup today?*



Once a day . . . every day . . . enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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The Trouble With Travel

The globe-trotting creator of fiction's famous Horatio Hornblower recites the misadventures that seem to be his lot whenever he sets foot aboard an airplane or an ocean liner.

By C. S. FORESTER

We swear off it every now and then, but it's like sin; temptation gets the better of you again sooner or later. You can boast about your travels just as people boast about their sins, and you can repent of them, too, equally usefully.

You can even lose count of them. Despite the use of pencil and paper I haven't been able to reckon up for certain the number of times I've crossed the Atlantic; I only know I began a long time ago. That was on the old *Mauretania*, and she still retained some of the flavor of an earlier age.

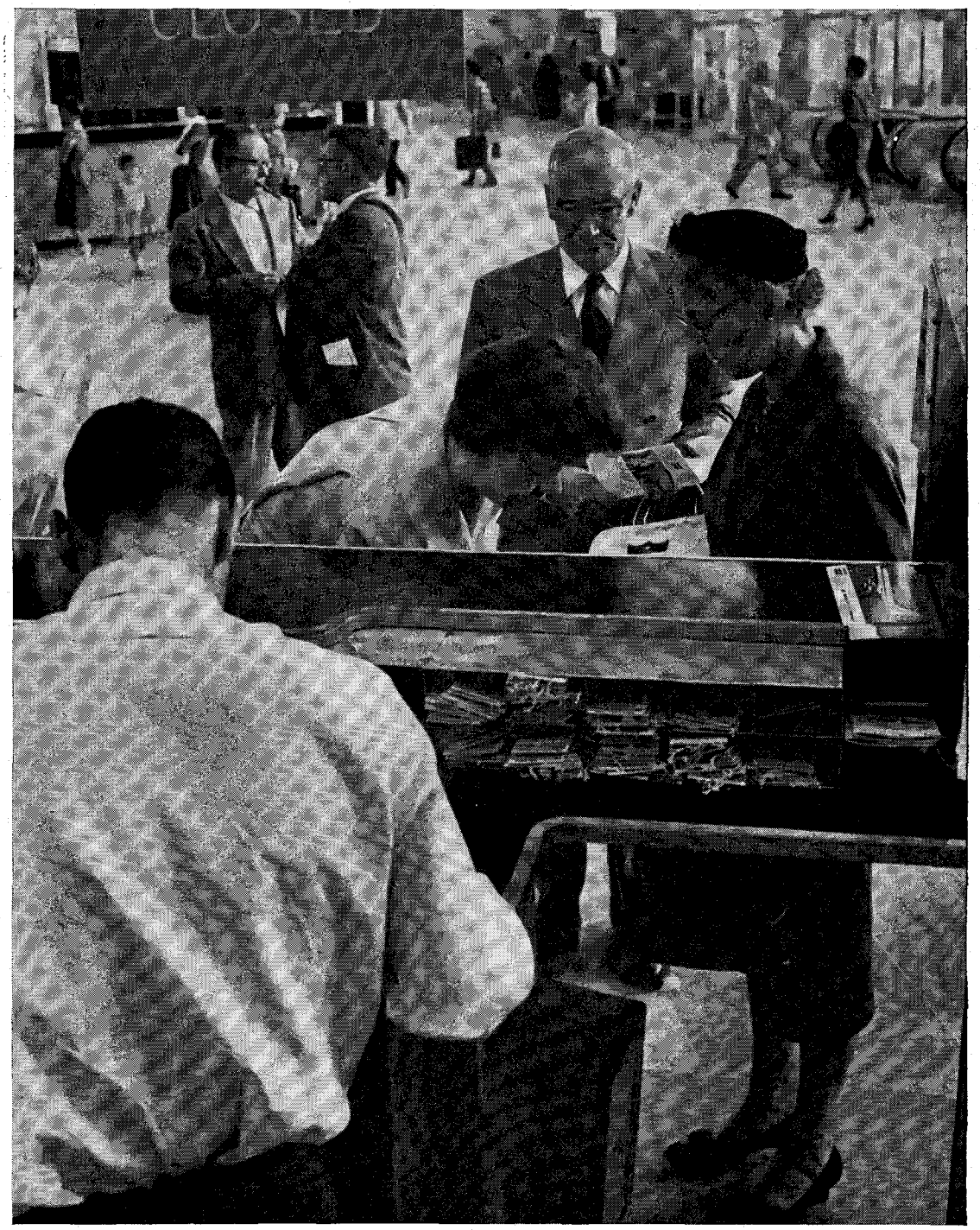
There was still a concert in aid of the seamen's orphanage when bored stars of the stage and the concert platform were bullied into giving performances, usually on a day when the Atlantic decided to turn rough. And it was a mark of superior wealth to have a bathroom attached to your cabin; most people thought nothing of having to run in a dressing gown down the alleyway to the communal bathroom, where the bath attendant brooded over an apparatus of hinged pipes. You'd go in and say, "Hot, please"; and he would fill a tub from the cold Atlantic, lower in his pipes, and bring that water pretty nearly up to the boiling point with superheated steam from the engine room.

But my most acute memory of the old *Mauretania* is a regretful one. I think she had seven decks, from the restaurant up to the sports deck, and it became a custom with the party at my table after dinner to leave the dining room together. They would take the elevator while I would run up the stairs, and I raced them every time; and when old gentlemen talked to me about indigestion I listened to them with polite incomprehension.

Later on there were the *Bremen* and the *Europa*, the German ships. Those two held the Atlantic blue ribbon and were exceedingly comfortable ships, very comfortable for those people—including myself—who liked traveling in ships nine tenths empty, because it was not very long before Hitler made the German name so unpopular that few people made use of them. I had a special reason to travel by them, for during the turmoil of the 1930's some of my novels became best sellers in Nazi Germany—I can't think why—and I accumulated large sums in German royalties which, thanks to the German system of blocked currencies, I could only spend in Germany or on German ships.

I disliked visiting Nazi Germany, but I traveled often on the *Bremen*. I thought that having to look after me would consume some small amount of Hitler's capacity to rearm and I knew that the medium-sized fortune to my credit in Berlin would never survive the approaching crisis.

So I would have a suite de luxe; moreover, among the scores of kinds of marks the German Government invented to fill the need for different exchange operations there were "ship's marks" which I could transfer to my credit at the purser's office without limit. So I crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in my suite de luxe, experiencing the curious sensation of trying to spend money as fast as I could—any occasion that called for unexpected expense brought the same sort of pleasure as an unexpected profit might in other times. I gladly bought champagne for the exchange-starved Germans—often every other passenger in the ship was a German—at my table. I gambled on the pool for the ship's run; I don't like gambling, but it was a way of getting rid of ship's marks—until I won (Continued on Page 63)



"I never start off from home or hotel without wondering what new thing air travel has up its sleeve for me this time," says the author, shown above with his wife at the San Francisco International Airport.

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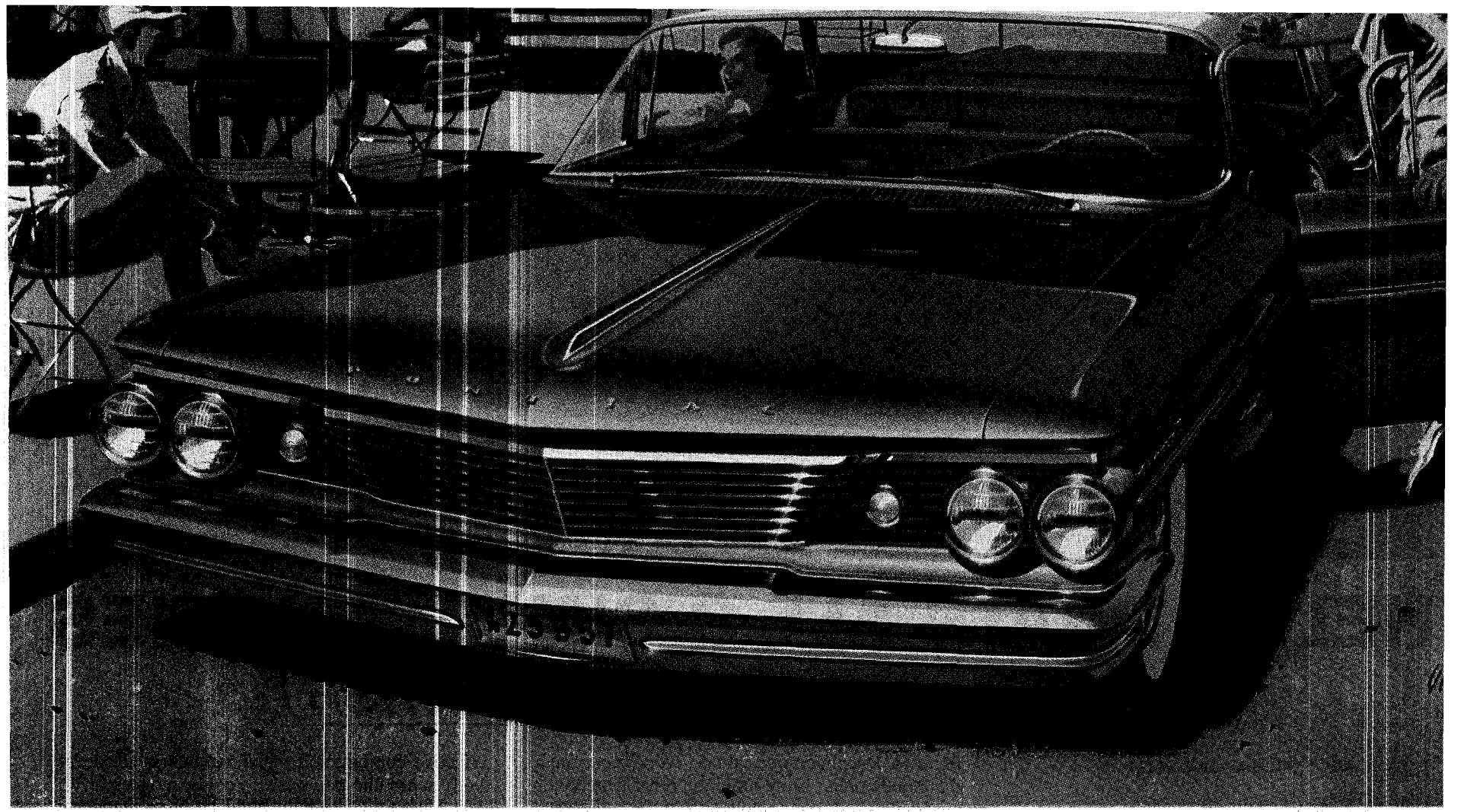


The Pontiac Bonneville Vista for 1960

Pontiac serves you a beauty with perfect form on Wide-Track Wheels

It's no coincidence that so many Pontiac owners are sports-minded.

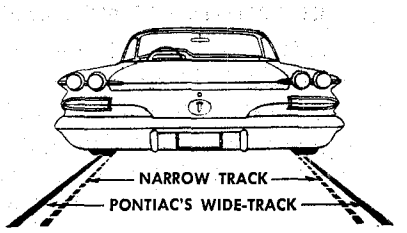
The love of sports is the love of action. To like the spirit of competition is to like the spirited, that which is game, alive, ready.

Check the physique of this 1960 Pontiac. If this fresh, clean styling doesn't quicken your hankering for the fine sport of owning and driving a great automobile, see your team physician at once.

And when it starts to perform, there's no serious competitor to be found. Wide-Track Wheels give it remarkably steady footwork. It's devoutly obedient to your coaching, takes your direction instantly, gracefully.

Its power plant — accurately called the Tempest V-8 engine—is resourcefully athletic, with precision timing, crisp take-offs, perennial endurance. There's a whole team of engines for you to choose from—for either high performance or regular-gasoline economy.

Enough of this being on the sidelines of Pontiac enjoyment! See one of our fine dealers this week for some revealingly pleasant practice in a new 1960 Pontiac.



Wider stance gives you swayless stability, solid comfort. You maneuver with skillful sureness, accurate control. It's the most rewarding driving you've ever felt!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PONTIAC THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

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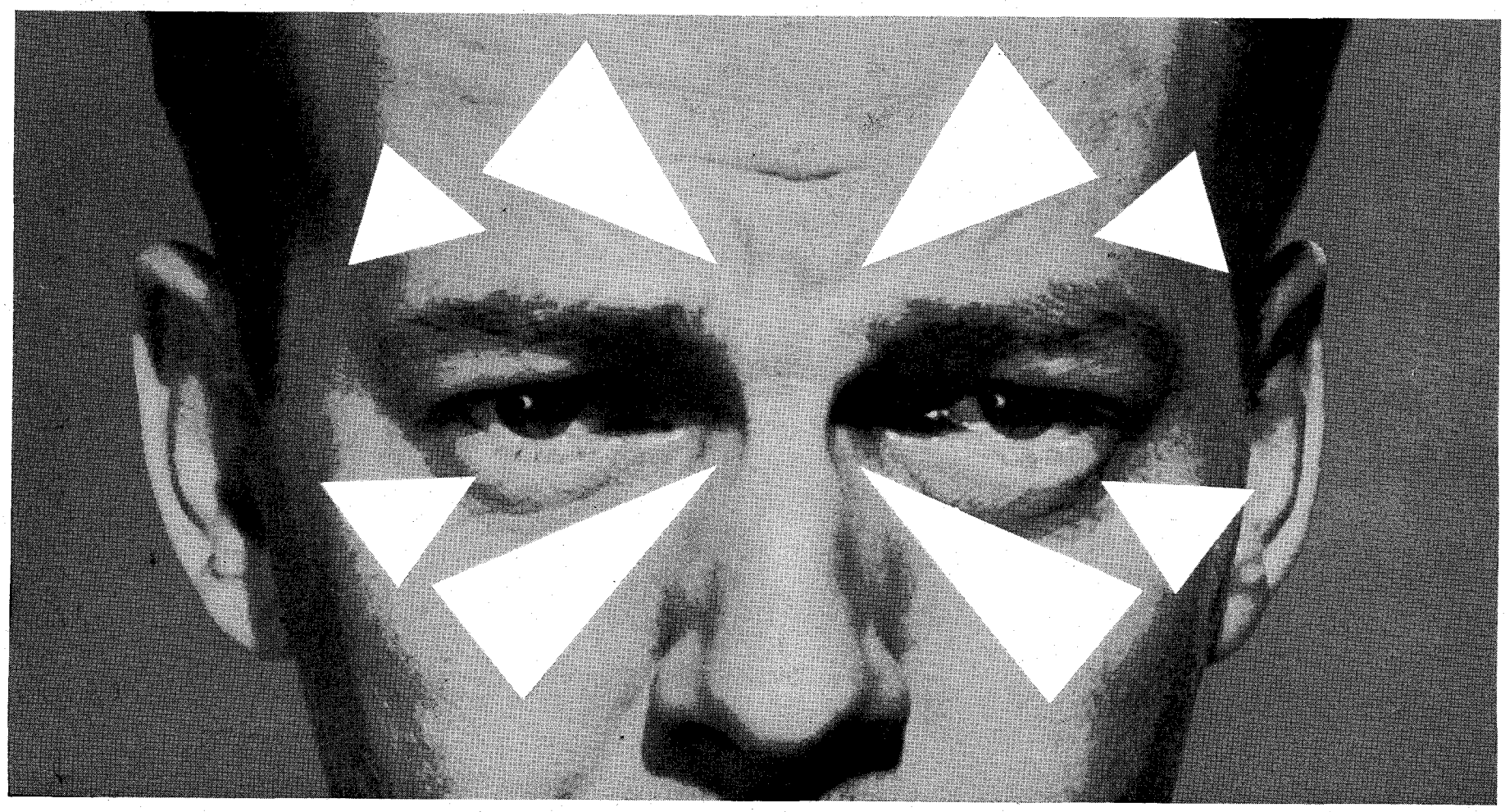
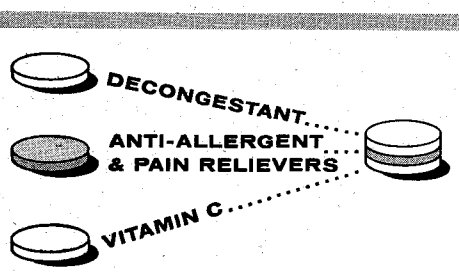
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet for relief of

COLDS MISERIES AND SINUS CONGESTION



HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

(critical areas of colds infection)



REVOLUTIONARY 3-LAYER TABLET

DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into one fast-acting uncoated tablet! The exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated.

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, sinus congestion and pollen allergies. DRISTAN . . . amazing medical achievement . . . contains: (1) The scientific decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches *all* congested areas in minutes . . . shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive anti-allergent to block allergic reactions often associated with colds, plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. Relieves body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever. (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Note: Today DRISTAN is widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus . . . responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.

TAKE DRISTAN. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN shrinks all swollen membranes, promotes drainage, restores free breathing.

There's Nothing like **DRISTAN®** *Decongestant Tablets*

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Too Many Ghosts

By PAUL GALLICO

Here at last was photographic evidence of their "supernatural" adversary.

"We've been invited to see a poltergeist at work," Hero said to Meg.

Alexander Hero, ghost-breaker extraordinary, received the invitation from twelve-year-old Noreen Spendley-Carter, the adopted daughter of two of the lodgers at Paradine Hall. After briefing his photographer stepsister Meg on the numerous manifestations of the "phantom nun" legend, Hero had her set up her special equipment.

That afternoon, in the Spendley-Carter apartment, a camera concealed in Meg's purse recorded the scene as objects flew through the air and a flower vase toppled from its stand.

At two o'clock in the morning strange noises were heard in the hall. Hero was especially fearful for the safety of Susan Marshall, the beautiful young American guest who was the victim of the "phantom's" earlier visits. When she screamed, he raced to her room, only to find that young Mark Paradine was there, attempting to restrain her from searching for the "nun."

Then a harp began playing eerily. Joined by the Paradines and some of their lodgers, Hero crashed through the locked door to the music room. Inside, the notes still lingered in the air, and the harp strings still vibrated—but there was no one in the room.

V

The next morning at breakfast Alexander Hero looked about him at a set of thoroughly exhausted, nervous and frightened people, and so he picked up and vanished a boiled egg that was in the eggcup before him.

Noreen caught the act first, and her eyes threatened to pop from her ugly little face. "Oh," she cried. "Goody! Do that again."

The egg reappeared, was flung into the air and disappeared. In the hand where it had been appeared a lighted cigarette, in the other a fan of playing cards; cigarette and cards were crumpled together and turned into many-colored handkerchiefs, which in turn metamorphosed into a bunch of paper flowers which Mr. Hero presented elaborately to Noreen, who was beside herself with delight. No one else was amused.

© 1959 by Paul Gallico

They were all still suffering from the strain of the night before; there had been very little sleep for any of them, and for the first time even Isobel was showing dark circles under her eyes and signs of nervousness. Missing was Mrs. Spendley-Carter, who was in bed. Doctor Wynters had come and dosed her with a sedative.

Lord Paradine was in an irritable mood at sharing his home with things uninvited, and the lightness and apparent inappropriateness of Hero's performance made him genuinely angry. Flushing, he cried, "May I ask, sir, the meaning of this display of mountebank's tricks to which you have subjected us after all of us have suffered a very bad night?"

"A slight object lesson," Hero retorted mildly. He held out his hand, the cuff away from his wrist; the hand was empty. A swift movement and the egg was in it again; another and it was gone. "You don't believe," he said, "that the egg has really vanished—dematerialized, that is—do you? You know it is a trick. And yet you are perfectly willing to believe that a modern harp in a locked and empty room played an old Elizabethan song by itself."

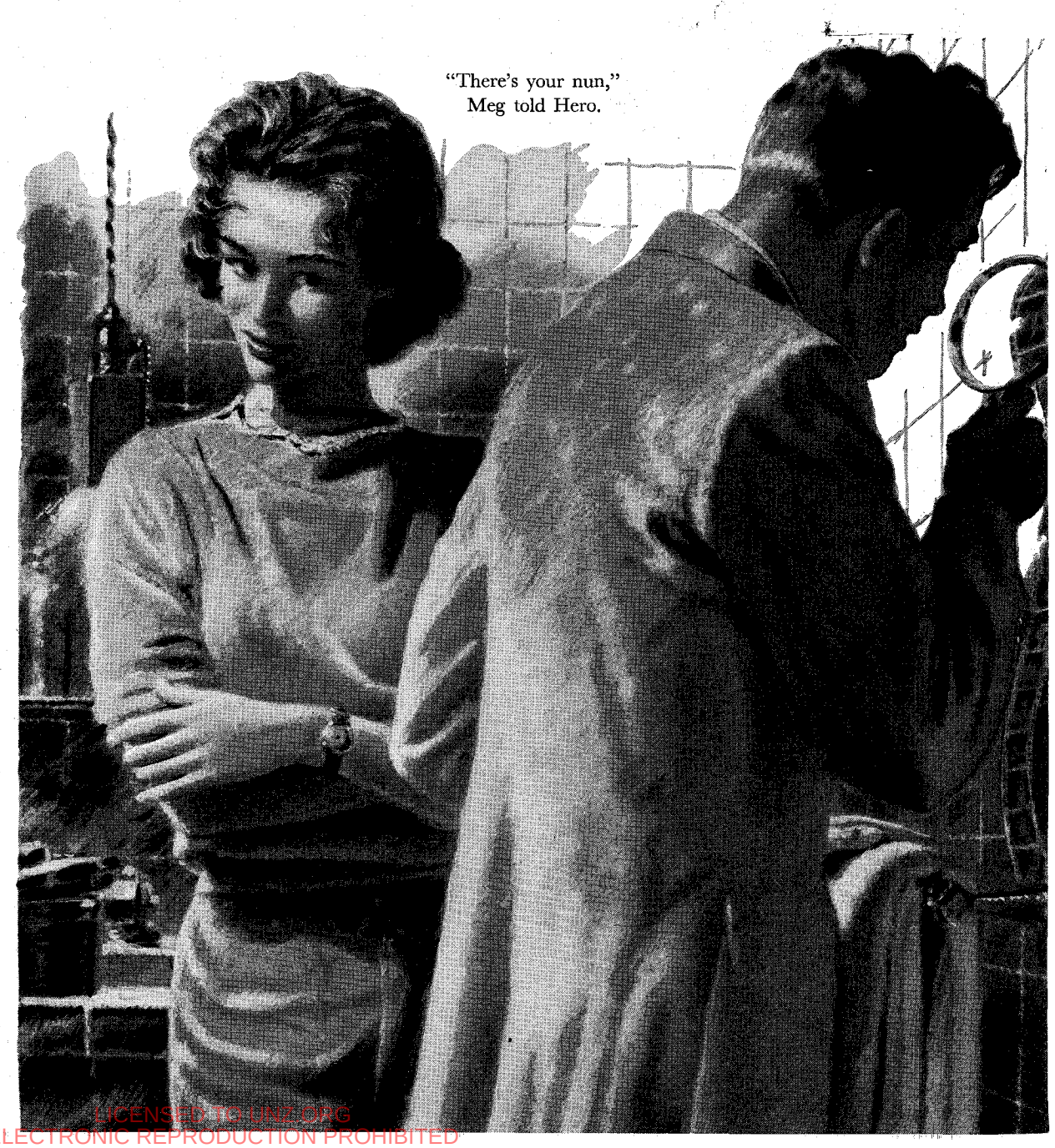
Something like a sigh of relief escaped from a half dozen throats. Beth and Sir Richard exchanged glances. Mark was regarding Hero with unalloyed admiration. "Hah!" exploded Lord Paradine. "It was a trick then! Why the devil didn't you say so immediately, Hero, instead of all this hocus-pocus?"

"Great detective must have drama," snickered Cousin Freddie.

Hero said, "I don't know whether it was a trick or not. I am only suggesting that you approach the subject with the same skepticism that you accord this performance of mine."

Doctor Paulson's dry voice was heard. "Then you don't consider last night's manifestation paranormal?"

"Oh, yes," Hero said softly, "it was paranormal all right." (Continued on Page 68)



"There's your nun," Meg told Hero.

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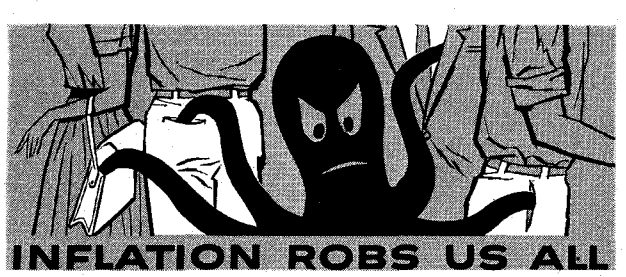
Isn't steel wonderfully soft!

It is, after the makers of bed springs get through with it. The men who cushion you to sleep are downright ingenious about comfort. Mattresses can be vigorously firm for Big Him; cloud soft for Little Her. And the makers do it with steel wire.

No other bedding material is so adaptable to the variations of firmness and the nuances of comfort developed by mattress makers. They use over a billion and a half feet of steel wire a year just for bedding springs, enough to go around the equator 87 times.

The men who float away your weariness on the tireless resilience of steel springs, specify their wire with great preciseness. Republic makes dozens of kinds of wire, with many varieties of spring wire formulated to exacting requirements.

Of course, most of the world still sleeps on slings of hide, pallets of cotton, or a pile of something or other in the corner. They don't have modern businessmen working for them—raising capital to launch better products. It's businessmen, such as the managers of these bedding companies, who continuously raise your standards of living comfort.



REPUBLIC STEEL

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The Facts of Love (Continued from Page 37)

wears burly tweeds that look prickly, and I can't say that I looked into him any more than that.

"Thank you very much, Marita," he said, putting out his hand to mother. "I must be off."

"Well, if you must," mother said, putting her hand in his.

And then he surprised me. He put out his hand to me and said, sounding very serious, "And may you have a most rewarding year, Miss Gibbs."

"Why—thank you," I said.

After he left, mother went into the kitchen and came back with two hollow-stem glasses filled with beautiful sparkling Burgundy.

"My goodness, where did that come from?" I said, moving over to the card table.

"Ford brought it—for you."

"For me?" I said, really bewildered. "Whatever for?"

"Because you're going away, and he likes you," mother said.

"Likes *me?*" I hooted. "You mean likes you."

"Me, too," mother said calmly and shuffled the cards.

The Burgundy was good, and I enjoyed it much more than I had intended to, so after a while I said, "Well, why didn't he stay and have some, then? Ford, I mean."

"He didn't think you wanted him to," mother said, and dealt out two cribbage hands and set the pegs.

"What do you mean?" I said, feeling my face flush. "What do you *mean?* What did I say that could have given anyone the impression I didn't want him to stay?"

"You didn't have to say anything," mother said. "Did you want him to stay?"

"No," I said.

"All right then," mother said. "It's your turn. Play."

I beat mother two games out of three, and then I said, "I've decided what courses I'm going to take in college. I'm going to major in psychology."

Mother smiled her divinest smile. "Fine," she said.

So just to test her I said, "Although I don't really know. I'm also considering atomic aeronautics."

Mother smiled that smile again. "Fine," she said.

"You don't care *what* I do," I said. "What kind of a parent are you, anyhow?"

"A pretty good one, judging from you," mother said, positively creamy with self-satisfaction.

"I never got a piece of advice from you in my life," I scoffed, trying to feel a few tears in my throat. "I brought myself up."

"Congratulations," mother said. "I like your results."

I made one last try. "Wouldn't you like for me to be a fashion designer—or at least a textile expert, or something like that even?" I said.

"Why?" mother said.

"Well, because that's your field," I explained to her. "It's the normal thing to look forward to the day when you can put out a cunning sign, all glittery and shocking pink, saying, MARITA AND SPROUT, or THE TWO MARITAS. And you tell everyone how proud you are ——"

"Why are you supposed to like what I like?" she asked.

You can see how confusing things got sometimes. I mean, with mother you can almost count on it that all the basic, accepted ideas in the world somehow get turned into brand-new questions in her mind. Which can be unnerving.

So I kissed her on the top of her beautiful, featherbrained head, and went upstairs to pack some more. And there on my bed was mother's contribution to my wardrobe: the seven-piece light-wool ensemble from her new line, which she hadn't even shown yet, and which includes everything from a formal to lounging-in-the-dorm pants. A short red mole jacket. And her own beaded and rhinestone evening purse which I have loudly coveted since I was thirteen.

I consoled myself with the thought that even though my mother didn't happen to be an adult, she was beautiful, and fun, and successful, and generous; and that was something.

At the airport mother kissed me happily, said she'd be glad to hear from me whenever I felt like writing, phoning or visiting, and handed me an envelope labeled, PLANE LETTER. Then that Ford, who'd come along to drive, stepped up and pinned a green orchid on my suit lapel, saluted me on both cheeks, and then kissed mother, for no reason at all that I could see except that she looked ravishing.

On the plane I opened mother's letter, which was mainly a lot of advice such as Lord Chesterfield never gave his son. Things like: If you have to stay up to cram all during exam week, remember that one good night's sleep will make up for it. If you rinse your socks and undies every night, then they won't pile up; but if they do pile up, then you can do them all at once. Things like that. But down at the bottom, it said, "I know that whatever courses you decide to take, darling, your natural talents will shine through. Love to you, MOTHER."

Which by a tremendous coincidence was very close to what Chip said to me very early in our acquaintance, after I met him through Science 46, which was the prerequisite course to Psychology 1A. As a graduate teaching fellow in psychology, Chip was the one who graded the papers in the course, and on my mid-term paper he wrote a note asking me to confer, and signed it, THE READER.

I don't know what I expected The Reader would be like, except maybe like The Professor, except not quite so much. So you can understand how unprepared I was for Chip, who, even first thing in the morning, looks like Jimmy Stewart's younger brother, with a faint resemblance also to Gregory Peck and Anthony Eden.

Well, that first interview I was wearing my cherry-red cashmere sweater and a winter-white flannel skirt, and my hair, which is blond, was pulled back so that only a few small curls managed to escape, mainly on my forehead and over my ears. And I can't remember that we ever did talk about the mid-term paper.

"What are you planning to take next semester?" Chip asked, looking very bemused or something.

"I am mostly taking as many psychology courses as I can fit into my program," I told him, sounding as eager and interested as I could in the face of Chip's looking as though he were listening to something else that was going on very far away.

Chip stood up and looked at me thoughtfully. "Have you noticed the course in Courtship and Marriage?" he asked. "Science one twenty-three in the catalogue."

"No," I said, "I haven't. Thank you very much for mentioning it, but I have a lot of psychology courses to take first."

"That isn't really necessary," Chip said. He was very gentle. "You have natural talents. Those tend to be more trustworthy than what you pick up in books."

Which, to refer to what mother wrote in her Plane Letter, was the coincidence I mentioned at that time.

In the spring I took the course in Courtship and Marriage, and we were married in June, so I had the whole summer, which we spent alone in mother's house in Santa Barbara, to feel smug about how easy marriage was for me, when it was so hard in all the books. I mean, already I could feel how I had changed from a "wild, willful weed of a girl, into a full-blown, flexible flower of a woman."

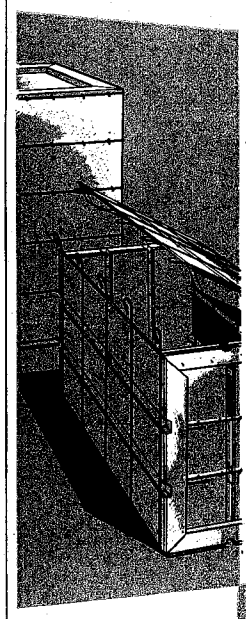
But then in the fall, when Chip and I returned to a temporary room near the university as man and wife, I discovered that no matter how scientific you are about measuring Compatibility in Science 123, there are hidden facets in everyone which, no matter how long they have been there, absolutely nothing brings out the way the Early Months of Marriage do.

You see, once Chip and I set about making a budget to meet the Practical Problems ahead, I realized it might take a while to find an ideal home that we could also pay for. But nothing that we said prepared me for the reality which confronted me one day after Chip dashed into our room and said, "I found it, Mari—the place we've been looking for. I had to take it before lunch hour because it's advertised and someone would have grabbed it." (*Continued on Page 51*)

"Boy! These cranberries are great! I wonder if we could find something to go with them?"

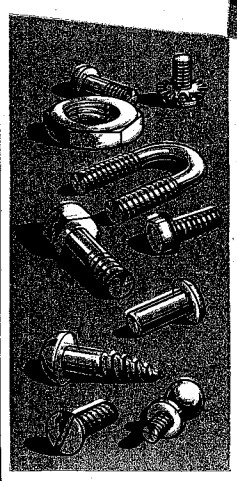
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WONDERS OF THE WORLD
come wound or bound
by REPUBLIC wire



BINDING WIRE
...around boxes of fruit shipped all over the world; and crates of appliances envied all over the world; and almost magical machine tools destined to reshape the world. Steel wire speeds the assembly of the box and greatly adds to its strength.

WIRE FENCE
...encloses the vast herds of domestic animals, increasing all the time as Americans include more meat in their diet. Galvanized Wire Fence is one of Republic Steel's most popular products among American farmers—who buy thousands of tons of Republic steels every year.



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...is a special type of wire with exceptional ductility. It is fed into a machine, sheared off, smacked on the head, and comes out as a nail, a screw, or a bolt.

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WORLD'S WIDEST RANGE OF STANDARD STEELS AND STEEL PRODUCTS

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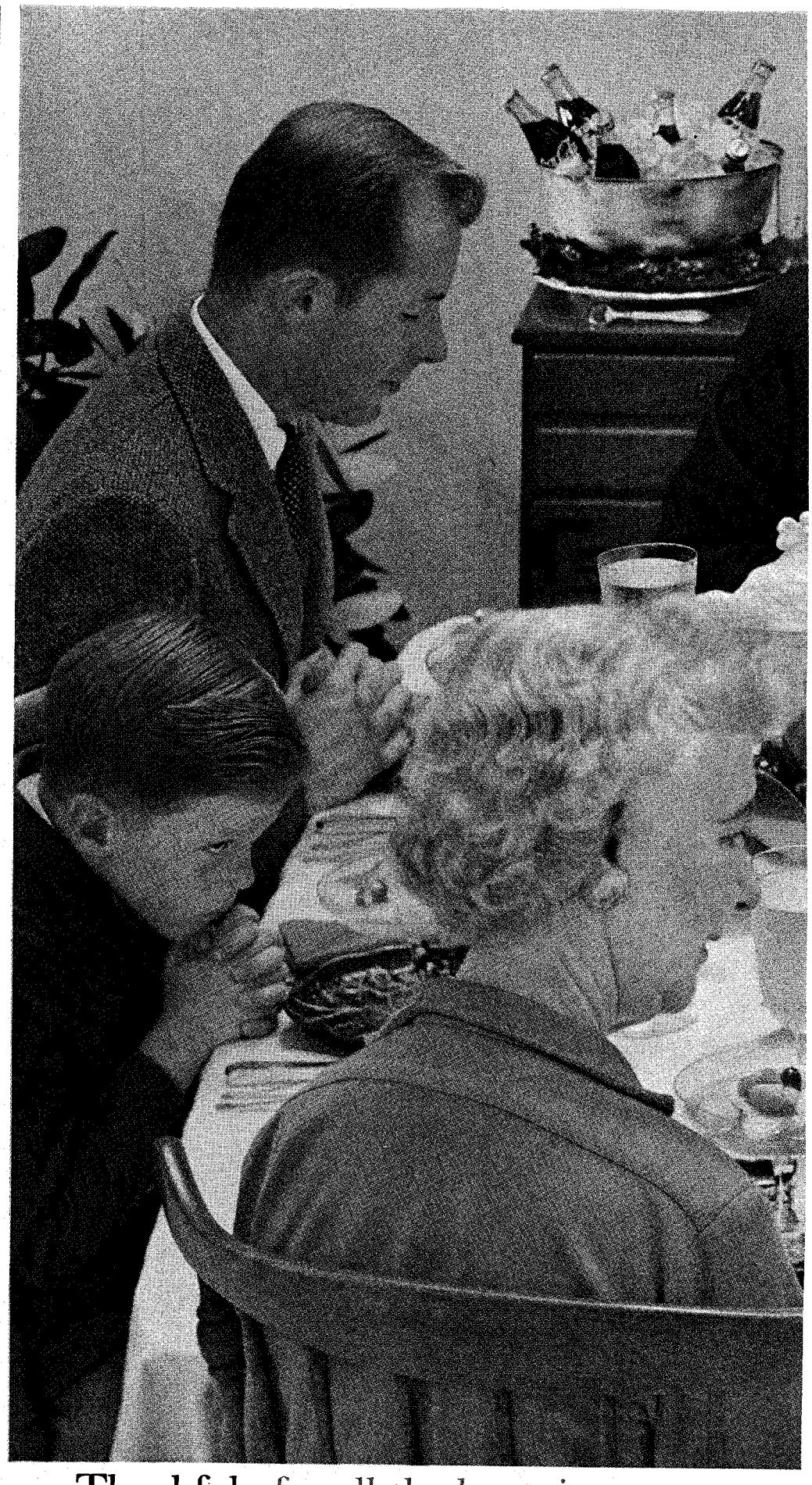
America Pauses to be

Thankful...for the family life that is ours in America.

Thankful...for the hope-filled future that is our children's heritage.



Thankful...for all the bounties our fertile land provides.

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November 28, 1959

Thankful!

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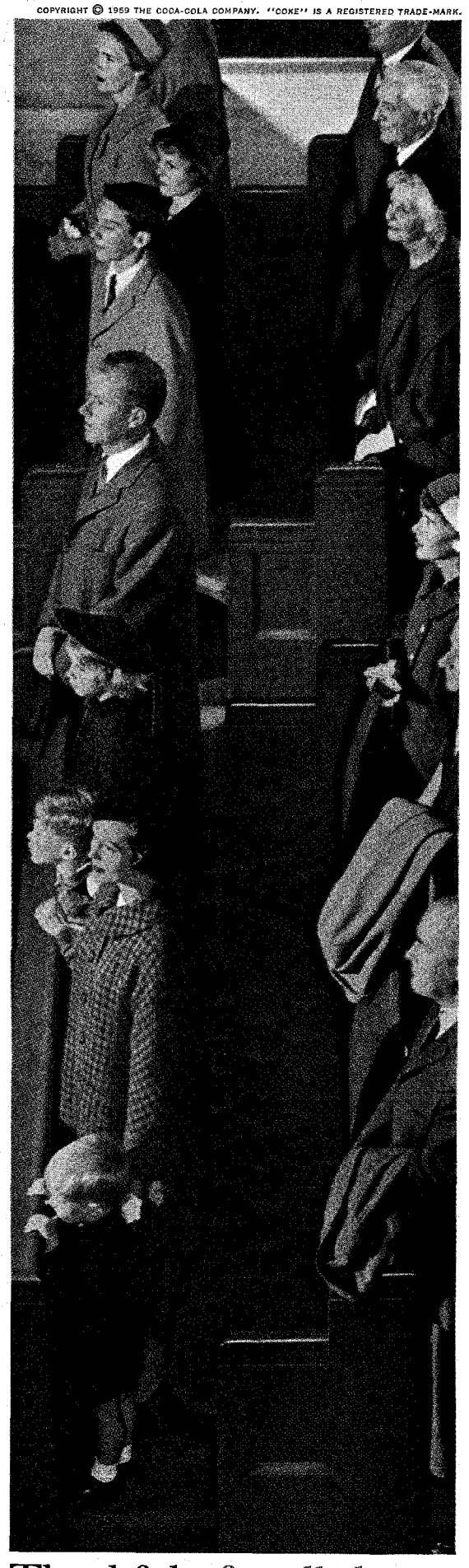

Thankful...for all the freedoms we cherish.

Coca-Cola
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Thankful, too, is Coca-Cola that it can share in all these things.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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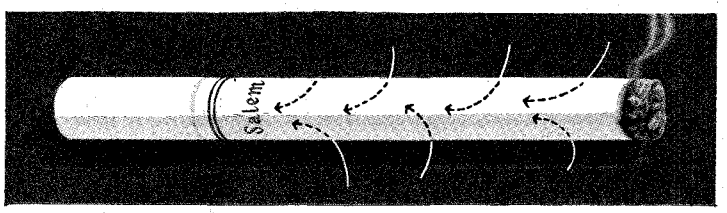
Now with special High Porosity Paper

Salem "Air-Softens" every puff

Salem research creates a revolutionary cigarette paper that breathes new mildness into the smoke ... new freshness into the flavor.



Invisible porous openings blend just the right amount of fresh air with each puff to give you a cooler, milder smoke... a richer, fresher-tasting smoke. Now, more than ever ... when you take a puff, it's Springtime!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Salem refreshes your taste

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(*Continued from Page 47*) Well, we got into our wedding-present car, and Chip raced until we got to a block lined with tired old houses. He stopped in front of one of them with a triumphant jerk on the hand brake, leaped out of the car and disappeared.

I followed him, and groped in a black shaft of a hallway until I found a staircase. Chip was waiting at the top, and he ushered me into our new home with a flourish.

The Odious Arms, a name which came to me in a tear-blinding flash, lived up to everything it promised on its outside. It was dank, drafty and dilapidated. There were six cubbyhole rooms, one right after another down a long hall, at the end of which was a triangular kitchen with a hole in the floor.

"It's only forty-five dollars a month," Chip crowed. "And the landlord's letting us do all this over ourselves!"

There was a period after this during which I experienced shock, disbelief, terror and finally acceptance. The latter came to me after I finally realized that men are different from women in ways that are not gone into in Science 123.

You see, practically my whole attitude toward men was formed by mother's way of saying, "We'll have to get a *man* to do that." So it was absolutely revolutionary to my psyche to discover that in addition to doing things women can't do, men also go in for doing things women wouldn't consider doing whatsoever.

So we moved into The Odious Arms. After the spectacular success of our honeymoon Period of Adjustment, I had been eagerly looking forward to the Reaping of Fruits from Mature Compromise. But things came up which I had to admit were much more like Seeds of Discord.

For one thing, the drafts in our apartment were more like minor gales, and Chip claimed that I kept pulling all the covers off him at night and insisted I contact a Blankets Anonymous chapter about my addiction.

Then there was the discovery of my allergy, which appeared very soon after I started painting our foolish bathroom pink and the outside of the claw-footed, bulging bathtub black. I mean, it would be impossible to imagine such a crawling as began inside of me when I got up in the morning and whiffed that fresh paint and turpentine, so, of course, I didn't take very well to Chip's saying that my allergy was merely a form of resistance to doing the painting.

But then the most unsettling shock of all came the night I discovered that Chip and I weren't compatible on the subject of mother's character. I had just got a letter from mother in answer to my description of how everything in The Odious Arms seemed to lean.

"Practice leaning the other way yourself, darling," mother had written, "and pretty soon everything will seem perfectly straight to you." Which struck me as pretty unfeeling of her.

"With a mother who just never got to be an adult and never learned about Maternal Protection, no wonder I'm insecure," I said to Chip, who was filling in the hole in the kitchen floor.

"Yeah," Chip said. "Like a baby in a buggy."

"What do you mean?" I said. "Mother never even treated me like a baby when I was a baby."

Chip went back to working on the hole, and I went back to burning the hamburgers. But I still had an uneasy, unfinished feeling.

"Listen," I said, "all I'm saying is that my mother's not exactly maternal—she's always been too young, and she has her career and admirers. You should have seen her the day I left home for college. She acted as though it was absolutely the happiest day of her life."

"She didn't want to crowd you," Chip said.

"*Crowd* me?" I gasped, and I felt a little cold stab of something down there along with my allergy. And then it was as if someone had suddenly taken away my favorite chair, the one I just naturally sat on. Without any warning at all.

After dinner I still felt strange and lost, and I went to bed early. The fact that everything between mother and me might really be turned around from what I'd always thought, was something I needed to take away, off by myself. I thought about her being a young girl, just about the age I was, alone with a child to bring up.

Suppose that all the years I'd been forgiving mother for not giving me advice and for leaving me to make my own decisions, she had made herself stand aside, letting me learn my lessons in freedom and grow up in my own way? Suppose it had really been the hardest thing she had to learn in her life, when I was all she had?

Suppose mother had always made it clear how full her life was, so that I wouldn't ever feel responsible for her happiness? Suppose mother hadn't married partly because of my attitude toward her admirers? How many had there been, during the years, that I'd pretended not to notice, or openly didn't like?

My face burned, and my sins lay cold and heavy on my heart, and then Chip came to bed and I sobbed in his arms, and a lot of me got washed away, but I don't think I'll miss it.

In what seemed like a very long time, but wasn't, according to the calendar, there were plants in gilt pots on the pale pink walls of the bathroom; the kitchen was white, trimmed in dark green and red, and linoleumed in green with a white border; and there was a dining counter built and in the process of being sanded by me.

I tried to be pleased because Chip was, but the truth was my entire faith in my unwavering maturity was shaken by how positively joyless I was beginning to feel when I woke up in the cold morning and realized I was in The Odious Arms.

I found myself yearning for the warm mornings in Santa Barbara, and the long afternoons, and the dinners that got prepared without any attention from me, and mother sparkling at the table and telling me anecdotes about her day. I kept thinking how, if I only had the chance, I could make it up to mother for not having understood how much she loved and needed me. And all this went whirling around in my mind until I was not only pretty dizzy but also beginning to believe that it would have been a fairly simple matter to arrange a Family Environment composed of both mother and Chip if only we hadn't got involved with The Odious Arms.

I tried to keep all these feelings from Chip, who, being a very task-oriented person, is usually forging ahead on several fronts at the same time, without its occurring to him that other people aren't necessarily doing the same. I mean, what with Chip's painting, papering and wiring, and his research, and his classes, and grading papers, and holding conferences, and having long—very long—academic discussions with his colleagues in our kitchen, he was very busy.

But then after I had had these feelings in me for quite a while, some of them finally started to come out, and one morning, right in the middle of one of my classes, it suddenly came to me that, instead of listening to the lecture or taking notes or doodling or cramming for a quiz next hour, I was just sitting in a miserable haze without any Inner Resources left whatsoever, but only a whole lot of allergy.

So after class I walked off campus and went home and sat down at the window with my hands clammy and folded in my lap. All I could see before me was years and years of sealing and painting and papering the walls of The Odious Arms, without any end ever to the paint under my fingernails, and hamburgers tasting of turpentine, and mass confusion in my stomach, and mother hardly ever close enough for me even to see her.

And then Chip was on his knees in front of me, and he was saying, "Darling, I looked for you after your class. Mari, what is it? Are you ill?"

I looked down into Chip's face, and my heart turned over with love for him. And then I was in his arms with my heart thumping wildly, and all I could get out was, "I don't know. I don't know what's wrong. I'm just so sick—sick of The Odious Arms and —— Oh, Chip," I wailed.

Chip got very quiet, and then after a long while he said, in his easy and settled way, "Look, darling, after the end of this semester I'll have my degree and we can go anywhere. I'd planned to stay here for another year, but actually I can do my research at any university. We're going to have to leave eventually anyhow, because the psychology department almost never hires its own Ph.D.'s for regular staff jobs. If I start applying right away, there's a good chance I can get an instructorship in one of the colleges around Southern California, nearer Santa Barbara."

The first thing I felt was warm, blessed relief. And then I was filled with wonder over why I hadn't known that of course Chip would always be able to find the miracle solution to everything. I curled up tighter in his lap, feeling safe and murmuring, "Oh, sweetheart, really? Could we really?" Already I could see us in a sunny, shining house with sweet-smelling lawns, and mother dropping in for coffee.

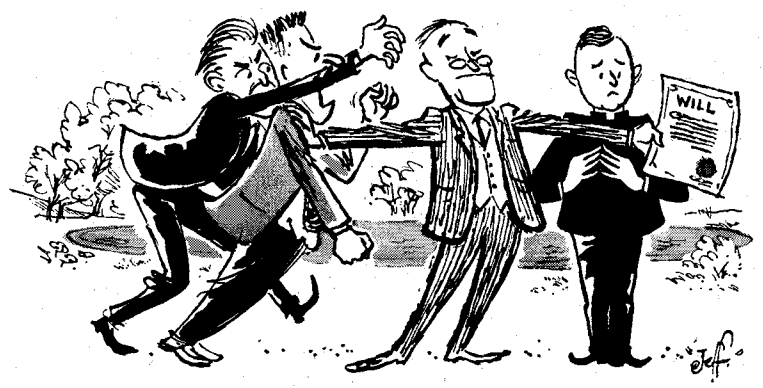
The next morning Chip said casually, "Why don't you cut classes today, Mari? Get a good rest, darling, and you'll feel more up to things tomorrow."

I had already sniffed one of the painted walls, so I just nodded my head and waved to him. I put on my jeans and sat down on the floor and got comfortable to count up to a hundred, after which I was going to make myself go on with the sanding. I had counted up to forty-seven when I heard all the doors rattle, and I was on fifty-nine when I looked up and saw mother.

"Mother," I screamed. "Oh, mother, mother, mother, I've never been so happy to see anyone in my whole entire life. Oh, mother ——" I threw my arms around her and hugged and squeezed and then I was crying. And it made me feel so safe to see mother looking exactly like herself, gay and beautiful, and she smelled so wonderful without any whiffs of paint about her whatsoever.

"Oh, mother," I sighed, "I'm so tired, and so sick at my stomach all the time, and there's so much to do, and I always seem to be wearing jeans, and I don't know how I'm going to last until Chip maybe gets a job near Santa Barbara."

"Well, you look fetching in jeans," mother said, taking one thing at a time,



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Rich and pious Aunt Etta left her estate to the city for use as a park, provided her church was allowed to baptize its members in the lake on the property. Her nephews, suing to break her will, contended this arrangement was unconstitutional because it involved the expenditure of public funds in support of a religion.

"The city has no right to aid any religion through the free use of city-owned and city-maintained property," the nephews' lawyer argued. "As that is what would happen under this will, the will is void and the property goes to the nephews."

"It won't cost the city an extra cent to let the church people immerse themselves in the lake," the city attorney replied. "While the Constitution forbids government to 'establish a religion,' baptism in a public lake certainly isn't prohibited."

If you were the judge, would you give the estate to the nephews or the city?

• •

The city won. The court said, "Baptizing in public waters is a colorful part of our country's early history and still exists. . . . To hold that the Constitution requires absolute prohibition against such use of public waters would, in effect, prohibit many religious groups from carrying out the tenets of their faith. 'State power is no more to be used so as to handicap religions than it is to favor them.'"

Based upon a 1958 Florida decision.

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"but why don't you change and come out with me? And while we're gone, would you mind if Ford helped out here? He's been begging all the way up."

And that's when I first saw a man standing in the dimness of the hall. He came in, and I blushed with pure shame because of the long, long time I had refused to notice that Ford was mother's most present admirer, and I didn't know anything about him except that he owned a department store, and lent things to art exhibits from some collection he had of something, and he'd brought me sparkling Burgundy once, and kissed mother at the airport.

He walked in now and said, in a hot-milk-and-honey voice that sounded just like the doctor when you're having a fever, "It doesn't look as though anyone needs any help around here, but I never could resist a piece of wood that wants to be sanded."

So mother and I went off on an errand, which yielded the most awesome information, and for the next two days of mother's and Ford's visit my happiness grew like some large, billowing thing.

And then on the third night, when Chip came home from campus, his face was gray and his eyes looked sunken. I wanted to throw my arms around him and ask what had made him look like that, but I just smiled up at him instead, because I'd already learned that on a man sometimes plain hunger can look like other troubles.

All during dinner, even with mother and Ford there, Chip not only still looked gray but he barely spoke, which in somebody in Clinical Psychology is an especially bad sign, because clinical psychologists are, as an entire group, very verbal people, not to say talkative even. So when Chip excused himself and left the room, skipping dessert, I took off my apron and went into bedroom number two, where Chip was sitting on the bed with his head bowed and his hands over his face.

I sat down on the floor and put my arms around his knees. "Chip," I whispered, "Chip, darling." And I was afraid—afraid for Chip because he looked so torn, and afraid for me because I didn't know what to do when Chip looked unsure.

"Mari," Chip said, his voice somehow muffled, "it's about the job. The department has offered me one here, when I finish my degree. I mean a real staff appointment. It—they almost never do, Mari. There's a new man coming on the faculty—a very well-known clinician—and he's setting up a new program the chairman thinks I'd fit into. It's a wonderful opportunity and—and honor."

I'm not noble. I didn't think first of how proud I should be of Chip. I saw my beautiful little dream of a house near Santa Barbara fading away, and I remembered how I had felt sitting at the window—trapped in a new, strange life, and doomed to be separated from mother forever.

"Oh, Chip," I said, not wanting to believe it.

"I know how much you want to leave, darling, especially now ——" Chip put his hands over his face again.

It takes longer than such a little while to change, I thought, and even the tip of my nose felt frozen. It takes a much longer time than I've had, to change from a weed. I'm not finished yet; I'm not a full-grown flower, and that's what I need to be now.

"What did you say you would do, Chip?" I said, and I could hardly hear my own words for the buzzing in my ears.

"I said I didn't know, I couldn't decide a thing like that without —— I said I'd have to talk with my wife."

And that's when I saw it for the first time, something I had never suspected could exist—the hidden facet in me. You see, I'd been so used to thinking that what I wanted most in the world was to be married to Chip that I'd never realized the truth, which was that I'd also been trying to hold on to my life with mother. Even when I'd started understanding about mother's maternal feelings, I hadn't understood how much I'd always depended on her to make the world bright and comfortable for me.

And now I wasn't afraid any more. It wasn't frightening for Chip to be unsure. I was truly his wife, which was somehow turning out to be the same and yet different from the Marriage Partner of Science 123, and it came to me that Experience is a very important thing to have if you are ever really going to understand Science.

All our lives there were going to be times when both of us would be unsure, and it would be all right so long as we felt sure in each other. I'd been afraid of Chip's needing me, but that wasn't the way it was any more. Anything he needed from me I could give him, because there was a strength and a sureness that you got just from being able to love and being looked to as a wife.

I got up and sat down next to Chip and took one of his hands in both of mine and held it tightly. Now that I saw what my choice was, it didn't feel like a choice. Letting go of the plan to move near Santa Barbara really meant letting go of mother. But that meant I'd be freer to love Chip.

"Chip, darling," I said, "it doesn't matter where we do our living so long as we do it together. And since we've already put so much work into The Odious Arms and the doctor says I won't be bothered by the paint much longer, I think we

How 'bout that little Janie of mine!

She gave me a PARK

the one pen a man really hopes to own some day!

You know how it is on Christmas morning when you open the presents . . . you kind of expect nice things.

But you sure don't expect anything like this. My little Janie gave me a Parker 61 Pen . . . the one pen a man really hopes to own some day. Must have saved her allowance for months.

I'd used a Parker 61 Pen once before. My boss has one. I'd noticed the good feel of it and the easy way it puts your thoughts on paper. Noticed, too, how proud the boss is of his Parker 61. And now I've got one of my own. It even fills by itself . . . you put the reservoir part in the ink bottle and the point stays high and dry.

Guess I'd rather have a Parker 61 Pen than any other gift in the world. Especially this Parker 61! Janie gave it to me.

Give a Parker 61 Pen to someone you love this Christmas

This finest of all pens is the gift that is sure to bring two people closer together. It carries with it a lifetime of love, always appreciated, always wanted, always used.

Pick out a Parker 61 Pen for someone you love. And when the gifts are opened Christmas morning, you'll feel just as pleased and proud as Janie.

$15

UP TO $150

Available in 14K gold-filled cap or gleaming Lustraloy cap. Choice of barrel colors: Rage Red, Vista Blue, Surf Green, Black or Charcoal.

THE 61 CAPILLARY PEN

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ought to go on just the way we've been doing. And besides, it's an awfully good place for the rent."

Chip leaned forward and touched my cheek gently. "Mari," he said, "I will love you always, even if you should develop a Cyclops eye. Do you know what it's like to live with someone who keeps unfolding wonders to you?"

"Of course," I said.

"I was afraid, somehow," Chip said. "I don't know what of, exactly."

I saw the clear, sure light in Chip's eyes again, and I got up and kissed his cheek, and I didn't tell him what he had been afraid of.

Then we went in and told mother and Ford the news, and mother said brightly, "How lovely. I've always wanted to take more trips up this way, and now I'll have a place to stay, which will cut down expenses nicely."

Ford smiled at her. "You're such a fake," he said, "you're going to make me burst out crying."

Mother smiled back at him, but then her face changed, and she got up and walked over to the window and pressed her head against the pane. Everything got very quiet, and then Ford got up and went over to her. He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her toward him, and then he quoted some lines of poetry to her:

"Is it not time that, in loving,
we freed ourselves from the loved one, and, quivering, endured: as the arrow endures the string, to become in the gathering outleap something more than itself?"*

*From *The First Elegy of the Duino Elegies* by Rainer Maria Rilke, translated by Leishman and Spender. © 1939 by W. W. Norton and Co., Inc.

"'For staying is nowhere,'" mother finished, in her low, lovely voice, and I sat very still next to Chip, my throat filled with tears of pride for mother and for me, because of the same hard lesson we both had learned.

And then mother came away from the window and back to us, and she said, her voice trembling a little, "Hear ye, Ford has an announcement to make."

"Well," Ford said "since no baby is completely respectable without a maternal grandfather, I hereby confess myself willing ——"

"—to oblige us all," mother finished, "and me in particular, and become a grandparent to Mari's and Chip's baby, among other roles."

Chip blushed along with me and looked very proud, and when I kissed mother and Ford, I had a slight remembrance of how I'd always thought I would feel if

Consolation

By R. H. Grenville

Perfection is, as saints attest,
A spiritual Everest
Upon whose steep and glacial slope
The hardier of mortals grope,
While the mass of mankind dillydally
Between the foothills and the valley.

Now I admire and humbly seek
To follow those who gain the peak,
But must admit it is not they
Who give me strength to face the day—
It is the fellow failures near me,
Still struggling, who sustain and cheer me.

mother got married, but I don't expect ever to remember it again.

"Mother," I said, "do you know something? You're a terrific success." And mother didn't just look interested. She looked as though she knew exactly what I meant, and she bowed her head to me happily and graciously and said, "Thank you, my darling."

So, in conclusion, we sat in the kitchen of The Odious Arms, and all around us, to keep us and make us safe, was love and peace and friendly quiet, except for the rattling of six of the doors.

"Tomorrow I'm going to start preparing that wall in the nursery so that it can be papered," Chip said contentedly to no one in particular. "It needs to be filled and sealed."

"You can count me in on that," Ford said promptly.

"I know the perfect paper," mother said.

But I only smiled happily into the warm dimness of The Odious Arms. I was thinking of all the things I had learned during my period of matrimony that no one had mentioned in Science 123. And it was very reassuring to me to see that it is perfectly all right for Science to slip up once in a while, so long as there is always Mature Love to take over.

THE END

ER 61...
Merry Christmas to Dad from Jamie
Norman Rockwell
BY Parker, the world's most wanted pen
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The World of the Uneducated

(Continued from Page 19)

are guided into adulthood; the other is *training*. Unless we understand the distinction between education and training, we will not discover why our expensive educational plant produces so little genuine education, compared with schools in other western countries and in Russia.

The traditionalist sees the distinction clearly; the progressive does not. In the opinion of the traditionalist, confusion of education with training is one of the main reasons for the poor performance of our schools. The progressive philosophy of education, in particular its equation of education with training, is a uniquely American phenomenon, and a very recent one too. Russian educators adopted much of this "progressive" theory for a time, but they dropped it twenty-five years ago, after finding that progressive education did not really "educate." The theory has not been accepted in the school system of any other advanced modern nation.

As understood in the West, education goes to the whole of a man's personality, seeking to enrich it by widening his intellectual horizon. In contrast, training merely seeks to fit the young into their native society. Let me elaborate:

Education is directed toward enlargement of the individual's comprehension of the world, by giving him the knowledge and the mental capacity to understand what lies beyond his personal experience and observation. It familiarizes him with events and people, distant in time or space, so that he can form independent judgments on social phenomena. It renders intelligible to him the physical world and the laws of nature, so that he can judge man's potentialities and limitations—his place in nature.

Training, on the other hand, develops in youth character traits to suit the predominant ethical and religious beliefs of the community, and teaches socially approved manners, mores and personal appearance. Such formation of attitudes and habits can be called "life adjustment," or adjustment to the "peer group," to borrow favorite expressions of progressive education. Training also develops vocational skills which qualify one to earn a living by doing a specific type of routine work.

Training does not stretch the mind. The intellect is not improved by acquiring habits or learning mechanical skills, nor will routine work enlarge one's mental capacities, as hard thinking will. Anyone who has ever tackled a difficult subject, such as higher mathematics, and used it to solve complicated problems, knows that he has emerged from this experience with a mind that functions better. Thereafter he will find it easier to tackle other subjects and other problems, because his mental capacity has grown. In contrast, learning to typewrite will not improve his ability to reason nor affect the quality of his intellect.

Traditionalists believe that both education and training are needed to guide young people into adulthood. What they stress is that it is impossible for our schools to give both education and training in a 180-day school year. Traditionally training has been the responsibility of family and church. Much of it comes about through a young person's experiences in growing up—in large part the progressive educationists' "learning through living." Education, however, is "learning through instruction," and is the responsibility of educational institutions.

Most parents and various other agencies can give *training*, but few parents and no other public agencies except schools can give *instruction*. Except in boarding schools, teachers lack the time to take on the entire job of rearing our children. We cannot shift our responsibilities to them, nor allow them to do the job against our will. It is impossible for our schools to educate "the whole child." Their attempt to do so has failed, and our children are neither well educated nor even well trained unless parents have taken a hand. Parents, church, community and school—all are needed for the job of rearing our children.

Though we love them dearly, candor forces us to admit that newborn babies are ignorant, selfish, ruthless little savages. If they were left to grow up without adult guidance, they would still be ignorant, selfish and ruthless twenty years hence. The only change would be that what at birth was an appealing little savage would become a not-so-appealing big savage.

In every society above the level of savagery members of the adult community join forces to raise their young so that they will outgrow the self-centered world of babyhood. By what one might call an over-all housebreaking program, the baby is taught personal habits which make him pleasant to have around, conditioned to fit into a way of life which the adult community wishes to perpetuate.

Every child needs training for adulthood. Yet training will not dispel the ignorance of the newborn babe and turn him into an "educated" adult. He must get his education, for the most part, through formal instruction in schools.

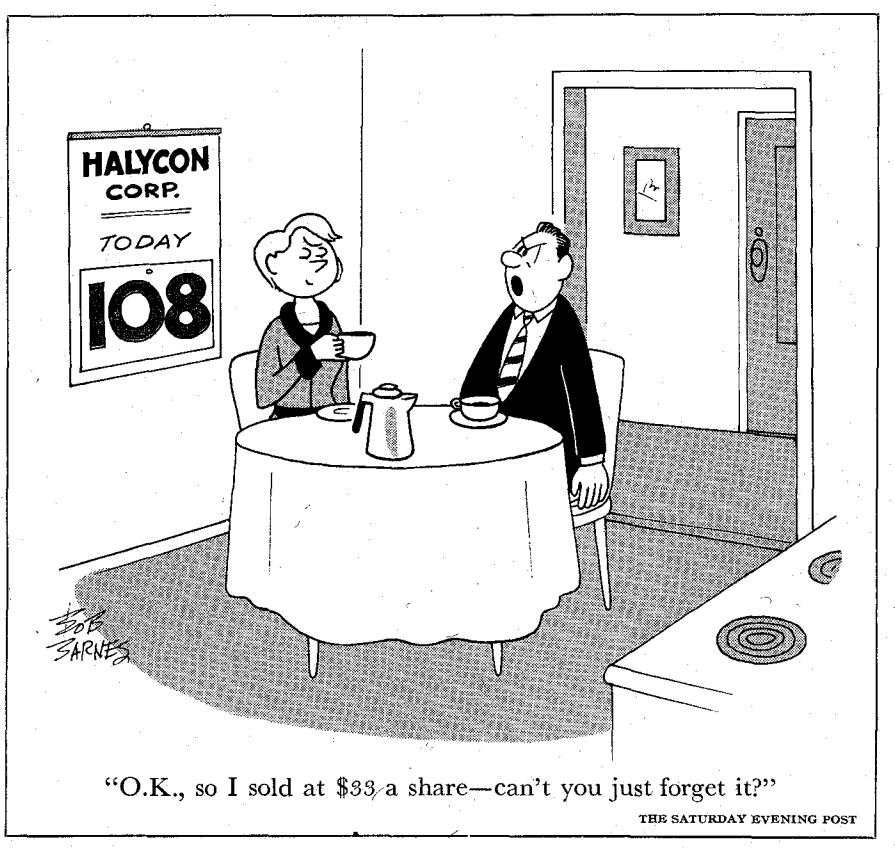
In all countries belonging to the civilization of the West, the idea of what constitutes education has been permanently shaped by the glorious Greek concept that the pursuit of knowledge is man's noblest activity. All of the West's victories over grinding human labor, disabling disease and burdensome superstition grew out of the Greek belief in the value of knowledge, and of reasoning based on knowledge. This respect for knowledge led the West—and only the West—to invent educational institutions dedicated to the preservation and increase of knowledge, and to transmission of knowledge and of the ability to use knowledge from generation to generation. This is why, despite interruptions of Dark Ages, wars, revolutions, famines, plagues and all kinds of civic disturbances the civilization of the West has gone on building knowledge upon knowledge, thereby expanding man's understanding of himself and of the world he lives in, and promoting his ability to put the forces of nature to good use for himself.

The task of educational institutions in the West has always been threefold: first, to pass on the accumulated knowledge of the past; second, to develop youth in mind and body so that they can absorb what is already known and apply it to the myriad problems of life; third, to encourage the creative ones to pioneer beyond the frontiers of knowledge and thereby increase the existing store of knowledge. No other civilization ever invented institutions serving this threefold purpose, though many have now copied western education.

As conceived in the West, education resembles a lighting of lamps in the minds of the young. These lamps are lighted by a torch handed down through the generations, all the way back to the sources of our civilization. As the lamps are lighted, one by one, different sections of the world become distinct and comprehensible. Time, cost and mental endowment control the number of lamps that are lighted for each individual. The more the better; but even a single lamp is worth more than any number of pleasant habits or mechanical skills which may at first glance seem more "useful."

An elementary education that enables one to read and write enriches personal life and makes a person more competent than do social poise or being handy with tools. It is tragic that so many American youngsters graduate from high school without being truly literate—some 10 per cent of our people are estimated to be functionally illiterate. Without literacy one cannot communicate with others from whom he is separated by time or space, nor enjoy the treasures locked in good books. Literacy is basic to education, yet our schools have not succeeded in teaching all our children to read with ease, to spell correctly or to express themselves clearly in writing.

I have asked many foreign educators, "How many of your children do you believe to be similarly deficient?" Their answers range from a categorical "none" to "very few"—children who can't get to school regularly, or who have a very low intellect. In most advanced nations eight to nine years of schooling has been compulsory for a century or more. Besides much else, their children have certainly learned to master the mother tongue, thus acquiring the key which can open to them all the self-education obtainable through good books. Many of our own average and below-average children never acquire this mastery, although they go to school twelve years. Some whose minds are good enough for college actually require remedial courses in English.



"O.K., so I sold at $33 a share—can't you just forget it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Abroad, schools above the elementary level, whether designed for the slow learner or the talented youth who may later prepare for a professional career, all concentrate on providing a liberal education. Through such an education, balancing the humanities and the sciences, young people are given a foundation in the specialized knowledge that deals with man and with nature. The lamps that light up mental concepts about man include history, which illuminates the past and thus makes current events comprehensible; economics, which familiarizes us with the material bases of our existence; anthropology, which contributes to our understanding of the slow march of mankind from primitive tribe to modern society; foreign languages and literatures, which give insight into the psyche of other people who have contributed to civilization.

The lamps that light up mental concepts about nature and the universe include mathematics, which clarifies our comprehension of quantity and relations of masses, and thus gives us a foundation for understanding science; geography and geology, which give us a clear idea of the shape of the earth and its limitations, within which we must order our lives; the exact sciences, which give an insight into ways to make nature our servant. Set apart from knowledge which is an intellectual concept are art and music; these, too, belong to liberal education, enabling us to leave our humdrum lives behind and soar into imaginative worlds.

None of this enrichment of life is accessible to the uneducated person. All these studies require long and sustained effort. For most people study is hard enough under skillful instruction. Acquiring an education entirely on one's own, to make up for deprivation suffered in a poor school, requires rare drive and perseverance. Relatively few will achieve it.

The traditionalist case against those who now run our schools is that by concentrating on training they have short-changed the education of our children. Instead of really trying to educate slow learners and children with little desire for learning, they have given up too soon and steered these youngsters into training after giving them little more than an elementary education. Again there has been confusion of education with training. It shows up clearly in the official dogma that there is no hierarchy among subjects—that homemaking is as valuable as history, manners as valuable as mathematics. Homemaking and manners belong to training, history and mathematics to education. All these subjects, however, count toward a high-school diploma, and the child is in large part free to choose among them.

The freedom given children to plan their own course of study is part of the progressive belief that schools must be child-centered—a fantastic concept. How can a child, born ignorant, know what he needs to learn? (*Continued on Page 57*)

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(*Continued from Page 54*) How can we refuse him the loving guidance that trains and educates him for adulthood? By what tortured thinking have progressives come to believe that democracy in the classroom ought to turn the teacher—who should be an instructor imparting knowledge to the ignorant—into a "resources" person who is merely a senior comrade in a group studying what the children have agreed would be fun to study?

William H. Kilpatrick, chief disciple of John Dewey, the father of progressive education, insisted "that the teacher should not make a practice of substituting his purposes and wishes for the child's." His biographer reports that Kilpatrick felt "it is the child and the children who should originate tasks and purposes. The best and richest learnings result only when self-propelled interests are being carried out. . . . For that reason he wanted no curriculum set in advance, nor did he want teachers to 'sell' or foist subject matter on the child." He feared that if standards of academic achievement were set, there would be "the ever-present and inherent danger that the child will be coerced, and coercion 'seldom builds desirable *habits*.'"

In its widely distributed booklet, *Life Adjustment for Every Youth*, the United States Office of Education sets goals for secondary education which are almost wholly nonintellectual. The office apparently subscribes to the belief that *three fifths* of our children are incapable of absorbing a genuine education, or even of becoming skilled technicians. It therefore advocates life-adjustment education for *all* our children. Life adjustment is defined as "that which better equips *all* American youth to live democratically with satisfaction to themselves and profit to society as home members, workers and citizens." Among descriptions of some fourteen specific goals of life-adjustment education, one searches in vain for recognition that education deals with the intellect. Hostility to the traditional subjects of secondary education is evident throughout the pamphlet, as it is in almost all the writings of progressive educationists. For the last ten years I have been collecting pertinent statements revealing this attitude. From these I choose at random the following, all typical of progressive thinking (my italics):

On literacy John Dewey has this to say, "What avail is it . . . to win ability to read and write if in the process the individual loses his own soul; loses his appreciation of things worth while, of the values to which these things are relative." No wonder that the principal of a junior high school some years ago publicly challenged the prime purpose of schools, which is to make our children literate, by saying that "we shall some day accept the thought that it is just as illogical to assume that every boy must be able to read as it is that each one must be able to play the violin, that it is no more reasonable to require that each girl shall spell well than it is that each one shall bake a good cherry pie."

Kilpatrick's biographer quotes him as saying of arithmetic, "I find a lot of people who don't use arithmetic, and I don't think that life would be any *richer* for them if they used it. . . . They just don't need it." Of modern languages: "For the average student it is a great waste of time. In terms of rich, vital interests that might lead to individual growth, languages offer meager possibilities."

No wonder that we have college professors who state that Greek or Latin are not as useful as knowing how to drive a car or that Kilpatrick's biographer reports having seen "a class of 600 and more graduate students in education, comprising teachers, principals and superintendents, vote their opinion in overwhelming numbers that Greek, Latin and mathematics offered the least likely possibilities for educational growth; and with almost the same unanimity they placed dancing, dramatics and *doll playing* high on the list in this regard."

In progressive thought the school no longer lights the lamps of knowledge; its primary business, in Dewey's opinion, is to train children in co-operative living. So progressive dogma has sold out the American dream that the best of education should be free to every child in this country. What education we are giving the majority of our children is rarely above the elementary level. The best of education now costs more money here and takes three to four years longer to obtain than in other democracies or in totalitarian U.S.S.R.; abroad, even professional education is free or costs so little that few are barred by poverty.

This backwardness constitutes a serious indictment of our schools, especially now, when education determines technological power. Our adversary in the technological race puts about as many of his children through a rigorous ten-year schooling in the humanities, mathematics and the sciences as we put through high school, where a majority receive little more than elementary education. It is true that lately we have begun to toughen curriculums a bit, but the knowledge gap between Russian and American youngsters remains wider than we can safely tolerate. I contend that we must not forget the Russian educational challenge for a single moment. No amount of talk about the alleged advantages of "educating the whole child" can change the ominous significance of these figures.

Today technological advances are rarely brought about by mechanical skill, which merely improves known techniques through ingenuity. The advances come through the ability of talented, well-educated persons with highly developed professional skills to apply known principles to unforeseen problems, and through this process to derive new principles, and so on *ad infinitum*. Existing knowledge is the foundation upon which new knowledge is built. The country that has the greatest number of genuinely educated people must inevitably win in the end. Those who prevent our schools from really educating our youth undermine the foundations of our freedom and national power. These are harsh words, but they are the absolute truth.

To dismiss our educational inferiority vis-à-vis the Russians by saying that our schools are concerned only with the happiness of the individual, whereas Russian schools are concerned only with producing useful Soviet citizens, is to dwell on irrelevancies. A clear understanding of education and a thorough knowledge of history would prevent such confused thinking. The educational debate now going on bogs down in irrelevancies because the progressive educationists equate their kind of life-adjustment education with democracy and the traditionalist's kind of education with aristocracy or totalitarianism.

"You were wonderful. You make it all sound so interesting."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This view is historically in error. Authoritarian Prussia was one of the first states to establish free compulsory elementary education—antedating by almost a century such education in parliamentary England and democratic America. Prussia also supported inexpensive academic secondary schools earlier than more democratic countries. Of the nations of Europe where everyone could read and write many decades before this skill became universal in other countries—including our own—some were absolute or constitutional monarchies, others limited or absolute democracies. Switzerland, the world's oldest existing democracy, provided education for all its children earlier than the world's second-oldest democracy—the United States. Japan, certainly no democracy before World War II, has fewer illiterates than we do. Education is a cultural activity which is not necessarily dependent on a country's particular form of government.

American educationists confuse the issue in the educational debate by arguing about what is *democratic* in education and what is not, as witness the statement made by a prominent educationist before a committee of the United States Senate: "Good teaching of reading beyond the fundamentals . . . is one thing in a society where a person is being prepared to read and instantaneously believe government propaganda, and it is an entirely different thing in a society where a person may be expected to enjoy the privilege of reading a free press."

The real issue, of course, is that by experimenting with newfangled ideas about teaching children to read, progressive educationists have brought us to the point where many American children—after twelve years of schooling—cannot read well at all. Many high-school students have only fourth- or fifth-grade reading ability. Russian schools teach children to read well, and this probably has much to do with the fact, noticed by many American observers, that Russians are eager readers of solid books—classics and textbooks—whereas we are not.

It is time that we abandon excuses and recognize that democracies are not automatically more deeply concerned with educating their children than authoritarian governments; time, too, that we study more successful teaching methods used abroad, even if they have been devised by nations whose form of government is distasteful to us.

What effect does education have on the individual, and why is the uneducated person less competent to perform his duties as a citizen? Before answering this question, let me say that to be uneducated is not equivalent to being unintelligent. Indeed, it is my contention that many people who have mental ability remain uneducated because of the failure of schools to educate them. An uneducated person may be intelligent or not, a religious man or not, a good family man and helpful neighbor or not, a person with pleasant manners and sensitivity to others or not—these attributes have nothing to do with being educated.

Since we can comprehend the world around us only through education, it follows that the uneducated are severely handicapped in judging matters requiring a foundation of solid knowledge. In a democracy the people rule, and it is imperative that they be educated enough to rule well. But, (*Continued on Page 59*)

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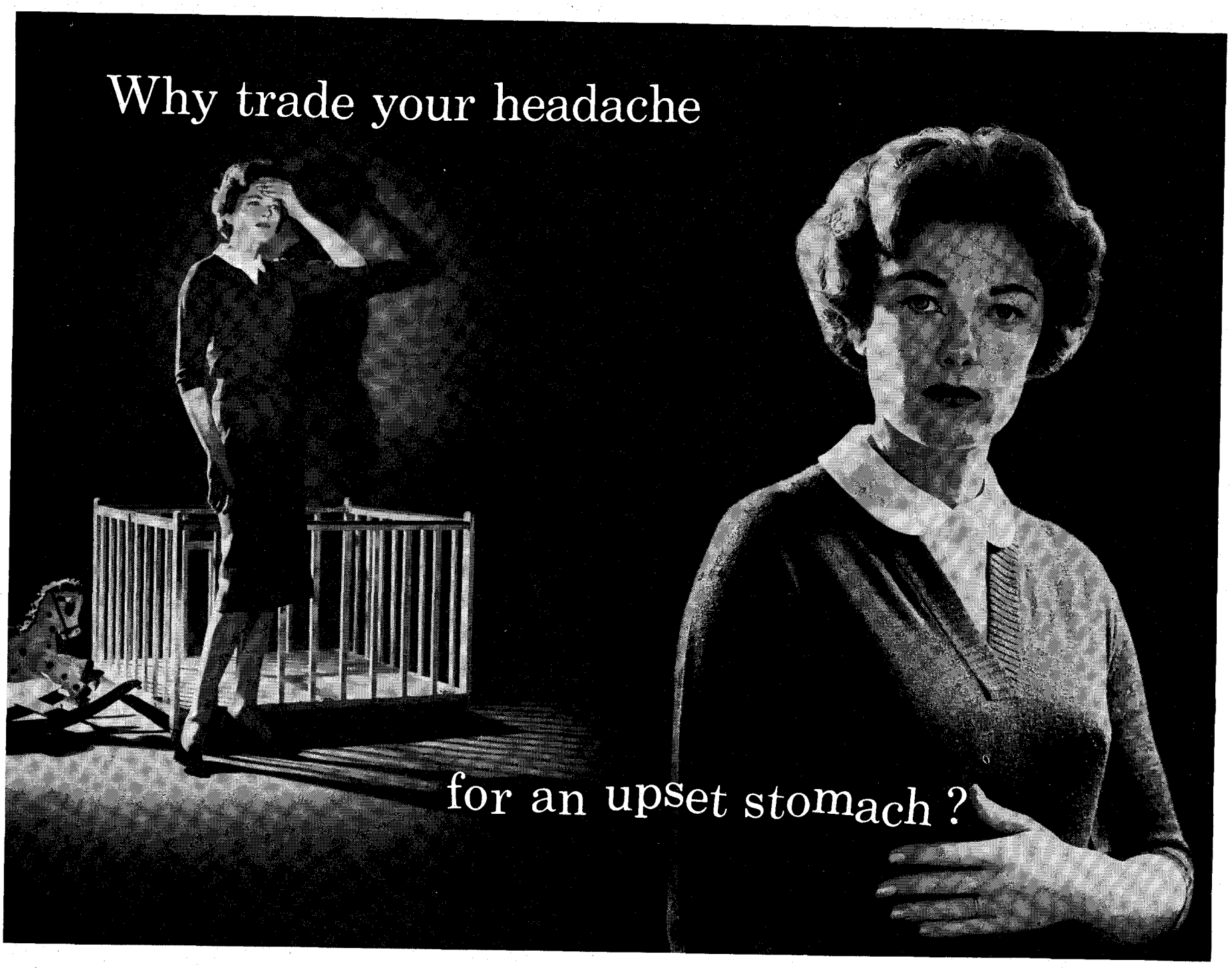

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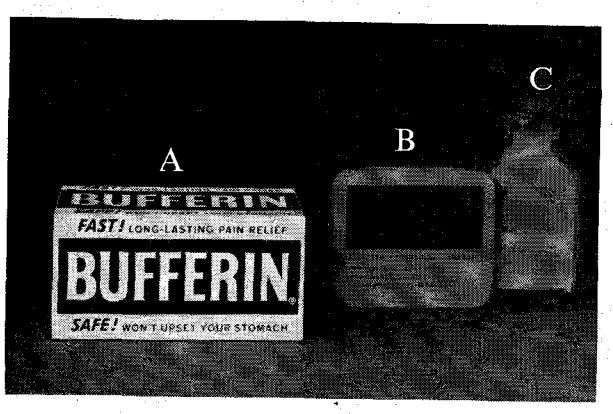

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(*Continued from Page 57*) apart from lack of knowledge, the uneducated person who has passed through one of our life-adjustment schools is likely to be deficient in subtler ways.

For one thing his schooling will not have given him self-awareness, since this is acquired through the process of education itself. Through education the individual comes in contact with great minds; he cannot help realizing that his own mind is inferior to theirs. He constantly meets objective tests which reveal his own limitations and abilities. Out of this experience comes self-awareness, the ability to stand off and assess one's capacities as if judging a stranger. Thus the truly educated man is less apt to meddle in things he cannot understand than a person who has not been educated.

The uneducated tend to overvalue their own abilities. Never having experienced the travail of obtaining an education, they rarely understand how much one must know to handle intricate problems. Because they feel as able as anyone else to deal with such problems, the uneducated may delay important activities. Through their interference they may prevent others from doing vitally necessary work. The uneducated endanger democracy because their meddling and interference render it inefficient; today our survival depends on our being more efficient than the totalitarians.

Even persons who are competent in a particular field, but otherwise deficient educationally, show the same tendency to overvalue their capacity and to interject themselves into areas where they lack competence. Administrators who are uneducated in the whole field of science and technology are presently delaying the building of our nuclear navy by interfering in technical matters. Many other important technical undertakings are similarly delayed. These persons endanger democracy even more than does the ordinary uneducated citizen, because they are in position to do more to make democracy inefficient.

The schools must bear much of the blame for the insouciance of our uneducated citizens. Future historians may well give ominous significance to so simple a thing as the substitution by progressive educationists of a new, so-called SNUX card for the old report card on which a child's scholastic achievements were clearly marked *A* to *F*. The new card used letters, too, but they now measured nothing. For example, the letter *S* stood for "normal growth is taking place." It went to the bright boy who consistently solved all the questions in an exam; it also went to the dullard who consistently solved only a few—both were growing "normally." Failing *S*, a pupil might be graded a meaningless *N* (more effort should be made) or *U* (unsatisfactory work) or *X* (needs special help)—all too vague.

Next in importance to self-awareness, which the educated citizen usually acquires, but the uneducated usually does not, must be placed ability to view problems with intellectual detachment. Such detachment, a by-product of genuine education, teaches young people to view truth as an impersonal absolute good, no matter how it may affect them personally. To achieve such detachment is difficult, and no one succeeds completely. Perhaps the liberally educated individual and the truly great scientist come closest.

We know that great scientists in particular have such complete devotion to truth that they will discard a lifetime's work if they find they have gone astray from the truth they seek. They will do this even when they are in no danger of being found out, simply because truth is more important than their personal consideration. People who regard truth as more important than their personal welfare are troublesome. They annoy everyone who has a vested interest which truth would damage, and they irritate the uneducated, who rarely feel that strongly about a principle, since they get their principles at second hand from persons they like.

To the uneducated, abstract ideas are unfamiliar; so is the detachment that is necessary to discover a truth out of one's own knowledge and mental effort. The uneducated person views life in an intensely personal way—he knows only what he sees, hears or touches and what he is told by friends. As the unknown sage puts it, "Great minds discuss ideas, average minds discuss events, small minds discuss people."

How does the world look to the uneducated? It lacks the clarity supplied by the torch of knowledge. To the uneducated, the world is hazy, haphazard and full of mysterious powers which he does not comprehend and therefore fears. Events impinge upon him singly; he cannot see their interconnections. He lacks the foundation of knowledge without which opinions are worthless; his views tend to be arbitrary suppositions, emotionally determined, guesses or parroted clichés. But above all he differs from the educated person in having no other way of observing people, events and issues than through his own senses, nor of judging them except by emotional preference.

Disraeli once remarked that England was two nations—the rich and the poor. Technology, with its fantastic machine-made productivity, has all but fused the two; but technology, with its dependence on highly trained professional people to manage society and push it forward, has created a new division—that between the educated and the uneducated. They are poles apart. The gap is greatest between the uneducated person and the intellectual, in particular the true scientist. That is one reason why the uneducated distrust and fear intellectuals. That is why there is popular dislike for the "egghead" and the "brain," and general acceptance of that ridiculous image of the "cold" scientist who cares nothing for people but only for scientific laws. The uneducated mistakes the scientist's detachment in matters of science for lack of warmth in his human relations—a natural error for people who cannot conceive of the world as anything but a personal world.

His personalizing of all issues makes the uneducated individual the implacable enemy of critics. He carries his personal dislike of being criticized—nagged at, he calls it—into the public arena. Instinctively he will always favor the *status quo*, for he likes to keep everything running snugly in accustomed grooves. It is true that he doesn't mind innovations in goods and services; he is quickly persuaded by the nursery rhymes of the radio or TV commercial which tell him that a new article is better than an old one. But when it comes to new *ideas*, the uneducated show terrific sales resistance.

In a democracy, which depends upon popular decision in many complicated matters, public debate is needed to clarify issues. But debates will deteriorate into rancorous quarreling when there is no meeting ground between those who hold opposite views. This wrangling happens all too often when the uneducated confront the educated. The uneducated have no intellectual support for their opinions, and so cannot defend them rationally against adversaries who argue on the basis of fact, knowledge and reason. The uneducated possess but one weapon—the lash of invective. They cannot argue on the level of facts and ideas, so they stoop to personal vilification.

When a democracy has too many uneducated citizens, their very presence will tend to turn public debates into personality contests. The uneducated will give their vote to people who by their appearance and oratory most closely approach a national ideal. They will vote for one or another solution to a national problem on the basis of their subjective liking for the person who advocates this solution. Democracies can tolerate the conflict of groups pursuing enlightened self-interest; but when self-interest is not enlightened, it will destroy the nation.

One of the great dangers to society, when it has too many uneducated people, is that their inability to view error with intellectual detachment prevents early diagnosis of national mistakes and quick remedial action. The truly educated man can admit his mistakes without feeling that his personal worth has been diminished; the uneducated man clings to his mistakes with all the more determination when others point them out. To him the critic is an enemy who attacks him by "showing him up." In public debates the uneducated man rises in anger to defend national clichés, slogans and illusions against anyone who urges that these unsupported beliefs be abandoned and truth be faced. The uneducated man has made these fancies his own, and they support him.

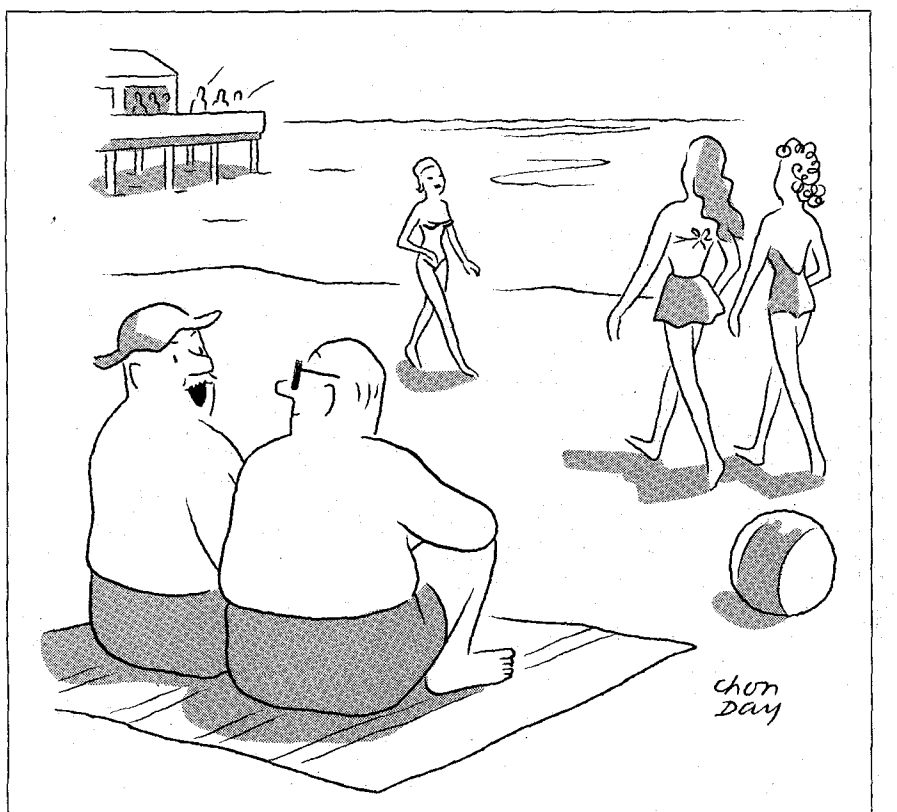
To him the critic's action, if not outright treason, is at least suspiciously close to disloyalty, for which the attacker must be punished. "If you don't like it here, why don't you go somewhere else?" This is his response to the critic of any aspect of the American way of life. Proof of love, to the uneducated, is that it finds no fault with what he loves. Such is his own love for his children. He wants to make life easy for them and give them all their hearts' desire. They are perfect as they are. Transposing this concept of love to a man's feeling for his country, he accepts only unquestioning approval of the *status quo* as evidence of real love—to question his country's perfection, he feels, is disloyal.

Yet true devotion does not exclude criticism of the loved one. As indulgence of children will stop them from growing to spiritual, emotional and intellectual maturity, so unwillingness to criticize the *status quo* will stop us from progressing, and convert our dynamic society into a static one. When he vilifies the critic, the uneducated person does not realize that, should his attack succeed, he would be destroying that very dynamism which is the essential characteristic of western civilization and the secret of its superiority over other civilizations, not only in material prosperity but also in compassion for those in need of help.

We have talked about American education long enough. It is time we take steps to improve it, so that prevailing misconceptions of what the school should do will cease to keep our children from becoming educated persons. Too many of our schools are glittering workshops where training is the essential goal. Let us turn them into institutions devoted to education, with training given only such marginal status as it traditionally has had—sewing for the girls perhaps and some mechanical training for the boys. Let us stop our schools from diverting children from genuine education to learning how to dress, shop, telephone, cook, drive, or find a mate. These skills may give them an attractive packaging, but should we not be more concerned with giving our children solid content? This cannot be done any other way than by lighting the lamps of knowledge.

We must be clear in our minds that the educational debate now going on turns on a basic question: Whether our tax-supported school system shall light these lamps or merely improve a child's outer shell and teach him some vocational skills. I myself, and with me many other critics of American education, believe that every child must be educated as far as is humanly possible. Each child must have at least one lamp lighted for him. Even though it be but one, part of the world around him will cease to be hazy, haphazard and controlled by mysterious and fearsome powers. And as the world is illuminated for him, he becomes to that extent educated. To bring this about is worth any amount of effort and expenditure, both for the sake of the children we cherish and of the country we love.

THE END



"I'm really here on business . . . I'm looking for a new secretary."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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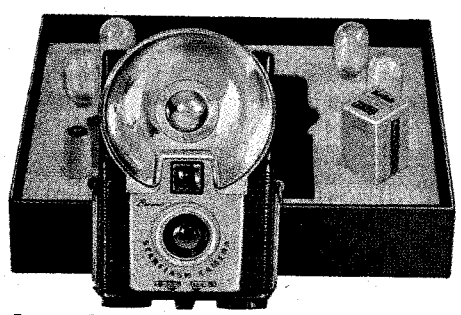
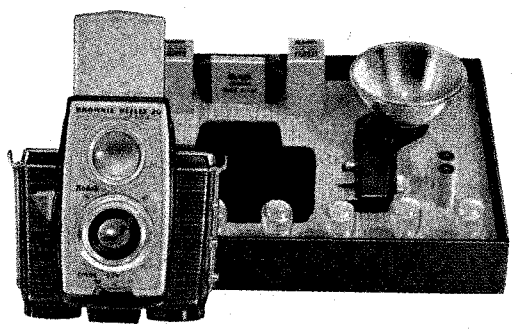
Kodak suggests a "*Give*

Give Kodak gifts for a happy Christmas !

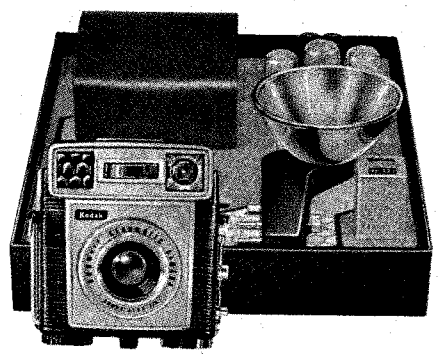
Christmas fun begins bright and early—and *never* ends—with Kodak gifts that say: "Open me first!" A Kodak gift is the finest of its kind, whether it costs but $10, or many times more.



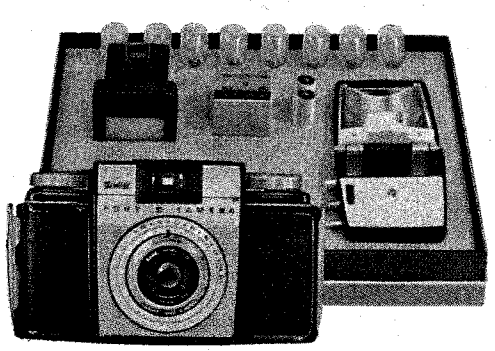
Instantly ready for snapshots. Complete outfit—ideal for beginners; perfect "extra" camera. Brownie Starflash Camera with *built-in flasholder*, bulbs, batteries, film . . . complete for **$10.35.**



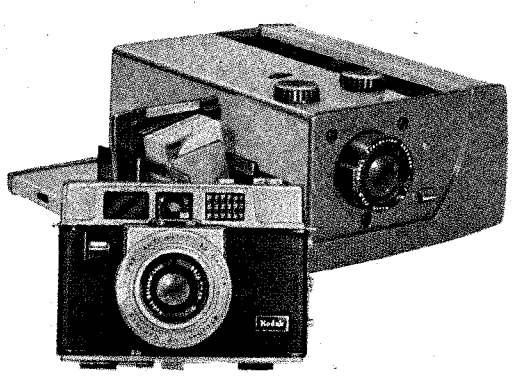
Sure, easy viewing. Brownie Reflex 20 Camera has convenience of reflex viewfinding. You see the picture big *before* you snap it. Camera, flasholder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . all for **$22.95.**



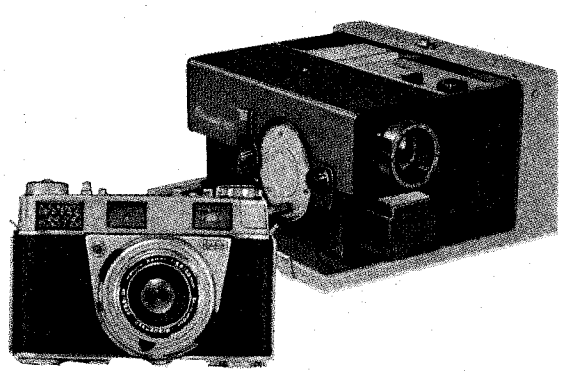
Automatic pictures—Brownie price! Brownie Starmatic Camera has built-in electric eye. Measures light, sets lens. Camera, field case, flasholder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . all for **$45.95.**



Sparkling color slides. Kodak Pony II Camera has superb styling and performance. Camera with Kodak Pocket Flasholder, bulbs, batteries, Kodachrome Film, viewer . . . all for **$42.95.**



Automatic—for color slides. Kodak Automatic 35 Camera has electric eye, fully automatic exposure control; *f*/2.8 lens . . . **$84.50.** Smartly styled Kodak 300 Projector . . . from **$64.50.**



Superb 35mm team. Kodak Retina IIIS Camera with electric-meter exposure control, interchangeable lenses . . . from **$157.50.** Automatic Kodak Cavalcade 520 Projector . . . **$124.50.**

See Kodak's "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" and "The Ed Sullivan Show."

Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down.
Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice.

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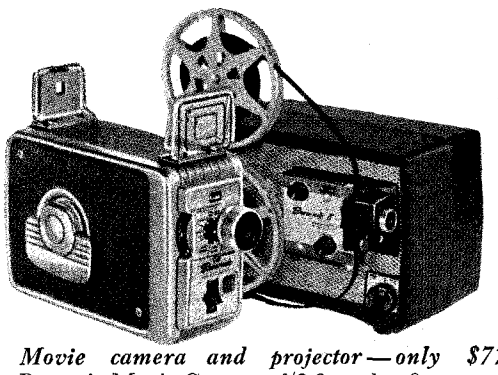
The rapture on a child's face on Christmas morning—capture it forever!

and Take" Christmas!

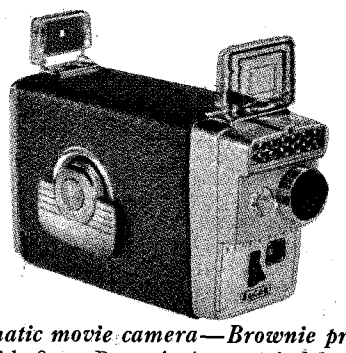
Take pictures to save and share the fun!

Christmas is for giving—and for *taking* too. With a Kodak gift, you'll take lots of clear, sharp, wonderful pictures to keep your Christmas fun, and to send to those who can't be there.

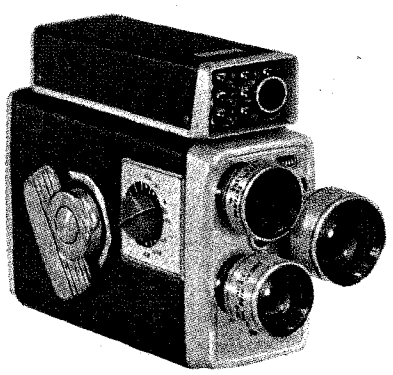


Movie camera and projector—only $77! Brownie Movie Camera, *f*/2.3, makes 8mm movies easy as snaps . . . **$32.50.** Brownie 8 Movie Projector shows them big and bright . . . **$44.50.**

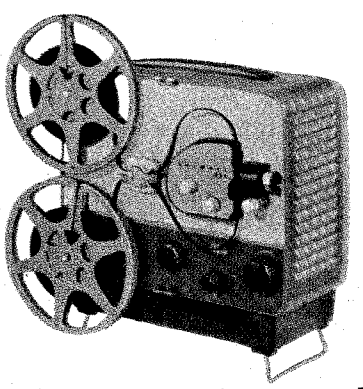
Three 8mm cameras in one—exceptional buy. Brownie Movie Camera, Turret *f*/1.9, has 3-lens range: regular, telephoto, wide-angle shots at a twist of the turret . . . **$67.50.**



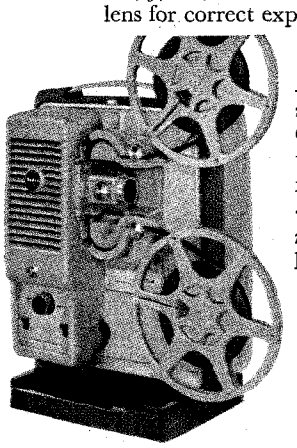
Automatic movie camera—Brownie price! Remarkable 8mm Brownie Automatic Movie Camera, *f*/2.3; built-in electric eye *automatically* sets lens for correct exposure . . . **$74.50.**



Turret movie camera with exposure meter. 8mm Kodak Cine Scopemeter Camera, Turret *f*/1.9, has built-in meter, filters. Takes regular, wide-angle, and telephoto movies . . . **$99.50.**



Brilliant movie projector—wonderful buy! Brownie 500 Movie Projector for 8mm movies, has super-bright lamp. Reverse action and "stills" as well as forward projection . . . **$79.50.**



Fully automatic 8mm movie projector. Kodak Cine Showtime Projector threads itself *all the way* right onto the take-up reel —and starts the show *automatically*. Has new high-lumen lamp . . . **$137.50.**

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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Pancake Experts Agree:
You can't have real pancakes without real maple flavor...the kind Log Cabin Syrup gives you

Natural maple flavor that's the real difference!

Real maple sugar from maple trees is carefully blended with the finest cane sugars in the land, to create a deep-down goodness no one else has quite been able to match. Try it once, you'll never settle for less.

Tested and approved by General Foods Kitchens.

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The Trouble With Travel (Continued from Page 42)

the pool. That was a facer, a dead loss; I had many more ship's marks to be disposed of even after I had celebrated by buying champagne for everyone in sight.

I used the ship-to-shore telephone for no purpose except to spend money; all I could say to my bewildered wife at the other end was that I was coming home on Tuesday, which she knew already. It caused her some alarm, because she knew something about the Gestapo methods and thought I was establishing my presence on the ship for fear of an "accident" later on. There was something in that, too, because the chief Gestapo official of the ship—there were about as many police as passengers on board—naturally listened to our conversation and eyed me with the deepest suspicion, wondering by what subtle code I had been conveying the results of my espionage.

I put the seal on his suspicions in the tender between the ship and Southampton, for I still had a pocketful of those ship's marks, now worth nothing to me because, having once been drawn, they could not be exchanged for any other currency, not even marks. I had tipped generously, but I did not want to tip foolishly, and the only thing I could do with those marks was to drop them over the side in Southampton water under the eyes of the astonished Gestapo chief. Incidentally, I was quite right about the fate of that medium-sized fortune. It vanished entirely on September 3, 1939, and I haven't seen a pfennig of it since.

They say that travel broadens the mind—I've heard it said that riding astride does the same—but I have a certain peculiarity of temperament that serves to keep mine narrow, I am afraid. I have nothing but admiration for the American custom—part of American good manners—of introducing one's self. When entering into conversation with one's seat partner it is the most usual thing in the world to explain that, "My name is Jones, and I come from Oshkosh and I sell shoes." It is in fact boorish not to do so. But for me it's the hardest thing in the world to say, "I am C.S.F. and I write novels." I simply can't do it and I don't know why. Perhaps the fear is equally divided between the two possibilities of my new companion's having heard the name and not having heard it. Perhaps it is plain British self-consciousness, part of the old British tradition of suspicion of strangers. When I was a young man, a whole trainload of Englishmen would travel from London to Edinburgh without a word's being spoken except, inevitably, "Mind if I open the window?" And if Englishman A were to say suddenly to Englishman B, "My name is Robinson, and I'm a bank manager in Wolverhampton," B would promptly, bank manager or bishop, make sure his pocketbook was in place and change his seat at the first opportunity.

So, traveling with Americans, I get myself into all sorts of trouble. You wouldn't believe what is perfectly true that I'd no sooner once told my seat companion that I manufactured hairbrushes than he told me—truthfully, which made it difficult—that he was one of the big four who made hairbrushes in the United States.

Sometimes I've managed comparatively well. Once I was flying from New York to San Francisco; the day previous I had finished a contract with NBC and was now going home to write a novel. A man came through the plane asking for someone to make a fourth at bridge and, unexplainably, at his third passage I volunteered. There were three very pleasant men in the tail end of the plane, who received me with American courtesy—that's a high standard of courtesy, as I have said—and introduced themselves and then waited to hear from me. Inspiration came at the last moment, and I was able to say with perfect truth that I lived in Berkeley and had lost my job the day before. There was a moment's silence, and then murmurs of sympathy and a cheering remark or two about how easy it was to get a new job nowadays, and then we settled down to bridge—maybe hurriedly, without waiting to hear my name, lest I should ask one of them for a job—and we played extremely comfortably all the way to San Francisco.

Then there was the time when on my way by plane to England I had to spend the night at Gander; and there are more exhilarating places to spend the night in. I had to share a cubicle with an old gentleman; and when I was told of this, my first reaction was that I would as soon share a caldron of boiling oil with him. But he was an American who had once been an officer in the Royal Navy, and I passed a pleasant night with hardly a wink of sleep as he described past experiences. Among other things, he had served in a British battleship in the Grand Fleet, responsible for the handling of a captive balloon towed along by the battleship. It was an observation balloon, not a barrage balloon, intended to extend the horizon—this was, of course, before air cover—and give advance notice of the arrival of the German Navy. Apart from the fact that the balloon revealed the presence of the British fleet long before it could catch sight of the German fleet, the tricks that balloon got up to in the wild weather of the North Sea defied belief—except my belief—and the epic ended with my informant telling me of a knock on his cabin door and the report, "Balloon's broken loose, sir," and his replying, "Didn't I tell you only to wake me for bad news?"

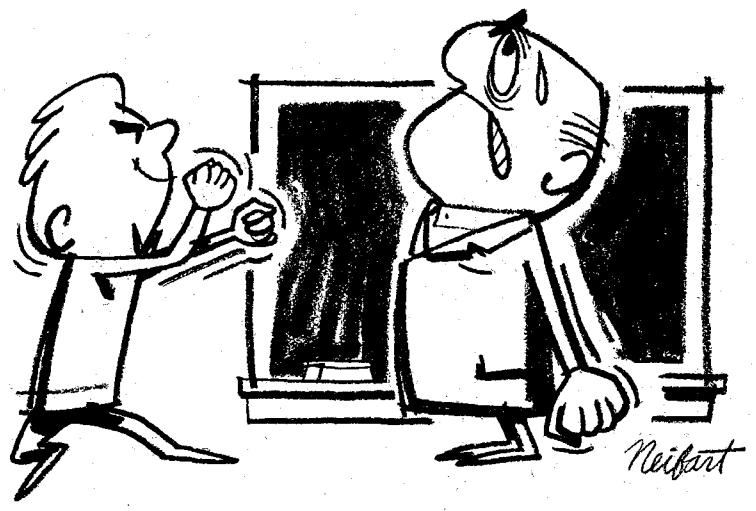
Air travel—not counting balloons—brings a fair quota of surprises, like having to spend the night at Gander. The surprises are all different—I never start off from home or hotel without wondering what new thing air travel has up its sleeve for me this time. The ingenuity of circumstance is positively astounding. One beautiful evening, I remember, I drove to the International Airport at Los Angeles. Weather conditions were perfect, including a moderate breeze; there was only an hour's flight before me up to San Francisco, and nothing could possibly go wrong. Couldn't it? Workers had been bulldozing an extension of the airfield, and the moderate breeze was raising such clouds of dust that all air traffic was being routed through Burbank—and I didn't get home until next morning.

Some months ago I made a hurried trip to London and planned to return in the BOAC through jet plane to San Francisco—nineteen hours, a berth to sleep in and no trouble at all. That was the week the BOAC went on strike. The other companies rallied round helpfully and provided alternative service, very helpfully indeed. The plane that took me to New York had been diverted from Frankfurt; it was full to capacity, of course, and the German stewards and stewardesses on board apparently had never been in that sort of plane before. They spent the night opening and shutting cupboards and lockers, looking for things that weren't there and finding things they didn't know existed; and they did their best to apologize, in an English which was fully one quarter intelligible, for the dinner they served. The weather went wrong and we had to descend at Shannon and at Gander, and I missed my connection in New York and I was only two days late when I arrived in San Francisco. Even then I had made the journey in a quarter of the time it would have taken me before the war, but nobody ever derives much comfort from that sort of consideration. We never hold meetings to rejoice that we no longer have to cross the plains by covered wagon.

Sometimes it's your own fault, of course. At five minutes past midnight once I strolled into the airport in New York, confident and pleased with myself, and laid down on the counter my ticket to Los Angeles. Five seconds later I was a miserable suppliant with all the backbone taken out of me. I had asked for, at the time of booking, a ticket for Wednesday night. This wasn't five minutes past midnight on Wednesday night; it was five minutes past midnight on Thursday morning, and my plane had gone the day before—the airlines have rigid ideas about their twenty-four-hour timetable, and I am not the sort of person who reads his ticket. Perhaps someone else had not read his ticket either; at any rate someone didn't turn up, and I got his seat.

My first forced landing was a wartime one and put me down on a sandspit in the Pacific called Johnston Island. People have been sorry for me because of my confinement there, but I never felt in need of sympathy. The trade winds blew and kept things cool; the swimming was magnificent; the distances were so small that even with my limited walking capacity I could get on foot from any part of the island to any other; the Johnston Island terns were nesting, and the man who hasn't heard a Johnston Island tern nesting hasn't lived; and the major of marines who commanded the garrison was not merely a most charming host but was in peacetime the proprietor of one of the most amusing sideshows at Coney Island.

One journey that I remember well was—naturally, I suppose—one in which a punctual arrival was most important. My wife and I were going to London to be presented to royalty, and there were appointments in Hollywood and New York first which allowed just sufficient time to arrive in London and recover from the trip. So with our baggage, including the precious evening frock and my white waistcoat and tails, we flew to Los Angeles, sped round Hollywood and then boarded the night plane for New York. Because of the exertions ahead of us I had reserved sleeping berths—admirable forethought on my part, but it happened that the berths reserved for us were on one plane while we were on another. Then (Continued on Page 66)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Knowing that physical punishment was forbidden, fifteen-year-old Mickey delighted in raising Cain in the classroom. His harassed teacher finally led him outside by force. But Mickey resisted vigorously. The teacher struck him to regain control of the situation. Later Mickey's parents sued for damages for the blow inflicted on their little darling.

"The school rules, in prohibiting corporal punishment, require teachers to manage pupils rather than manhandle them," counsel for the outraged parents argued. "A teacher who must resort to brute force should be training animals, not children."

"This boy made it impossible for me to manage the class, and in doing so he deprived the other pupils of their educational opportunity," the teacher replied through his lawyer. "The only way to bring him to his senses was to sock him."

If you were the judge, would you make the teacher pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The teacher did not have to pay. The court said he acted "not for the purpose of inflicting punishment, but to restore order and discipline." Had he not acted promptly "in the face of the pupil's sudden violent outburst," the court continued, "he would have been humiliated in the eyes of his pupils, and the order and discipline of the school would have been seriously affected."

Based upon a 1958 Connecticut decision.

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New Samsonite Silhouette

THE LIGHTWEIGHT JET-AGE LUGGAGE—FIRST LUXURY CLASS LUGGAGE FOR TRAVEL'S NEW ERA! NOT A LOCK IN SIGHT!

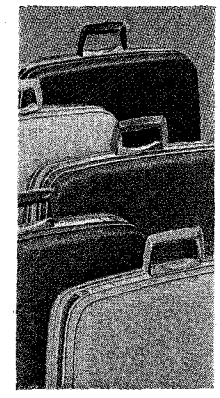
Jet-inspired gifts . . . for the best taste in travel! Give sky-high fashion—new Samsonite Silhouette, the round-contour luggage without a lock in sight! Space-planned interiors keep clothes smooth; lightweight magnesium frame is super-strong. And Samsonite Silhouette's hardy vinyl coverings are color-coordinated with linings. Travel's handsomest colors, too!

A. DESERT TAN. *Men's Three-Suiter.* Keeps clothes fresh during extended trips. 2 compartments, equipped with 3 hangers, tie rack. $45. *Companion Case.* Holds 1 suit, 3 shirts, loads of accessories. Tie tapes help keep your clothes neat and ready to wear. $25.

B. BISCAYNE BLUE. *Ladies' Pullman Case.* 2 large compartments. $40. *Ladies' O'Nite.* Slim yet roomy overnight case with curtain divider. $25. So good-looking and convenient. You'll use it a thousand times!

C. DOVER WHITE. *Ladies' Wardrobe.* King-size packing space for long trips! 4 plastic hangers, elasticized curtain, shirred pockets, ribbon ties. $40. *Beauty Case.* This slim fashionable case holds 52 travel needs! Full width mirror in lid for easy beauty care. Removable sectioned tray for cosmetics, jewelry and all your accessories. An indispensable case for travel. $25.

D. OXFORD GREY. *Men's Two-Suiter.* 2 hangers and hold-fast bar for wrinkle-free suit packing . . . plus full compartment for furnishings. $42.50. *Executive Overnight Case.* A smart, roomy carrier for everything you need for business overnights! With a spacious file compartment section. $30. All ladies' luggage, shown above, also available in Platinum Grey.



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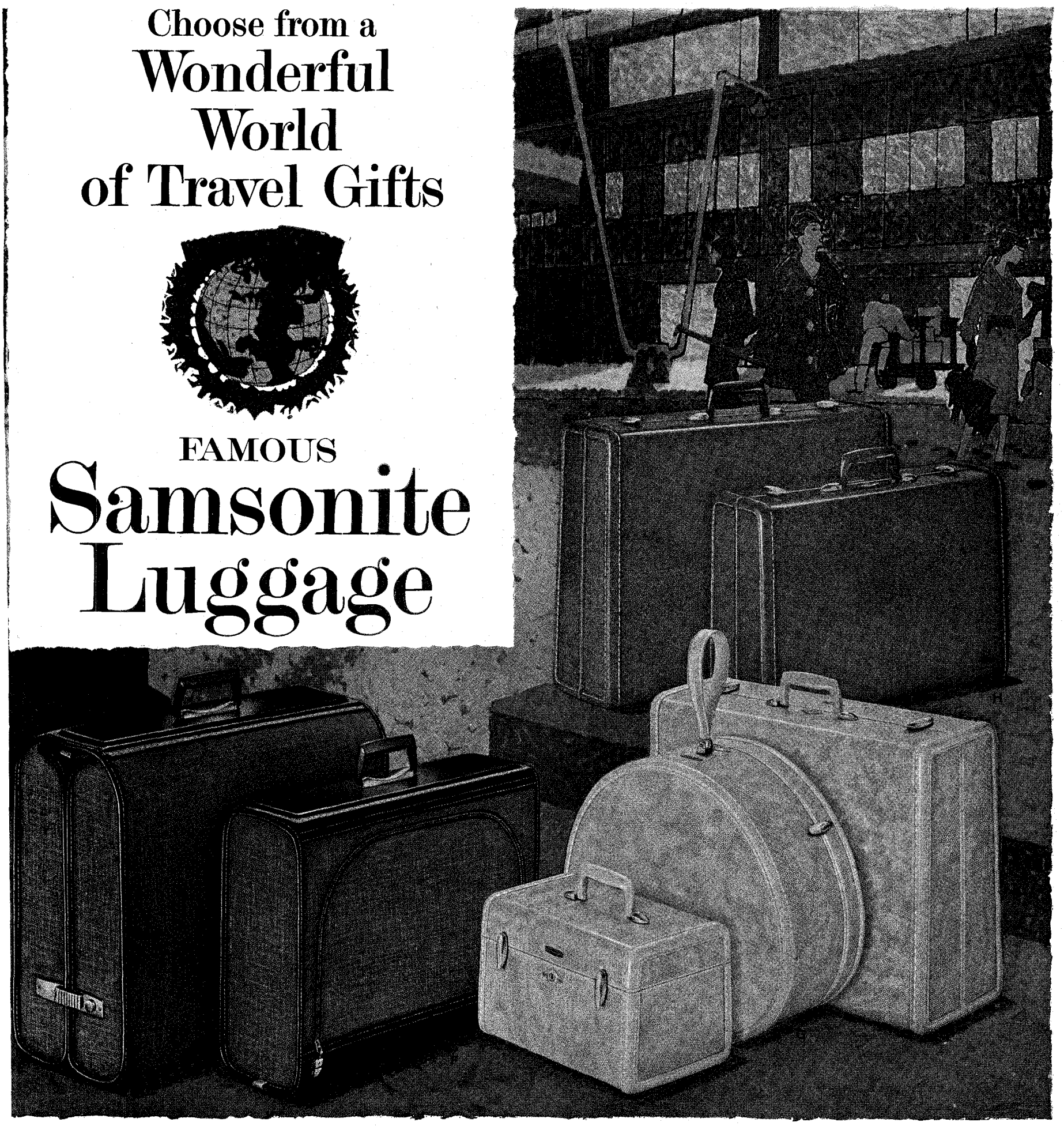
Choose from a Wonderful World of Travel Gifts

FAMOUS Samsonite Luggage



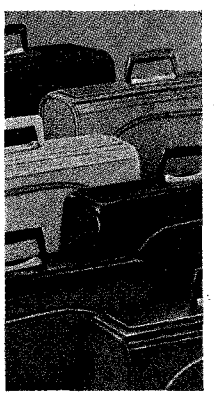
New Samsonite Travel Bags

'IRST ZIPPERED LUGGAGE MADE OF 'AMSONTEX FABRIC—FUSED TO LATEX!

'ow, zip-quick packing in lasting luggage! Here's *real* luggage . . constructed, not just sewn, of travel-tough Samsontex abric fused to latex! Aviation Blue, Military Green, Ebony rey (above), Colorado Brown, Rawhide Finish, Saddle Tan.

. SAMSONITE TRAVEL BAG. Wide, zip-open doors . . . more oom at top and bottom. Custom hangers, luxury linings, ashioned handles! Dress length, $29.95. Suit length, $27.95.

. MATCHING TRAVEL CASE. 21″, 24″, 26″, 30″. From $19.95.



Samsonite Streamlite

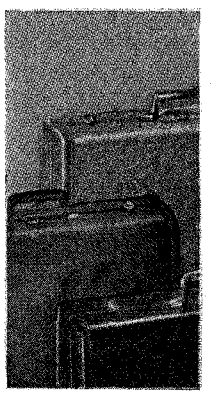
AT NEW LOW PRICES—EVERY CASE REDUCED!

Save . . . give world-famous Streamlite. Comes in Hawaiian Blue, Rawhide Finish, Ebony Grey, Saddle Tan, Colorado Brown.

G. RAWHIDE FINISH. *Beauty Case,* was $17.95. Now $14.95. *Hat Box.* Can't-roll shape. Was $15.95. Now $14.95. *Wardrobe.* 4 hangers, elastic curtain. Was $25.95. Now $24.95.

H. SADDLE TAN. *Men's Companion Case.* Holds 1 suit, 3 shirts, accessories. Ribbon tie tapes. Was $19.95. Now $16.95. *Two-Suiter.* 2 hangers, hold-fast bar. Was $25.95. Now $24.95.

© 1959 Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver. Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture.
Prices plus taxes. In Canada: Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Prices slightly higher.



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FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE Stop Bad Breath All Day!

Brushing with Colgate helps give the surest protection all day long!
Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH TOOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

Colgate with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day. Colgate stops mouth odor all day for most people, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And remember! Nothing takes the place of brushing—and nothing brushes better than Colgate!

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

31¢ 53¢ 69¢ 83¢

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

"Helen!"

Continued from Page 63) there was New York the next day with further activities, made more active still by the discovery that apparently our baggage had gone the same way as our berths. Yet it was a lovely evening when we took off from New York for London; we even hoped that we might sleep. But after a couple of hours Dorothy, my wife, called my attention to something through the window and asked, "Shouldn't that propeller be going round?"

One minute later came the announcement on the public-address system that owing to a slight engine trouble we were returning to New York. We put down again a few minutes before midnight, and if we'd come from Mars we couldn't have caused more disturbance. For we had all been booked out of the United States by the immigration authorities—citizens, residents, visitors, transients and all—and here we were back again; and if any one of us were to slip away he'd have every opportunity of leading a double life—in London according to Uncle Sam's books and in America according to his own. So we were herded round like sheep—and not ordinary sheep either, but as if we were prize merinos, worth our weights in gold. We were packed into buses and taken to a New York hotel where we had to register one by one, all seventy-nine of us; and allowing two minutes for each, it will be understood that it was nearly four o'clock before Dorothy and I, at the end of the line, found ourselves in our bedroom.

I suppose that was the last room the hotel had left. There was a small double bed in it which sagged in the middle, so Dorothy and I spent our time hanging onto our respective edges—the first one whose grip relaxed would have rolled down into the middle and been instantly suffocated by the other. Luckily it was not for long, for we were under orders to parade again at six. Then we were marched in the rain three or four blocks to get breakfast at a counter where there were seats for twenty. Nine o'clock in the morning found us in the air again, and eleven o'clock at night found us in London Airport. But that was four in the morning London time, and somehow we weren't expected. There was one sleepy customs officer and one sleepier immigration officer to deal with the seventy-nine of us; and that morning there wasn't a cup of coffee to be found in the whole of London Airport. It was a little like a scene in Belsen Camp.

At eight in the morning—midnight by the time in the Berkeley we were thinking of so regretfully—we were in our London hotel facing the fact that we still had no baggage and were to be presented to royalty in twelve hours' time. I'm not going to give a free advertisement to the firm that saved the situation. Its name is known everywhere—I've no doubt that there are similar establishments in New York, but I've never heard of them, as it happens. But that London firm really rose to its reputation; white waistcoat, tails, shoes, silk socks; they were easy.

The astonishing thing was how much they could do for Dorothy as well. I didn't know they were prepared to provide clothes for women until the fact came up in conversation while I was being outfitted and while Dorothy was frantically rushing round the West End trying to re-equip herself. They filled in all the gaps for her and produced, as well, a mink cloak fit for a princess—fit for presentation to a princess. By four-thirty in the afternoon everything was in hand. Of course, in the Berkeley we had left two days before—it seemed more like two months—it was now eight-thirty in the morning, and if we had had the sense to stay at home we would now be sitting down to breakfast after a good night's rest. But there were still a few ounces of energy left, enough to get us bathed and changed and off to the preliminary party. As we crossed the threshold, going out in all our glory, we passed our baggage coming in; and to this day I don't know who got it through customs, or how. We went through party and presentation in a condition as near delirium as our dazed state would allow, although as I bowed over the royal hand I found

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myself wondering how often that tailcoat had been presented before.

Nowadays when I start off on fresh travels I think of what Doctor Johnson said about second marriages—that travels and second marriages both represent the triumph of hope over experience. Well, I suppose hope will go on triumphing over experience, for there is encouragement sometimes, in the same way that a gambler sometimes backs a winner. That very same year, when it was time to go home, the Cunard line went on strike; of course we had reservations to return by Cunard. And yet, fantastically, it worked out satisfactorily. We got plane reservations without trouble; we had a perfect flight across the Atlantic, sleeping like children and touching down at Idlewild after what was almost the record westerly flight up to that time. Dawn was just breaking; Immigration and Public Health and Customs worked like clockwork, and it was still dawn—only twenty minutes after touching down—when we were in a taxi heading for New York. We reached our hotel in the silent city to find the room we had reserved was free, and we did not—repeat Not—have to wait until the afternoon for some heartless miscreant to turn out of it. That was the gambler's winner.

There was a time when I drove gaily into the airport at Stockholm to take a plane to London, where I had a dinner engagement. This time the agency which had made my reservations had made a mistake—and I must add that I can't remember any other occasion when an agency has made a mistake. My plane had already gone, and there was no other flight to London that day. But the Swedes rallied to the cause. Telegrams went flying round Europe. I was bundled into a plane to Copenhagen and was served a pleasant Swedish lunch en route. From Copenhagen I flew to Hamburg and was served a pleasant Danish lunch. At Hamburg they passed me on to Rotterdam and gave me a pleasant German lunch. I knew when I started that it would be touch and go at Rotterdam, and it proved to be go rather than touch—I missed that connection by two minutes. No matter; there was a plane to Brussels, and a Dutch treat—it must have been a Dutch tea, as it was getting too late for lunch by this time. At Brussels they were waiting to hurry me into a plane for London, and in that plane they served a pleasant Belgian dinner. I kept my appointment with twenty minutes to spare; the only thing that was the matter with me was a distinct lack of appetite.

As I said earlier in this essay, it is impossible to guess what is the next surprise that travel has up its sleeve. Before you start you can sit still for ten minutes and think and think, and never guess the truth. My last trip in a jet, from New York to San Francisco, was made in the middle of summer. It may have been coincidence, it may have been a tempting of Providence, that all the 150 passengers—I think that's the number of a full load by jet—climbed on board announcing that they were eager to reach the coolness of the upper strata.

Well, that was the day the cooling system failed. It was 100 degrees in the plane when we boarded it; it was 120 after we rose. The captain was most informative and helpful over the public-address system. He cheered us with the information that outside the temperature was way below zero, and then he gave us a little physics lecture, explaining that the compression of air, necessary to keep the pressure in the plane at the proper figure, always involved heating; the cooling system was intended to deal with this heating and, for some reason—he explained the reason, but no one wanted to know—the cooling system was not working. The temperature stayed at 120. We drank everything drinkable in the plane, regardless of the fact that the water in the coolers was hot enough to make tea with. We drank the soda water and the tonic water, we peeled off our clothes to the limit of decency and lay back and gasped for the remaining four hours of the trip. Stevenson once said that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. He wouldn't have said it if he had made that trip—there was never anything to equal the pleasure of the arrival in San Francisco, the opening of the doors and the first breathing of the San Francisco fog.

I wonder what is awaiting me next?

THE END

DRAWN BY GEORGE RECKAS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Holiday tips from Garry Moore

Brighten your holidays with mirrors. Time to glow. Time to give your rooms a seasonal sparkle. Mirrors will do it. Mirrors can add a note of elegance to a plain entrance hall . . . dress up a barren wall . . . make a room look twice as big, twice as inviting. So be good to your home this Christmas—give it a High-Fidelity Mirror. Many department stores, furniture stores and glass dealers are now running

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Too Many Ghosts

(Continued from Page 45)

Mark asked, "Just what do you mean by paranormal, sir?"

Mr. Hero grinned at him. "Paranormal is anything I don't understand. As soon as I can explain, understand or reproduce it myself, then it isn't paranormal any more."

The Norns had returned to Isobel again. Tall, straight, stately, she intoned, "The playing of the harp and the appearance of the nun is a forewarning of doom. There is a curse upon Paradine Hall."

"It must be lifted," Hero said, "else there will be an end to the Paradine Country Club, will there not? People don't like curses." He turned then with a sudden interested affability to Isobel and said, "But why must apparitions always be connected with doom, Miss Paradine?"

The tall, stately woman who Mr. Hero felt should have been a queen looked startled at this, but did not reply. He continued, "Why must ghosts invariably be connected with catastrophe and disaster? Why shouldn't there be a jolly apparition to sit at the foot of one's bed and foretell the winning of fifty thousand pounds in the Irish Hospital Sweep? Or an impending promotion to vice-presidency of the firm? Or a legacy? Why always bad news?"

"Well, why, master? You tell us," said Freddie.

"The not incomprehensible pessimism of the human race," Hero replied good-naturedly. "But it doesn't make entire sense, does it?—any more than the belief in haunts being created as the result of death suffered by violence. For if that were the case, one wouldn't be able to move about much for the ghosts of the tens of millions who have died in centuries of war, eh?"

Major Wilson snorted and said, "Ghosts—poppycock."

Horace Spendley-Carter huffed, "What about the rappings in our room?—like the driving of nails into a coffin."

Hero turned his mild gaze upon the politician and said, "A very good case in point, sir. But why 'like the driving of nails into a coffin'? Again the old ghost-story lingo of the groans and moans and clanking chains. Why not like the sound of someone's hammering a nail into the wall to hang a picture? Or cook beating out a *wiener schnitzel* with a wooden mallet? Have you ever heard the sound of nails being driven into a coffin, sir? I have; it is indistinguishable from a carpenter fixing a window frame."

Susan Marshall giggled, and Spendley-Carter turned red. Mr. Jellicot was pouting and started to Spendley-Carter's defense, "But, sir ——"

Mr. Hero, suddenly grave, interrupted him, saying, "We are beset with sufficient mysteries in this life without creating further ones for ourselves. There is one set of phenomena I will clear up here and now—those taking place in the room of Miss Isobel Paradine; they are natural and the result of two unusual and extraordinarily high tides which you may have read of in the newspapers. I have visited the hydrographic and geodetic offices in Yarmouth. There is a subterranean stream that runs through this vicinity. A branch of it passes close to the foundations beneath Miss Paradine's bedroom—or what was once the bedroom of the late Lord Paradine. The pressures of the tide on the coast flood the watercourse, affecting the foundations and certain walls of the Hall." He took out a small booklet from his pocket, consulted it and said, "The highest tide in eighteen years occurred on July sixth, the night the first manifestations took place in Miss Paradine's bedroom. Last night's tide was only a few inches lower. The next time the furniture in that room will be shifted and the portrait of Lord Paradine knocked to the floor will be in 1976."

Above the murmur of astonishment and relief that ran about the table arose voices.

"What about the nun?" cried Mr. Jellicot.

"What about the harp?" asked Doctor Paulson.

"What about the poltergeist?" queried Spendley-Carter.

"Ah," replied Mr. Hero, "yes indeed—the nun, the harp, the poltergeist and, I might add, the rabbit too. One ghost at a time, if you don't mind, gentlemen." He arose and left the dining hall to seek out his stepsister, Meg.

Meg shouted, "Come in, Sandro. I'm a mess." She emerged from the bathroom where she had set up her portable developing tank and wet-printing equipment. She was dressed in slacks and T shirt, her hair was down about her eyes; she wore no make-up and looked as though she had not slept much that night, which indeed she had not.

"Did you get anything?" he asked.

Meg brushed hair out of her eyes with her wrist and replied, "Plenty," with an emphasis that was lost on Hero.

He followed her into the bathroom, where three of the tiled walls were stuck up with drying prints made from mini-negatives. She had a large magnifying glass and took him on a tour of the walls like a guide in an art gallery. "On your right," she said, "Little Snooper's bag. You get full marks for sniffing out Noreen, my beloved stepbrother, and here she is. Three of them are first class."

Hero inspected with considerable satisfaction probably the only photographs ever taken of a poltergeist child in action. "Oh, lovely," he said. "Darling, you're wonderful. What would I do without you?"

Meg replied, "Not too badly, I should say," and again he failed to perceive the odd note in her voice. They moved on to another section of the tiling. "There's your nun," Meg said. "Not good. Not bad. Sorry."

"Ah, yes. Well!" Hero said. "It's something, isn't it?"

The camera and infrared lamp attached close to the ceiling had photographed the figure from the side, so that there was no face visible inside the hood. Unfortunately there were no points of reference to give any basis of comparison as to the height of the figure. Hero studied the print through the magnifying glass and said, "Anyone could be inside that thing."

"Or nothing," Meg added.

Hero sighed. "Or nothing," he repeated, "though it looks pretty solid—not that transparency would be absolutely necessary to a working ghost. That's at the foot of the stairs, isn't it?" Meg nodded.

Hero said, "Oh, oh—what have we here? I say, look at this, Meg." He had passed on and was inspecting with the utmost interest the most astonishing photograph of Mr. Jellicot clad in a pair of dark trousers from which the suspenders hung down, and what appeared to be a pajama jacket. He was bent over a desk and seemed to be removing a paper therefrom. "What on earth is he up to?" Hero asked.

"It looks to me as though he were pinching something from Lady Paradine's desk," Meg replied. "That particular camera was set up in Lady Paradine's writing room."

Hero whistled and then said, "Got you, my little man. I thought you'd been up to something. You know just a little too much about things you oughtn't to."

Meg said, "There's one more over here," and she indicated the opposite wall of the bathroom, where a single print was stuck. "I've been saving it for last. This one wins the candid-photo prize for the year, don't you think?"

There was no necessity for Mr. Hero to apply the (Continued on Page 70)

"After paying her a fortune in alimony, he remarried her for her money."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 68*) magnifying glass. Camera No. 4 had registered a speaking likeness of himself before the door of his room. In his arms was the willowy and willing Mrs. Wilson. Their lips had not yet met, but it was as near as nothing; her charming ankle had struck the trip thread only a moment before. Meg said, "Good, what? I thought we'd call it The Antinun of Paradine Hall."

Hero said, "Meg, you monster! What the devil do you mean setting up one of your filthy boxes outside my door?"

She replied innocently, "If there was any ghaistie coming after my Sandro, I was jolly well going to have a photograph of it—her."

They looked at each other and suddenly burst into roars of laughter. Meg said, "Oh, Sandro, Sandro," and then, "She is attractive, isn't she?"

Hero said, "I wouldn't know. I sent her back to her room. She said her husband never woke up, but with all that hullabaloo going on one wouldn't have cared to have a bet on it."

Meg said, "Fool," but she was looking slightly more pleased.

"Besides which, the harp began to play."

Meg was immediately interested. "What about the harp? I heard it."

"The door was locked, there was nobody in the room when I put my shoulder to it and went through, but the strings were still vibrating. I saw them and felt them with my finger tips. Someone had been playing the confounded thing." He shook his head, "But they couldn't have, unless ——"

"It seems to me the locked door ——" Meg suggested.

"Of course," Hero said, "you're right. Why bother? Something unseen that could play a harp ought also to be able to go through doors locked or unlocked." He reflected a moment and then said, "Something else that nobody seems to have thought about—peasant girls of the sixteenth century weren't taught to play harps."

Meg said, "H'm-m!" Then she asked, "Do any of them here play musical instruments, Sandro?"

Hero snorted. "Just about everybody; I've looked into it. Her ladyship plays the piano—which is nothing but a harp in a box; Cousin Freddie plunks a guitar; Isobel in her youth once practiced the cello; Mr. Jellicot performs on the organ in his church ——"

"And I don't doubt Mrs. Wilson is *proficient upon the syrinx.*"

Hero decided to ignore this sally even though it tickled him. He said, "And then there is Beth."

"Beth!" cried Meg, "I hadn't thought ——"

"When she was a little girl, her grandmother taught her to pick out a tune on the harp."

"Oh!" said Meg as she guessed.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Three-Year-Old

He was sick and cranky a week
ago,
But we're over the worst and
I'm thanking
My lucky stars that he seems
to know
That he's well enough for
spanking.

Richard F. Armknecht

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Yes," Hero said, "the tune was *My Bonnie Dear.*"

Down by the bank of the river where the path ended, the child let go the hand by which she had been tugging him along, faced him and declared breathlessly, "Mr. Hero, I love you!"

"Thank you, Noreen," Hero replied gravely. "I love you too."

At his invitation they had gone off for a walk together and, ever since, she had been trying to hurry him away from other people who might interfere. Now the ugly little face was illuminated. "Oh!" she cried. "Do you really? Would you kiss me?"

Hero replied briefly, "Yes," and bending down with an arm about the shoulders of the slim figure, he kissed her gently on the cheek, whereupon she flung herself upon his breast, clutching him frantically with both hands and began to sob bitterly.

At last the fit of tears came to an end; Hero supplied the handkerchief and, after she had mopped and blown, she then asked him, "Will you wait for me to grow up, and then marry me?"

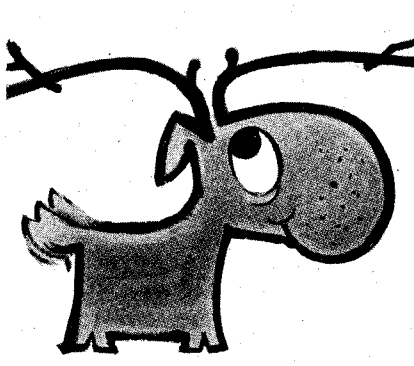
"Perhaps," Hero said, "but I thought that you wanted to be a nurse."

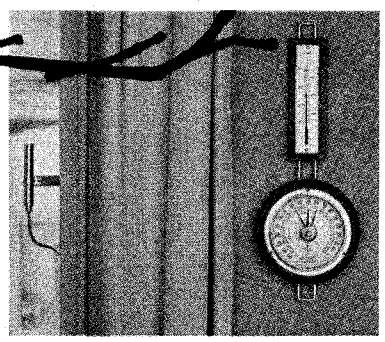
He noticed the immediate change in her—her childish crush on him was surface, but this went deep. Tears, but of a different kind, came back into her eyes. "They won't let me," she whispered. "Oh, how I hate them! Daddy says I'm not to be a nurse, I'm to be a lady, and mummy just drips."

Hero asked, "What if I were to help you, Noreen?"

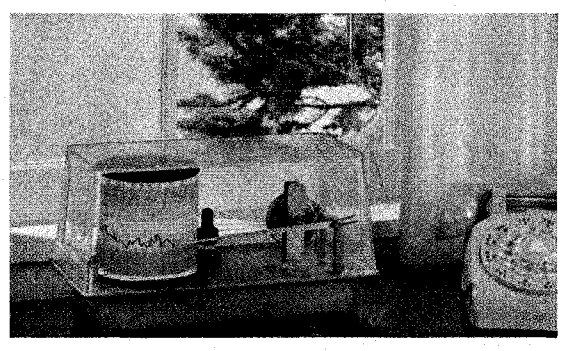
The child stared at him, unbelieving, and suddenly sat down upon the riverbank. "Could you?" she cried. "Would you?"

Fascinating new gifts...for the Weather Fan



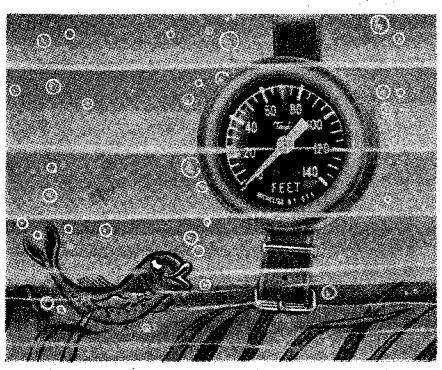


New Indoor-Outdoor Maximum-Minimum Thermometer shows *highest* and *lowest* outdoor temperatures since last reset. Mahogany; **No. 5323, $19.95.** Other styles **$5, $6.95, $11.95.**

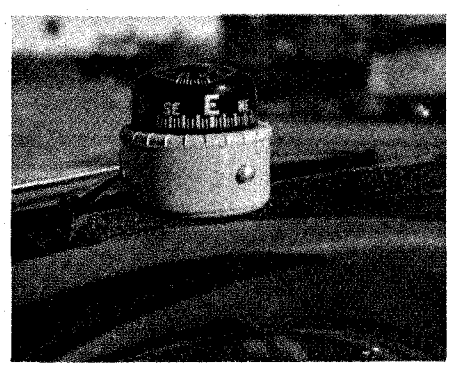


"Weather-Hawk" Seasonal Recording Thermometer. A brand new idea. Gives 6 months continuous log of daily high and low temperatures. **No. 2355, $59.50.** Other recording thermometers and barometers **$49.50 each.** Also wind speed or direction indicator, **$59.95;** combined **$99.95.**

Exciting gifts...for the Sportsman



Skin Divers Depth Gauge fits on wrist, is accurate within 2½ ft. to depth of 140 ft. A 'must' for the underwater adventurer. Luminous dial. **No. 2059, $9.95.** Matching underwater compass, **No. 2959, $5.95.**



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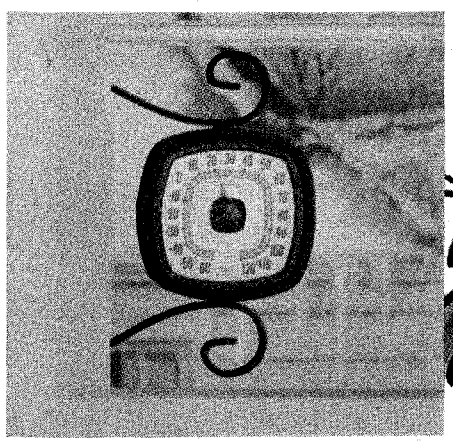

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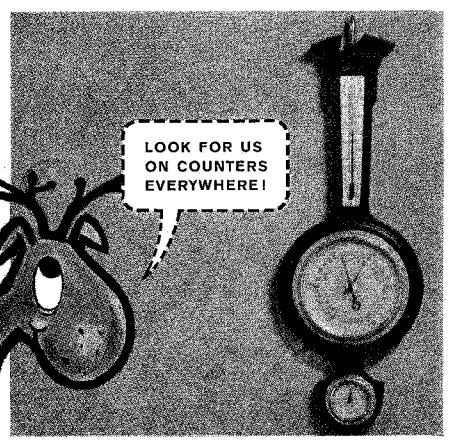

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Hero produced his old brier. "I might try."

She was on her knees now, with her hands folded in her lap, in a touching attitude of pleading. "Would you make it a different kind of a promise—not the grown-up kind—but one that can't be broken ever?"

"If I were to make such a promise," Hero said, "I should keep it; but I would want one from you too. It would be fair exchange, Noreen. You know, nothing is ever really for nothing in this world."

She seemed to understand that, and asked, "What would be the promise?"

Mr. Hero turned and looked her full and gravely in the face and then said quietly, "The rabbit wasn't very nice, you know."

For a moment an expression of cunning came into her face, but an instant later, as she looked into the countenance of the investigator, it was replaced by one of mingled worship and surrender. "Oh," she said, "that was meant for mummy. It got mixed up in the dark when the candles went out. Why did they go out?"

Hero replied, "The candles went out because somebody wished them to do so." In spite of himself, a chuckle crept into his voice. "I shan't show you the trick, because you might be tempted to use it."

Noreen's voice took on the confidence of one exchanging shop talk with a fellow professional. She said, "But I did make the chair move. I hoped it would give mummy hysterics and make her sick. Instead it fell over on Lord Paradine."

Hero sucked at his pipe and nodded. "Yes, I know that. I must tell you that you didn't invent it, though you probably think you did. You pull on the chair with two ends of a piece of string looped around the bottom rung and held in one hand under the table; then you let one end go, roll up the string and hide it."

The child looked at him with a new kind of respect.

"I know a lot more, too," Mr. Hero went on, "about stones that appear to come in through the windows or drop from the ceilings; vases that seem to fly off the mantel but are really produced from behind a curtain by a too-clever little girl; flower stands that topple over for no reason at all, except they have been kicked by a little foot with a little foot rule attached to it."

"How do you know?" Noreen asked.

"One does," Hero replied cryptically.

"But your back was turned all the time," Noreen said. "I was watching you in the mirror." And then realizing she had given herself away, she clapped both hands over her mouth, but immediately burst into a giggle and asked, "Are you magic?"

"Very," said Hero. Then he added, "Noreen, do you know what a poltergeist is?"

"No," she replied, and almost immediately drew a long breath of contrition. "Oh, I'm so sorry—I lied. Yes, I do. I heard Mr. Jellicot speaking about them. He said that one had got into Miss Isobel's room and frightened her, so I thought I'd make one in mummy's room. It's easy, isn't it? It's fun to see how easily people can be made to jump."

"I know," Hero said. "It gets to be. One can't stop. Tell me, Noreen, did you ever topsy-turvy Susan's room—turn all her clothes and things out?"

"Oh, no! I love Susan. I was ever so sorry about the rabbit. Cross my heart!"

Hero nodded, "I believe you. Going back to this other business. Do you think anyone ever caught you at it?"

The child reflected. "I think maybe at the beginning Cousin Freddie might have. He winked at me once."

"H'm'm," Hero mused, "he'd let it go on. Anyone else?"

"Miss Paradine."

"Which?"

"Both—but I'm not 'xactly sure."

"You don't think our friend Mr. Jellicot ever saw you?"

Noreen made a noise of scorn and replied, "Huh, not he. He's the easiest one of all—and the professor too. Aren't they mugs? And at first I thought you'd be easy to fool because you were so sort of pleased with yourself."

Hero let that pass and said, "There's to be no more of that then, is there, Noreen?"

"Can't I ever again?"

Hero stretched out his legs and rolled over prone beside the child and leaned on his elbows. "Look here, Noreen, it's fun and games in a way, we know that; and people, particularly grownups, are very silly to be taken in by it. A child wouldn't be, but grownups often aren't that clever. Children are afraid of the dark, but grownups are scared of so many things by day and by night that it's easy to frighten them with one more, and sometimes such a fright can result in tragedy."

"Sometimes," Noreen whispered, "I want to kill mummy."

Hero ignored this and continued. "Grownups who believe in and are afraid of silly things are in a sense ill; they need to be made well, not more sick." He looked the child full in the face and said, "You want to become a nurse, don't you, Noreen? Do you know to what the heart and soul of a nurse are dedicated?"

The child suddenly turned her head away and would not look at him.

"Yes," Hero said, "it is to making sick people well."

From afar, and very small, came Noreen's voice, "All right, I promise."

"I promise too," said Hero.

"Cross your heart and hope to die; and seal it with a kiss—real, I mean, not just on the cheek?"

"Very well then—real." He rose to his feet, and she did likewise. He held out his hand, she gave him hers firmly, and they shook solemnly. Then she raised her face to his, and he kissed her gently on the lips. The young and innocent mouth clung for an instant—an unforgettable moment of a kind of growing up for Noreen. Then, as two white herons arose flapping from the reeds and sailed down the river, they went off for the rest of their walk together, down the bank in the direction of the old bridge.

Shortly afterward Mr. Hero participated in two not entirely pleasant interviews—one with Horace Spendley-Carter, and the other with Mr. Jellicot.

Spendley-Carter trumpeted like a wounded bull elephant when Mr. Hero acquainted him with what was on his mind and what he proposed to do. "By heavens, sir," he roared, "and confound your infernal impudence! You dare to write up me or my family, and I'll sue you for everything you've got. Do you think anyone would take the word of a vicious child?"

"No," Hero replied quietly, "I don't suppose they would. On the other hand, you see, it is to be an illustrated article."

The Perfect Squelch

If he hadn't been the boss's nephew, Harry would have been unemployed. As it was, he had a desk and a salary and still did practically nothing. When he wasn't making long personal phone calls, or taking coffee breaks, Harry wandered through the office criticizing everyone's work.

He was especially critical of hard-working Walter at the next desk. When Walter made a minor error, Harry bellowed as loudly as if the firm were being pushed into bankruptcy. While Walter kept right on working, Harry huffed and puffed about carelessness, slipshod methods and lack of attention to detail.

"Why, in all the time I've been here," he said finally, "I haven't made a single mistake in my work. How do you explain that?"

Looking up for the first time, Walter said firmly, "Lack of opportunity."

D'Arcy E. McHayle

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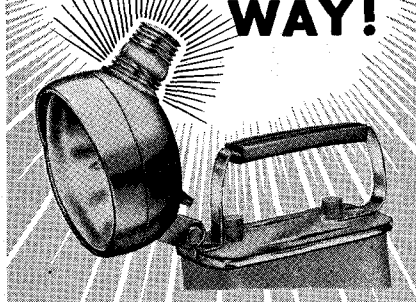

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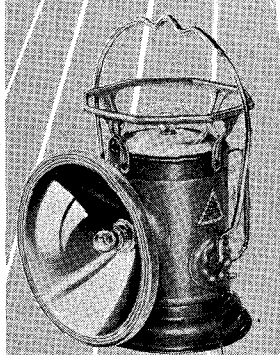

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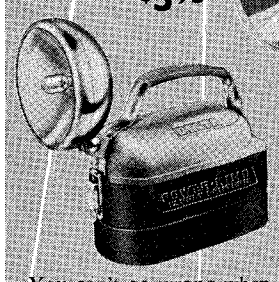

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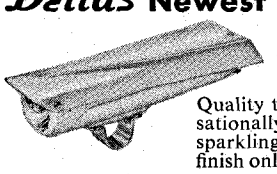

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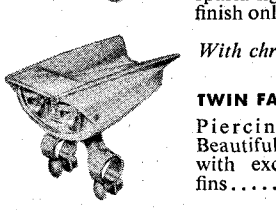

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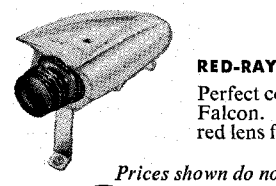

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He drew three snapshots from his pocket and tossed them onto the table in front of Spendley-Carter, who stared at them blankly, unrecognizing at first, and a moment later turned as white as he had been crimson before.

"What the devil are these?" he spluttered.

"Poltergeist child at work," Hero replied. "Probably the first pictures of same ever made. Devilish hard to get, you know, because once these youngsters embark on a poltergeist career they become as cute as monkeys. My sister made these with a camera she had concealed in her handbag. You will note how Noreen is sitting facing the mirror where she can watch until she is certain everybody's back is turned, and then—whiz!—the chicken comes sailing through the air, what?"

Spendley-Carter continued to stare with horrid fascination at the damning photographs.

Hero said, "She had all the stuff behind the curtain, of course. In this one you can see she is just flipping the vase over her shoulder. The flower stand was rather more clever. Noreen had a foot rule with her drawing materials; she fastened a rubber band about her shoe, slipped the ruler under it, stuck her foot out behind—as you can see in the pictures—and over went the flower stand with a satisfying crash; back went the foot behind the curtain, off came the ruler; innocent Noreen is painting, busy as a little bee."

Spendley-Carter's rage had completely evaporated. He looked at Hero miserably as he said, "My word, man, if you print these I shall be ruined—utterly ruined."

Hero nodded. "Yes, I rather think so. That will make my blackmailing you with them just that much easier. My price is the happiness of that child. Is that clear?"

Spendley-Carter stared at him. Hero continued, "It is your bullying and callous neglect that has turned Noreen into what she is. She is starved for affection. I cannot change that, but I can see that her ambition is gratified. Her whole happiness is bound up with becoming a nurse. From now on you are to permit and encourage her to do so. The alternative is that I report fully on this case and publish these photographs. Well, what do you say?"

Relief flooded Spendley-Carter's countenance. He mopped it dry and huffed, "Don't know what all the fuss is about; of course the child can be a nurse if she wants to."

Hero gathered up the snapshots and returned them to his pocket. He said, "Very well, as long as Noreen's ambition is not interfered with there will be no publication. The poltergeist manifestations will simply cease. You keep your end of it, and I will hold mine."

Spendley-Carter contrived a sickish kind of grin and affability. "You know, Hero," he said, "I guess you're not really such a bad chap, after all."

"Ah," said Hero, "that's where you are quite wrong. I am a bad chap—a very bad one—and make no mistake about it. Good day, sir."

But the interview with little Mr. Jellicot was even more painful.

It was so because of Meg's presence. She did not share her stepbrother's opinion that the retired draper had a hand in the things that had happened at the Hall, and yet there was that damning photograph.

What a sordid business, Meg thought to herself as Mr. Jellicot came bustling up full of energy and importance to Meg's room in reply to a summons. But she then comforted herself with the thought that there was something still more sordid in the attempts to produce fraudulent evidence of the spirit world, and if Mr. Jellicot was one of these he deserved to be unmasked. Nevertheless she felt sorry for him.

Mr. Jellicot said eagerly, "I hear you wish to have a word with me; delighted, of course. Any assistance I can render you or advice ——"

"That is very kind," Hero said pleasantly. "You understand my position here, don't you? I am a private investigator engaged by Lord Paradine to clear up some unpleasant and apparently occult manifestations that have threatened not only the person of a guest of his daughter but also the existence of the Paradine Country Club. However, I have no police powers whatsoever." At the word "police," Mr. Jellicot looked slightly startled. "I have no right to question you, and you, sir, are under no obligation to reply."

Mr. Jellicot said, "No, no, my dear sir, I quite understand. I will be only too happy to oblige if I can shed any light upon ——"

"Very well then, Mr. Jellicot, would you be so good as to give us an account of your movements last night after you retired."

The sudden dissolution of Mr. Jellicot was pathetic to behold; he appeared to shrink within his clothes, his face went quite pale, and his cheeks seemed to go flabby simultaneously; his small mouth trembled, and beads of perspiration appeared immediately on his lip and brow.

"My m-movements?" he quavered. "W-why, there weren't any. That is, I went to b-bed, and when I heard the h-harp, I—ah—quite naturally arose and j-joined you."

Meg had a sudden feeling that she wished her stepbrother would stop, that he would let the little man go, that something rather horrible was going to result from a continuation.

Hero said, "You are sure that at no time during the night you were present in Lady Paradine's writing room?"

Mr. Jellicot came further undone. "L-Lady P-Paradine's writing room? N-no, of course not."

Hero's hand dropped to the side pocket of his jacket, and Meg suddenly cried, "No, no, Sandro, don't—don't, I beg of you!" She felt she could not bear to see him thus confronted with his lie, and besides, what would be the purpose of it now? His attitude branded him as guilty.

Hero said, "I'm sorry, Meg, but I'm afraid we must get to the bottom of this." He withdrew his hand from his pocket and dropped the photograph onto the table in front of Mr. Jellicot.

The little man's eyes started from his head, his lips pursed, and a drop of sweat fell onto the print with a little splash. He said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear; oh, dear," and then looked at them both in anguish. "It's me, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Hero gently enough, "I'm afraid it is. It was taken in the dark by infrared light with a previously planted camera. My sister is a photographer."

Mr. Jellicot stabbed Meg with a look that reached to her heart—that of a child who has been betrayed.

"Would you care to tell us what you were doing there?" Hero asked.

Jellicot looked up at him miserably and said again, "Oh, dear; oh, dear. It's so terrible; it's so very humiliating." His head was shaking from side to side. "So humiliating."

Meg burst out, "Then don't—please don't."

Hero became suddenly aware of the wellsprings of tremendous warmth and humanity that flowed from Meg and loved her for it while hating himself for his insistence. Yet he knew that he could not do otherwise but follow the truth to the bitterest conclusion and that in the end Meg would understand this too.

But the little man had brought himself to the point now. "You see," he said, "I am leaving here in a few days. I collect—that is, I am fond of some innocent little souvenir that does no one any harm. I keep them in a book at home to show where I have been. I wanted just a sheet of the note paper. It has the Paradine crest on it, you know. I told a lie—I wasn't awakened by the noise; I heard it later. I got up earlier and went downstairs. I thought I would get it and be back in my room." He paused abruptly and then said, "Oh, dear, I feel so very ridiculous," and commenced to cry.

"Miss Schmidt, we do the leading around here!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It was too much for Meg, and she went to him and put her arms about him and whispered, "Dear Mr. Jellicot, don't cry. It's quite all right. We do understand; lots of people enjoy souvenirs. Come, you mustn't." But she could not stem the silent flow of tears that dripped from the unhappy eyes of Mr. Jellicot, and she turned fiercely upon her stepbrother, crying, "Well, are you satisfied now?"

Hero felt miserable enough himself. These were some of the real horrors often turned up by his profession.

Meg was right to be angry with him. He understood and sympathized with her feelings. He had blundered and thus let her down. Yet withal he was aware of her essential stanchness and that the flare-up was only momentary. He would have to leave her to clean up after him, and he had the comforting feeling that Meg could and would cope with the situation. He said, "I'm sorry, Meg. Look after the little man," and went out.

On his way to the music room for another try at solving the baffling problem of the harp, Alexander Hero encountered Mrs. Taylor striding along the corridor in a smart riding habit, black tricorn hat and slapping her polished leather boot with her crop, the very picture of the staid, average middle-aged horsewoman.

She said, "Hello, young man. You're in trouble, aren't you?"

Hero replied, "Yes, I am. How did you know?"

"Not any trick; I can see it in your face. Come along then and talk to me if you like. I've had a good ride, my head is clear, and I have a bottle in my room. You look as though a drink would do you good too."

He followed her to her room on the first floor overlooking the park. From behind a small screen she produced a bottle of Scotch whisky, poured two sizable dollops into ordinary drinking tumblers, ran some water into the whisky until the color suited her fancy, and handed one to Hero.

"There," she said, "your very good health," clinked his glass and absorbed half hers on the first swallow. "Hard drinkin', ridin', swearin' Geraldine—that's me," she said.

Hero raised his glass and took a sip himself. "Addled Alexander," he said; "that's me."

"Well," Mrs. Taylor asked, "how are you coming on with your laying of the family ghosts?"

Hero said, "Two down and one to go—or perhaps two, or even three. The thing is many-sided and not very nice. There's something or someone naughty loose here."

Mrs. Taylor was looking at him shrewdly. "Wouldn't it be possible for someone to become possessed by something?"

"In the medieval sense? I suppose so. Is there such a thing as invisible and abstract wickedness? Quite frankly, at the moment I don't know where I am."

Mrs. Taylor took another satisfying gulp of whisky and said, "Have you consulted that clever sister of yours?"

"Oh," said Hero, "so you know?"

"My dear man," Mrs. Taylor declared, "you forget that I am a tottering pillar of society myself. She's your stepsister, isn't she? I thought I caught her looking at you several times in not exactly a sisterly manner." Her next sentence came as a surprising switch. "Would you like me to try the tarot?" she asked.

Hero reflected. "Yes, please," he said. "I think I would."

She rose, went to a desk and extracted the tarot cards. Hero watched her deft shuffling, and (*Continued on Page 74*)

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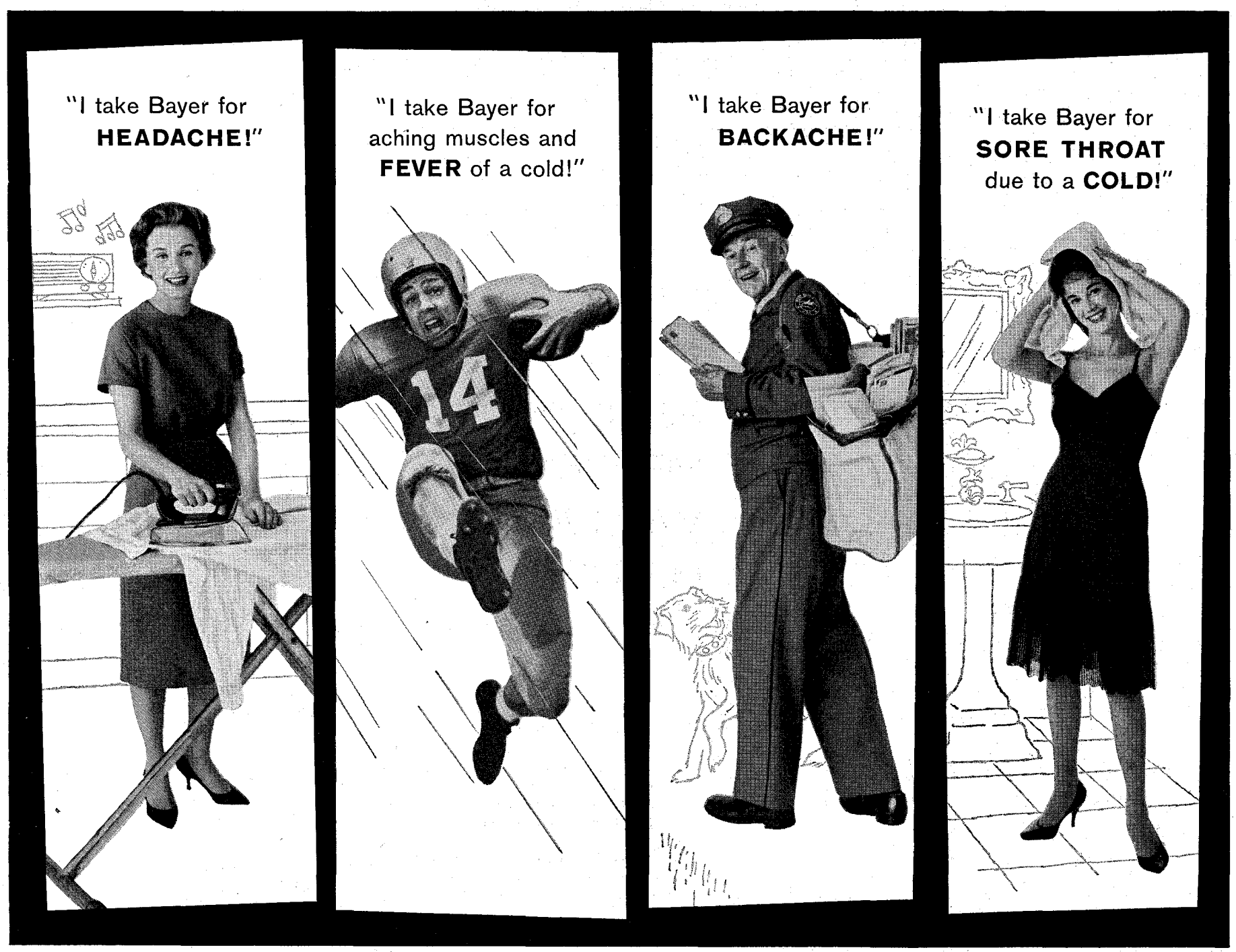
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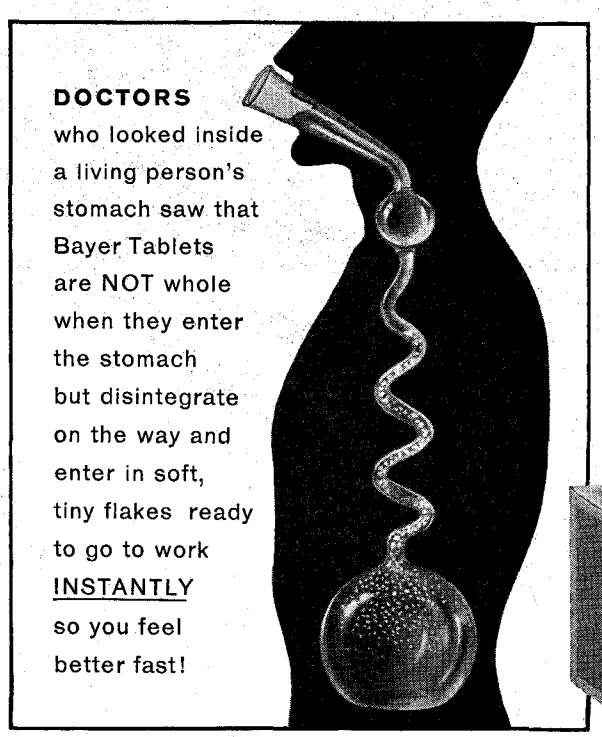

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(*Continued from Page 72*) noted the strong hands with the short, broad fingers; here surely was neither an imaginative nor a hysterical woman. Hero screwed up his brow and then quoted from an old book, "'Cards mixed at random do not yield haphazard results, but a suit of figures bound magically to the diviner and the inquirer.'"

Mrs. Taylor looked at him sharply. "Seems you know a good deal on the subject yourself, young man."

Hero replied, "Modesty forbids"; and then, "Do you believe in it?"

Mrs. Taylor appeared slightly nettled and said, "I have already told you about my beliefs—they wobble all over."

"Do you believe in clairvoyance, or what the scientists call hyperesthesia?"

Mrs. Taylor mocked him, "Pul-lease, Mr. Hero, I'm just a simple country girl. You and your big words."

She began to lay out the cards in a square open at the lower end, with a circle in the center, in the shape of what Mr. Hero recognized as "The Great Game." Sixty-six were on the board, with another one—his leading card—in the middle, and eleven cards unused in a pack face down.

• •

Small Talker

By Marian Gleason

I've learned to babble
pleasantly.
It may be pretty trivial,
But I gab on, and presently
Companions get convivial.
I say whatever's in my
head
And then I resumé it,
And when there's no more
to be said,
I say it.

• •

As Mrs. Taylor appeared lost in concentration for a moment, Hero noted that of the twenty-two picture trumps in the pack, some eighteen were scattered about in the design: Death was there, Judgment and the Devil, the Lovers, Temperance and the Shattered House, and that supposed bearer of man's fate, the Juggler.

"You were not always fortunate as a child," Mrs. Taylor began. "I see difficulties from your seventh to your eleventh years. They appear to be connected with a man—not a relative—a dark man, and an elderly woman. I see a serious illness in your youth, and that you at one time intended to train for the medical profession, but changed your mind under the influence of the same elderly woman. A friendship you formed with a boy of your own age at school had a great influence in your life. I see a fair-haired girl too." Mrs. Taylor gabbled on; there were travels, false friends, paths crossed by an assortment of fair and dark strangers. At last Mrs. Taylor paused for breath.

"Dear lady," Hero murmured, "I am sorry to have to advise you that you're talking the most unsupported rubbish. So far there has been hardly a word of truth in anything you have said. My childhood was a most happy one. You'll have to do better than that, you know." He was disappointed, for he knew that sometimes readers of the tarot had been responsible for, to say the least, some astonishing coincidences. Up to this point Mrs. Taylor's revelations had been no more than the usual fortuneteller's hit-or-miss gabble. The only item that had come at all close to truth was that of the boy with whom he had formed a friendship while at Eton. But that was not a difficult hazard—most boys formed friendships during that period, and he thought for a moment of Alan Hunter, that tall, dark, brilliantly saturnine older boy who had been responsible for the turn his career had taken, but in a manner that Mrs. Taylor did not suspect. He saw him now as he had seen him the last time, dead. He had lost his life in the war, trying to rescue a wounded comrade under fire.

"'Greater love hath no man,'" said Mrs. Taylor.

"What?" said Hero sharply.

The solid woman looked up startled. "Did I say something?" she asked. "I was thinking. Your court cards are badly scrambled. You will suffer a financial loss, but gain an association."

Mrs. Taylor was back at her gabble again, and yet Mr. Hero was aware of a curious sensation as of the ground trembling beneath his feet. He was sitting in a modern room in the twentieth century, with a somewhat vulgar and horsy woman, playing at children's games with cards—and yet something had happened, a vista of another dimension had opened up. He felt shaken and nervous—would it happen again?

Mrs. Taylor nattered on; good and evil, sickness and health were nicely balanced, in happy contrast, Hero's thoughts went to the ancient tarot prognostications which were invariably filled with gloom and doom and death on the gallows or by an assassin's dagger—when suddenly Mrs. Taylor's voice slowed, then ran down and stopped.

She passed a hand over her forehead and said in a voice not at all like the one

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in which she had been speaking previously, "I feel ill. I feel very ill." And then her voice sinking almost to a whisper, "There is danger! There is great danger!"

There was a presence then, presence enough to do him for a lifetime. For the first time since he had come to Paradine Hall the room seemed filled with it—something ugly, hateful and frightening, and Hero felt sick himself with fear. He fought down his nausea and asked, "Danger to whom?"

"To one of us."

"Which one?"

"That girl—that lovely young and innocent girl."

All of the time Mrs. Taylor, with a dilation of her eyes, was gazing down upon the array of colored pasteboards with their kings, queens, knaves and cavaliers, pips of red and black, and the silly and ridiculous woodcut representations of angels, devils, skeletons and jesters, mythical animals and symbolic flame, sun, moon and stars. But Hero was well aware that some strange and unsettling kind of shift had taken place, as though the universe somewhere had slipped a cog and the curtains of time had parted or, as she had tuned into his a moment before, Mrs. Taylor had tuned into the thoughts of another.

"What is the nature of the danger?" Hero asked.

"Jealousy and hatred," replied that other voice of Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, "demoniac hatred, death—the holocaust of fire." Then she said a moment later, "But that's wicked—too horribly wicked. You mustn't ——"

It was, Hero felt, like witnessing the fury of a storm at sea, where the mountainous waves were but a minor reflection of the abysmal power of the storm above in the air that lashed them. What were the unseen furies that Mrs. Taylor reflected? "Mustn't what? Who?" Hero felt compelled to ask.

"What's that?" she said. And then with a kind of automatism her fingers began to pick up cards from the table. She paused for an instant, seemed to realize what she was doing, and continued to collect and stack the pasteboards.

"I don't think I care to go on, if you don't mind," she said in a voice that was now once more her own. "You don't really believe in it very much anyway, do you? I'm afraid it hasn't been very successful. Perhaps some other time. Would you care for another drink?"

With a wrench he could almost feel, the universe settled back into place again, the parted curtains closed. Hero heard himself murmuring platitudes, "No, no. It was most interesting. No, thank you, I won't have another. I've taken up enough of your time. Thank you so much."

He got up and went to the door. He paused there for a moment. Mrs. Taylor was still at the table, the stacked cards in her hands, watching him heavily as though she were trying hard to remember something, but she did not speak.

He went out and walked down the corridor toward his room, where he could be alone and think. Nothing seemed the same any more—the boards he trod, the carpets, the pictures adorning the wall, he himself. He knew that he was filled with a genuine fear. Something had changed, something had happened beyond his knowledge, forces had been loosed, a crisis was at hand. A warning had been received, if he could but read it. He suddenly felt bitterly inadequate to cope with the deadly danger that threatened Susan Marshall.

TO BE CONTINUED

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When the Barn Burned Down

By Sarah Bridge Graves

Somehow they dragged the
charred wood from the pit,
Trued granite blocks and
cleaned the cellar out,
Knowing repairs could not be
done without
This awful laboring first, to
make it fit.
After the fire his jawbones set
like rock;
Blue slits of steel had watched
years die in smoke—
Hay and the horses lost at one
lightning stroke;
Cows somehow saved. By one
hour of the clock
What had been handsome barn
and milking shed,
Tool house and fancy parlors
full of hens
Were blown to roaring flames
by snarling winds,
Blown into blackened heart-
break, it was said.
Never a word was spoken but
in prayer;
His neighbors came and raised
a new barn there.

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The Jerry Giesler Story

(Continued from Page 29)

Sanhuber beat a hasty retreat to a small room in the attic and stayed there all night. After that interruption the couple determined that Sanhuber should make a permanent home of his cramped quarters under the eaves.

Before Sanhuber finished telling his story to the grand jury, he confessed that he had lived in similar circumstances in six attics in Milwaukee and Los Angeles. Constant lying in concealment by day, emerging only at night, turned his skin a sickly tallow. He didn't grow as big and strong as other men do who walk abroad in the sun's rays. He did, however, read whodunit murder books obtained from libraries. Occasionally he slipped out of his cubbyhole to do what he called "helpful chores around the house."

Sometimes when the Oesterreichs were out and he felt sure that they wouldn't come back for a while, he took a stroll after dark, and he told the grand jury, "I bought a revolver to make myself feel big when I walked at night." Eventually he swapped that first gun for a smaller gun and purchased still another automatic which he gave to Mrs. Oesterreich.

He was still living in the cubbyhole in her attic when Fred Oesterreich decided to move to California, taking his wife with him. The attic dweller was about twenty or twenty-one then. Mrs. Oesterreich sent him on ahead to wait for her so they could arrange another secret hiding place for him there.

For days on end he stood in a place close by the station in Los Angeles where he could watch the trains arriving. Finally he saw his beloved get off a train from the East. He followed her to a hotel and watched her husband check in. When the husband left, he called her on the phone and they went house hunting. It was a peculiar house seeking. Any home she bought must have an attic. It wasn't easy, since the prevailing style of Southern California architecture doesn't run to garrets. But at last Mrs. Oesterreich found such a house; she was alone that day, but she sent The Little Fellow to look at it.

He approved. He found a space under the rafters which he could make into a hiding place by placing boards over the two-by-fours. His new retreat had no bathroom. A bucket latrine served. His illumination was a single electric-light bulb. The wall itself had no obvious break and so the door to his diggings was invisible. There was no window.

So they all moved in—Mrs. Oesterreich, her husband and The Little Fellow.

Fred Oesterreich's factory in Los Angeles kept him so busy that he lunched downtown daily and came home only at night. The Little Fellow resumed his accustomed duties. One night there was an attempted burglary. Someone tried to break a window and enter, but The Little Fellow scared him away. After that, when the woman he loved went out with her husband, he sat at the head of the stairs holding his two small guns in his hands, ready to blast any intruder. As he clutched those weapons he dreamed of himself as Mrs. Oesterreich's protector.

Living so much alone, his mind peopled with phantoms, Sanhuber actually began to hope for a chance to rescue her. He continued his guard duty for a couple of years; then one night, as he poised restlessly at the top of the stairs with his guns, the woman he loved came home with her husband.

The Little Fellow upstairs heard the sound of scuffling on the first floor and a woman's voice calling out. Not realizing that what he was overhearing was the sound of his beloved slipping on a little throw rug and crying out in pain, and thinking that someone was beating her—perhaps that burglar who had tried previously to break in—something snapped in his mind. He rushed down the steps brandishing his two little guns and yelling, and for the first time in many years Fred Oesterreich saw him.

Despite the changes sunless confinement had wrought in the person he now saw, Fred Oesterreich remembered. This was the boy—now grown older—who had occasionally worked for him in his Milwaukee factory. Like any other husband's, Oesterreich's instinctive reaction was jealous rage. He started for the figure clutching the small guns. As he did so The Little Fellow pointed one of the weapons at him. The husband grabbed for it. There was a struggle punctuated by hoarse breathing and strangled gasps, and the gun went off repeatedly, killing Oesterreich.

With the revolver still in his hand, Sanhuber told Walburga Oesterreich to go upstairs and conceal herself in a closet. He told the woman that he was going back to his cubicle and she was to begin to scream and hammer the closet door with her shoes to attract the attention of the neighbors. Once she was released, she was to say that a burglar had locked her in. After giving these instructions he locked the closet door from the outside, leaving the key in the lock. Then he went back in his cubbyhole.

In a house just across the way lived two women. Four pistol reports ripped at their eardrums. Afterward they testified that they heard a woman scream, "Fred, oh my God, Fred!" One of the watching women told her sister, "You watch the Oesterreich house. I'll see if I can reach them by telephone."

The watching sister heard the telephone in the Oesterreich house ring, but no one answered. Then, from within her neighbor's house came a sound of indistinguishable calling and a muffled pounding. One of the sisters rushed to the telephone, rang the acting chief of police and told him something queer was going on. The acting chief dispatched two detectives.

The two women and the detectives attempted to open the Oesterreichs' front door. It was firmly locked, but they got in through the French doors leading from a porch to the living room. One officer turned on a light. Its rays disclosed Fred Oesterreich dead. Three bullets had entered his body. One of them had penetrated his heart. Another had entered his head a few inches above his left ear.

Naturally the cops wondered about Mrs. Oesterreich's whereabouts. The only answer was a noise of someone hammering on hollow wood. The group went through the building, trying to track that sound to its source, and so finally entered the rear bedroom. The key was still in the keyhole of the closet door, which was locked from the outside. Unlocking the closet door, they found Mrs. Oesterreich crumpled on the floor. She seemed in a dead faint. The officers threw water in her face and she cried loudly, "Where's Fred?"

Presently Mrs. Oesterreich sat up and pieced together an incoherent story. The Oesterreichs had visited friends and had come home not long before midnight. According to her, when Fred Oesterreich let her in, she had noticed a fur neckpiece on a chair, had picked it up, had gone upstairs and had just put the fur away in the bedroom closet when she heard unusual noises downstairs.

"I thought Fred had slipped on a rug," she said. "When I turned to leave the closet, someone shoved me into it and slammed the door. I thought perhaps Fred was playing a joke on me. Then I heard four shots. I took off my shoes and pounded on the door. I yelled, but no one came. After that I drew a blank." Then she cried out frantically, "Something has happened to Fred. I know it has. Where is he?" One of her women neighbors told her that the police had found her husband's body downstairs.

For months that's all they did find, although they tried hard. They found no cubbyhole in the attic with a putty-faced, runty Little Fellow living in it, and they accepted the conclusion that a burglar had done the killing. But what burglar? The police followed up every lead, although some of them turned out to be vague rumors of imaginary feuds with alleged enemies of the Oesterreichs.

According to Mrs. Oesterreich, the burglars must have been after her jewels. Her wealthy husband had had what amounted to a mania about buying jewelry for her. He had given her adornment worth $60,000.

Two officers dropped in to see Mrs. Oesterreich repeatedly after the coroner's inquest, hoping to pick up crumbs of information which had been swept into the corners of her mind and forgotten. One thing she was sure of, she said, was that there was no gun in the house that night. There never had been one.

Everyone was sure of one other thing: Walburga Oesterreich was an heiress. Her husband had left her a comforting $500,000.

Once the flurry of the investigation died away, the widow continued to live in the house where the killing had occurred. The Little Fellow stayed there, too, in his attic cubbyhole, although there was no longer any danger of a husband suddenly confronting him. He still continued to come down every day and do the housework. Mrs. Oesterreich had no other help.

Then the widow met another man and became friendly with him. In the meantime she persuaded The Little Fellow in the attic to break up his two automatics. He smashed them into bits, put them into handkerchiefs and tied knots in the handkerchiefs. The widow gave a male friend one handkerchief containing one of the broken guns—he said later he didn't know what was inside—and asked him to toss it into the La Brea tar pits on Wilshire Boulevard. Once it landed on that tarry surface it would sink out of sight forever.

Still another year went by. Then Walburga Oesterreich and her new male friend apparently quarreled. Perhaps because conscience-stricken and perhaps induced by their quarrel, he went to the police and told them about the mysterious package he had thrown at the tar pits.

Dutifully the police listened, and conscientiously they visited the tar pits. To their amazement the package was still there. It hadn't hit the tar. It had lain all that time inches away. When the police opened the handkerchief, they found a jumble of broken metal inside.

When they made this discovery, they arrested Mrs. Oesterreich, who by this time was forty-five years old. But they still didn't know about The Little Fellow in the Attic. The next day a second .25-caliber automatic, the property of Mrs. Oesterreich, was also found. A man who had been a close friend of the Oesterreichs for years told the detectives that after the coroner's investigation he, too, had been (Continued on Page 78)

What Would You Have Done?

On returning from the service, Jim was depressed to find his once-secluded suburban home surrounded by a mushrooming village of tourist cabins and motels on a new through highway. His life became a nightmare of door-pounding tourists who, in seeking lodging, ignored or overlooked his No Trespassing signs. Tired and desperate, he considered selling and moving. Suddenly, in looking around him, he hit upon a nearly perfect solution to his problem. If you were Jim, what would you have done?

• • • • • • • • • • • •

Jim simply replaced his other signs with a large one that said NO VACANCY.

JOHN D. VINCENT

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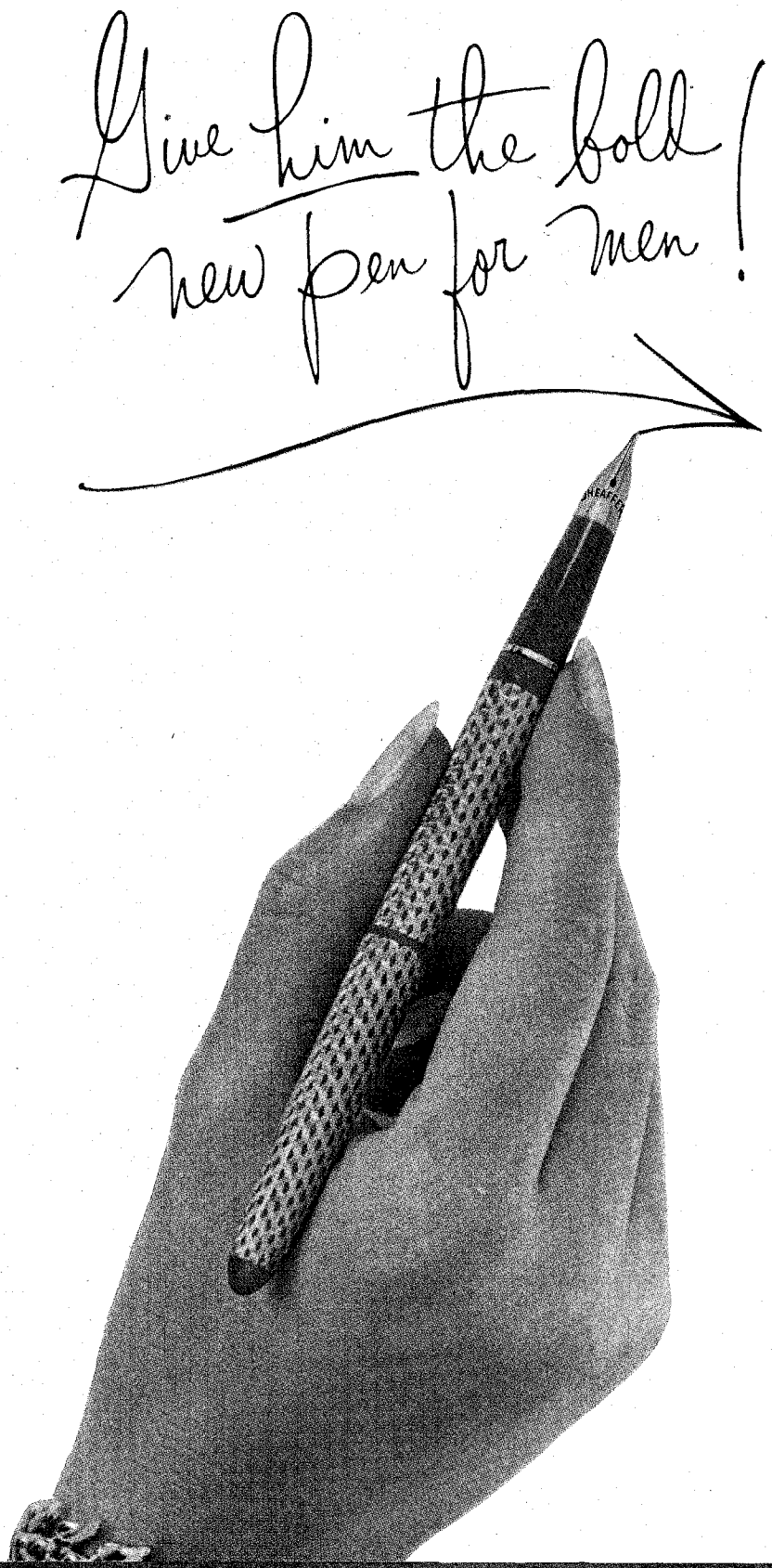

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(*Continued from Page 76*) given a smashed pistol by Mrs. Oesterreich. She asked him to dispose of it, explaining that she feared the police might find it in one of their searches and accuse her of the crime. Thinking he was helping her out of an unfair situation, he promised to do as she asked. His wife helped him by tossing that handkerchief into an unused lot. It was those shattered remnants which were recovered.

Mrs. Oesterreich retained the services of two attorneys to defend her. I was one. The other was Frank Dominguez, whom I admired. I remember telling the press, "This is a weak case for the prosecution. The fact that Mrs. Oesterreich happened to have two automatics both the same caliber as the gun with which her husband was shot does not prove that she murdered him. Moreover, would a guilty woman have given those guns away so casually instead of disposing of them herself? And what about the fact that she was found locked in a closet?"

In Mrs. Oesterreich's favor also was the fact that police tests proved that the gun tossed away by her friend of many years' standing was not the automatic used to kill Fred Oesterreich, and the automatic found at the La Brea tar pits was so broken and its parts had been so worked over with a file that tests were abortive. Nevertheless, the judge bound Mrs. Oesterreich over for superior court.

The nervous wear and tear brought about by her arrest worked on Mrs. Oesterreich's health so that she was in no condition to appear for trial. Accordingly, Mr. Dominguez and I asked for and obtained several postponements.

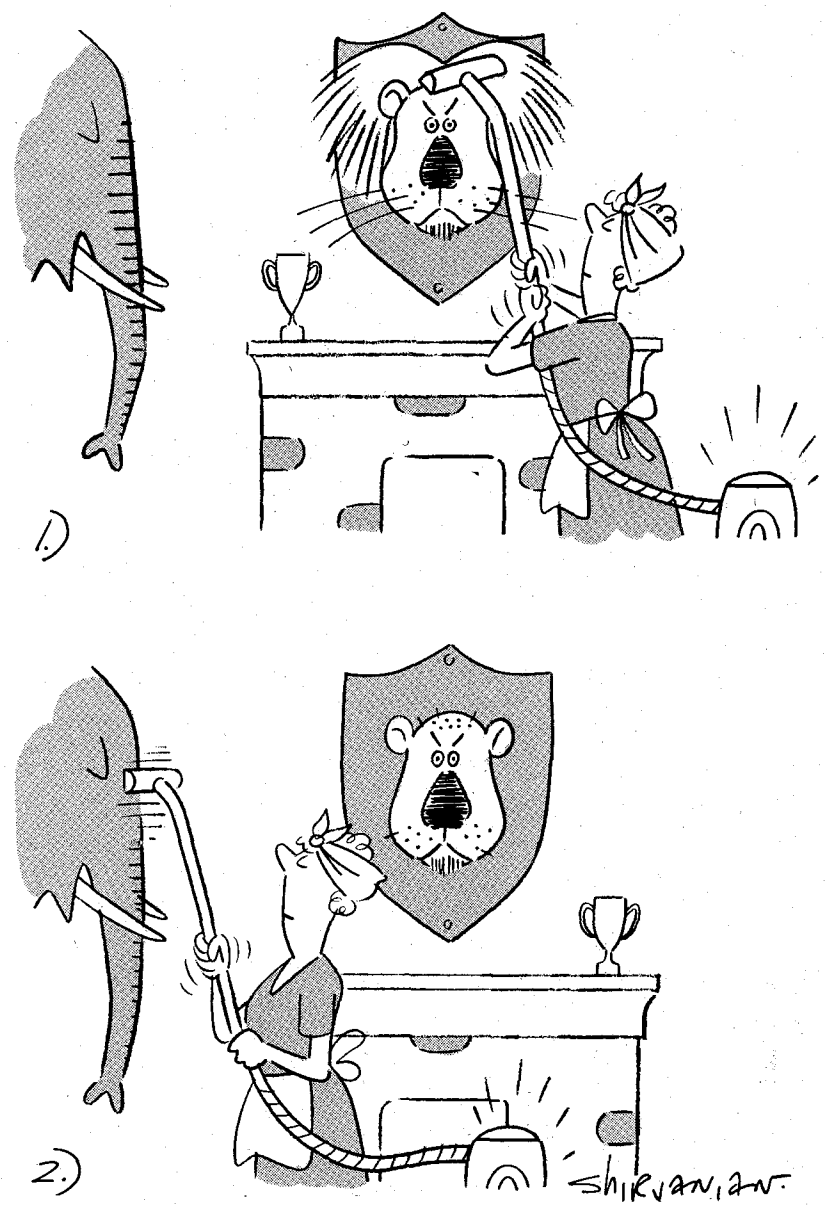
Although the district attorney labored mightily to accumulate valid evidence against Mrs. Oesterreich, in the end all he had was the finding of two broken guns whose rifling couldn't be matched with rifling marks on the bullets extracted from her dead husband's body.

Opposed was the evidence that at the time of her husband's death she had been found in a closet locked from the outside. The lack of evidence strong enough to convict was so obvious that on January 16, 1925, eighteen months after her arrest, the D.A. dismissed the case and Mrs. Oesterreich was freed.

Another year passed. During that time Walburga lived in the same house, with The Little Fellow still up under the eaves. Then she became interested in still another man. The latest entry in her friendship sweepstakes was a Los Angeles lawyer whom she had known for some years.

Time went by, and Mrs. Oesterreich decided to buy a new Los Angeles home. Once more she made sure it had an attic where The Little Fellow could hide. He moved his bucket, his collection of detective books and his bare electric-light bulb, and took up residence in her new dwelling.

The lawyer was a constant visitor in the new house, but for some time he didn't see The Little Fellow. Finally one night he accidentally discovered him flitting about the house. Confronting Mrs. Oesterreich with his discovery, the lawyer told her that she must get rid of her batman. She agreed on condition that the lawyer drive The Little Fellow up to San



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Francisco and find him a job. This he did. He got Sanhuber a job as a janitor.

Mrs. Oesterreich was a woman of many emotional storms. Eventually she quarreled bitterly with the lawyer, too, and he with her. When this crack in the picture window of their relations appeared, he, too, decided to go to the police. In the spring of 1930 he showed up at the office of Buron Fitts, then the district attorney of Los Angeles County, and swore out an affidavit.

Although his affidavit was unbelievable, it was true. It turned out that he had known about Sanhuber, in a way, for years. He declared that when Mrs. Oesterreich had been clapped in jail for the first time in June, 1923, she had told him that she was concerned about a "retarded" half brother, hidden in the attic of her home on North Beechwood, and she had entreated him to make sure that the hidden one was supplied with food. She had told him that her half brother would emerge from his hiding place only if someone scratched three times on the wall of the cedar closet behind which he was concealed.

When the lawyer did that, an apparition with a chalk-white face had emerged and had greeted him with these words, "I know you. I've been watching you visit here for a long time. I'm Otto Sanhuber." The ex-boy-friend's affidavit went on to say that The Little Fellow denied that he was related to Mrs. Oesterreich. He said instead that he had been her lover for a number of years.

If Americans are dollar-worshipers, as claimed, they certainly have succeeded in spreading their faith abroad.

BARLOW BRIDGES

Although the Los Angeles police were shockproof, the story was hard for them to believe. Nevertheless, they dispatched emissaries northward with the lawyer who had turned state's evidence, located the ex-attic dweller and brought him back.

He made a full confession to the grand jury of his strange upside-down life. He confessed that during many of the hours he had spent in his dim, slant-roofed cubicles, he had visualized enormously successful investment opportunities for the industrialist he was later to kill. According to Sanhuber, those imagined ventures bubbling to the top of his brain were relayed to Oesterreich by his wife; and he imagined that his financial suggestions made it possible for Oesterreich to expand his business to a point where he counted his fortune at more than $500,000.

Somewhere along the way Sanhuber had acquired the habit of twitching, which almost amounted to a body tic. This convulsive shuddering of his body was noticeable to all who saw him. It made him seem even more pathetic. The Little Fellow also testified that during the time he had lived in attics, Mrs. Oesterreich had occasionally given him small presents of cash. Sometimes she had given him twenty-five cents; sometimes as much as fifty cents. Out of this pinchpenny allowance he had somehow saved $1500. As the wages of such a long-drawn-out love affair, those dollars seemed paltry.

In talks with the press he had announced that during the months following Oesterreich's killing he had practiced to be an author. Crouched in his attic, he had developed a plot built up out of circumstances surrounding the slaying of Oesterreich. The hero of his tale—shining, noble and protective—was himself. He also went into the story of the two automatic pistols. He said that he had bought them in Wisconsin, had used one of them to fire the bullets at Oesterreich, and had erased the serial numbers from both guns with a file.

According to his confession, the chance he had been waiting for to protect Walburga Oesterreich from harm came when she and her husband returned home late one night. Sanhuber said he thought he had heard her struggling with an intruder and, to save her life, he had wrestled with the man he thought was molesting her.

The strange confession Sanhuber made to the grand jury was a multipaged signed statement the length of a short story in a magazine, although spicier. After he held forth upon his odd-ball existence in cobwebby, dusty attics, the grand jury indicted The Little Fellow and Mrs. Oesterreich for murder. Once more she employed me as her counsel. The Little Fellow retained another attorney. My next step was to go into court and seek a separate trial for my client. My request was granted, and it was decided to try The Little Fellow first.

When Sanhuber stood before the judge on June 11, 1930, to answer to a charge of first-degree murder, all of the witnesses who testified during the preliminary hearing of Mrs. Oesterreich in 1923 appeared again—of whom most were still available. The things which had struck the investigators as mystifying then were less mysterious now that The Little Fellow had been smoked out.

When Otto Sanhuber took the stand, however, his story of Oesterreich's killing differed from the story he had told the grand jury. As long as he was narrating his batman's life under the eaves, his tale followed the same path as before. But about Oesterreich's death he now contended that he hadn't departed from his hideaway at the time of the killing and that the fatal shot must have been fired by burglars.

Despite a grueling cross-examination by the D. A.'s staff, he stuck to his new version. The defense attorney made no effort to contradict the details outlined in Sanhuber's grand-jury confession, but he was careful to high-light the favorable aspects of the strange little man's story. Among them was his suggestion that the biggest influence in Sanhuber's life had been an older woman with a dominant will. Much was also made of his intense desire to protect her.

My principal recollection of him at that point is that he was utterly forlorn, and the jurors must have shared some of my feeling of pity for him; for while they didn't let him off entirely, after staying out for four and a half hours, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter, which carried with it a sentence of from one to ten years.

The peculiar thing about that verdict was this: while the crime of manslaughter is a part of murder, it is not wholly or legally murder. It is a separate offense, and while there is no statute of limitations on murder, there is a three-year statute of limitations on manslaughter. Since The Little Fellow's offense had occurred more than three years before his indictment, the court had no choice but to dismiss the charges against him. And once having been put in jeopardy of his life on a murder charge, he could not be tried again. The upshot was that Sanhuber didn't have to serve any time at all. The judge granted his attorney's request for a stay of judgment, and he was released.

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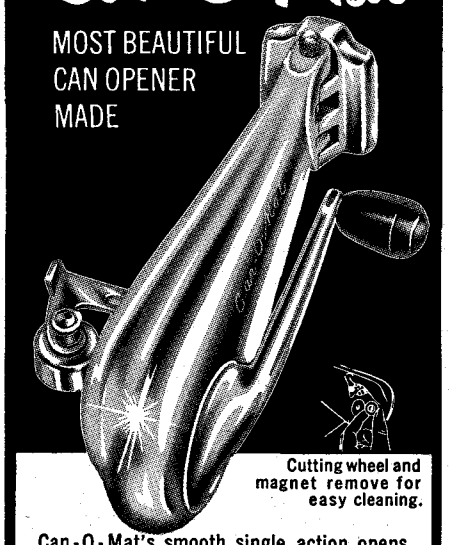
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Legally that took no heat off his paramour. The D. A. was still determined to prosecute her for murder. He didn't claim that she'd shot her husband, but he did claim that she had done what the law calls "procured murder to be done." However, the fact that the actual killer had got off free couldn't help affecting the atmosphere in which my client was tried.

So, on August 4, 1930, five and a half years after the first charge against her had been dropped for lack of evidence, Mrs. Oesterreich was put on trial "for conspiracy leading to the murder of her husband."

In general she told the same tale Sanhuber had told the grand jury. She said that she and Oesterreich had not quarreled; that instead she had slipped on a little throw rug and had fallen to the floor, screaming in pain. "Then," Mrs. Oesterreich said, "I saw Otto. He thought Fred was hurting me. I heard him call out. Then I saw Fred start fighting with him. I hid my face, I heard shots and screamed, 'Fred! Fred!'" Mrs. Oesterreich then said Sanhuber shoved her into a closet and locked the door.

The D. A. put Sanhuber on the stand, but he didn't make a very good witness for the prosecution. He stuck to his "burglars must have done it" version of the killing, and nothing would change him. He seemed amazingly naïve and childlike, and proudly described doing the housework "just the way she wanted it done."

One of the most pathetic moments in the trial came when the batman was asked what was the longest time he had ever been separated from Mrs. Oesterreich. "When I was away from my attic," he answered, "the time was so long I didn't measure it in hours. I was frantic until I returned."

Mrs. Oesterreich's story was that Sanhuber had come to her the day after the killing and had said, "Please help me dispose of my guns." Her instinct had been to try to shield The Little Man who had done wrong because he thought he was keeping her from harm. It was for this reason that she had asked her friends to dispose of the weapons.

My defense was that the fatal shot was fired during that dim struggle in the hallway, and therefore the killing was accidental rather than criminal.

Both the lawyer-lover and her former friend who had tossed the broken gun at the tar pits took the stand against her. Both of these onetime friends might have sent her to the gas chamber. Psychologically their turning upon her did her more good than harm.

The papers called my cross-examination of the attic man "relentless." Relentless or not, it drew from him the admission that it was he who had first sought the love of Mrs. Oesterreich in Milwaukee. It was he who had urged her to see him clandestinely in private meeting places, not the other way around. It was he who had induced her to spend one of the longest weekends on record with him. Mrs. Oesterreich had not compelled him to live in her attic. He had chosen such an existence to be near her.

The jury was deadlocked. The majority favored acquittal. Mrs. Oesterreich was never tried again. In December of 1930 the charge against her was dismissed.

After that dismissal one deputy district attorney was quoted as saying, "We are pretty certain the shooting occurred as Mrs. Oesterreich described it. We have been unable to discover anything additional which would have a tendency to show conspiracy. Accordingly, obtaining a conviction did not seem possible." He added that he was certain there had been no miscarriage of justice.

In spite of the fact that my name is linked in the public's mind with such gamy fare as murder and rape, I am not solely a criminal lawyer. Not by a long shot. The fact is I usually have a large number of civil clients, and I work for them just as conscientiously as I do for my clients in criminal cases.

The civil law has countless facets. Just recently, for example, I have had in my office a condemnation case, a damage case which grew out of a medical-malpractice case, and a very interesting libel action pending against the American Humane Association. I have gone to court in many libel cases. I've handled lawsuits to satisfy judgments, motions to vacate judgments and matters pertaining to estates.

However, some civil cases are more stimulating than others. Take the one which involved Fanny Brice's brother, Lew Brice, in April, 1938. If Erle Stanley Gardner were writing this, he'd probably call it *The Case of the Fleeced Englishman.* Lew Brice was given to gambling—and not the well-bred games played in gentlemen's clubs. Brice had bigger ideas.

The gambling enterprise of Brice's with which I was concerned began on a pier at Long Beach, California, where Brice was killing time with a trio of pals: Tommy Guinan, brother of the famed night-club hostess, Texas Guinan, of prohibition and "giggle-water" fame, and two other men named George Lewis and Jack Reynolds. All four had good connections in areas which are described as "places with a lot of action."

On this particular day at Long Beach they saw an odd-looking party approaching. Guinan and Brice had met him when he'd made a previous visit to Los Angeles. On that occasion he had dropped ten grand to them in a friendly game of red dog, and he paid that debt in cash. Neither Guinan nor Brice had ever forgotten that.

The name of this odd-looking party was Henry Talbot Devers Clifton. Although he sometimes went around looking as seedy as a bum, he was really one of England's diminishing supply of millionaires. Among his properties were five miles of Lancashire coastline. On that particular parcel of land were 5000 homesteads, several hundred shops and a score of banks. He also owned a seaside resort near Blackpool. This real estate represented only a portion of his holdings.

Socially he was equally well-heeled. He could trace his family back to a hundred years after The Conqueror's landing, and at one time he had been married to one of the Boston Lowells.

When Brice, Guinan and company sighted Clifton, they slapped him gleefully on the shoulder, and the idea of adjourning to a neighboring hotel was moved, seconded and passed. Somehow a deck of cards made its appearance and, after a few preliminary rufflings which gave out the crisp crackle of new cards handled by practiced hands, a little game of dealer's choice began.

Clifton later reported to the local D. A., Buron Fitts, that stud and draw were favored that session. Clifton also told Fitts with mild surprise, "Things went fairly slowly at first. During the early part of the game I lost less than a thousand dollars."

Presently the play was restricted to stud, with a limit which somehow kept on being raised. During this period the bets averaged from ten to twenty dollars a card. At no time was there any amount of real cash in sight. I.O.U.'s were passed from hand to hand. Matches were used instead of poker chips.

All at once—as it always does sooner or later in such games—the "pay-off" hand was dealt. Clifton found himself holding a pair of kings—one up and one down. He was a great believer in riding his luck. Taking counsel with himself, he announced, "I'll bet fifty thousand."

Three of the group—Reynolds, Guinan and Lewis—retired from the competition. When the third and fourth cards were dealt, Brice and Clifton checked their bets. Two sevens lay face up on the table before Brice. Clifton had two jacks visible. With his two kings, that gave Clifton two pairs. He considered the possibilities for a moment, then said, "I'll bet another hundred thousand." Brice called him, then showed three sevens, which made Clifton's two pairs of no earthly use.

Clifton spent no time in beefing. He gave Brice a certified draft on a London bank for $100,000 and wrote out his personal check drawn on a New York bank for $50,000. The game had been played on a Sunday night. Clifton's checks were no good until Monday morning, when the banks opened and Brice could exchange them for money.

What's Going On Here?

It is 1782. Congress is debating an important issue, the outcome of which still figures in our national life. Benjamin Franklin serves as chief spokesman for one side. In a sense he is "talking turkey." Yet his side loses the argument by one vote. What was the issue, and what came of it?

Pauline M. Russler

(Answer on Page 82)

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There was also another catch, although Brice didn't know it. Later that Sunday night Clifton dropped in to see the Rev. Violet Greener, an old friend of his and the pastor of the Agabeg Occult Temple, one of the edifices which spring up in the Los Angeles landscape to shelter offbeat religious sects. In the course of their conversation Clifton mentioned the little game he had sat in on. The lady reverend talked him into stopping payment on the checks he had given Brice.

She pointed out the likelihood that Brice wouldn't have been able to pay if he had lost. She explained to Clifton that if this was true it would make his debt to Brice illegal and therefore uncollectible. Next the Reverend Greener called me, and early Monday morning I appeared before Superior Court Judge Emmett Wilson, to ask for a restraining order stopping payment on the two checks. It was granted.

At the same moment Brice, who had risen with the birds, was dashing into a Hollywood bank and shoving his checks across the counter. He was told that there would be a delay while Clifton's banking connections in New York were queried by wire as to the validity of the draft and the check. Brice gnawed his fingernails until word came back that Clifton was good for those large sums. At that point a teller prepared a bundle of $150,000, but before Brice could pocket it, I arrived with my restraining order. That $150,000 went back into the safe.

Brice screamed like a wounded stoat, contending that he had won the money fairly in a legal poker game and that therefore he had a legal right to collect it. I countered that contention with one of my own. I was familiar with a California law passed in the early 1890's which stated that, while some varieties of poker were legal in the state, stud poker was specifically singled out as being illegal, along with fan-tan, craps and roulette. Not only were any debts arising out of such sucker traps legally uncollectible, but I also pointed out what the Reverend Greener had suggested to me: that the courts had established the fact that gambling debts are collectible only if the winner can prove his ability to pay if he had lost.

That did it. Mr. Brice was unwilling or unable to demonstrate that he could have written a valid check for $150,000.

There is another way of parting people from large sums of money under cloudy circumstances. Years of work in Hollywood have convinced me that the wealthier and more famous a person is, the more vulnerable he is to blackmail. Such people not only live in glass houses but they also live in houses made of magnifying glass. In my own mind I call this form of extortion "murder of the soul." I sometimes find that psychiatrists, or perhaps I should say psychiatric practitioners who lack honest credentials, are participating in this racket. Their part in such skulduggery is to pass along knowledge gained from the patients on their couches to bloodsuckers who drain them financially.

I know of at least one psychiatrist faker who had three microphones planted in his consulting room, so that he could preserve on tape the intimate confessions of his patients. Why he felt he needed a triplicate recording is anybody's guess. My own guess is that his reasons were most dubious.

The psychiatric profession itself, as well as the American Medical Association, is doing its utmost to stop such practices—and also to drive out practitioners who have been known to give weird and immoral advice. In one instance that I shall never forget, a married woman came to me and told me that her psychoanalyst had recommended sex relations with "men other than her husband."

Yet the victims—at least in Hollywood—don't come to a lawyer until the blackmailer begins swinging his slime-loaded brush. Then they do come, crying "libel" and "slander."

Because I handle a good many divorce cases, I am often asked what, in my opinion, is the greatest cause of those broken marriages. I always answer that sex is the biggest single problem. There is either too much sex or not enough sex. Sexual adjustment is even more important than most people suppose. Most of the things which divorced people fight over stem back to some unacknowledged sexual inadequacy by a man or a woman. Those who seek divorce won't admit this. They prefer to think it something else, especially if they themselves are responsible for that inadequacy.

This seldom comes out in court and, as a consequence, most of the divorce suits in Hollywood are cut from the same pattern. I'm not privileged to retail what each of my clients has told me privately, but what they complain about publicly, in a courtroom, almost always involves "extreme cruelty." That can mean coming home late at night, a door slammed in someone's face, someone being bad-tempered, a fondness for looking at a TV set in a bedroom when the spouse wants to sleep. Extreme cruelty can be almost any physical act which causes one party mental and emotional pain and distress. There are seven causes for divorce in California—including five years of insanity—but extreme cruelty is way out in front and running.

As a rule I represent the woman in a divorce case, not because a woman is always right, but because in ninety-nine cases out of 100 it is the woman who divorces her husband, not the husband who divorces the woman.

Women often come to me in a wrong frame of mind. Through jealousy or because their feelings have been bruised, they are emotionally on edge. They tell me, "I'm looking for an attorney who will drag my husband up one gutter and down another." A lot of women want me to fight with every piece of dirt they can get their hands on. If I can't change such a prospective client's mind, I refuse to represent her.

Not all of my services as a divorce lawyer occur in my office and the courtroom.

Ambiguity

(On waking from deep sleep suddenly at night.)

By Mary O. Rank

Do these walls form an egg or a tomb?
Does this silence precede my birth
Or follow my death?
Is this darkness the grave or the womb?
Are these walls of flesh or of earth?
Tell me, please: has my breath
Been stilled or not yet started?
And you and I: will we meet or have we parted?

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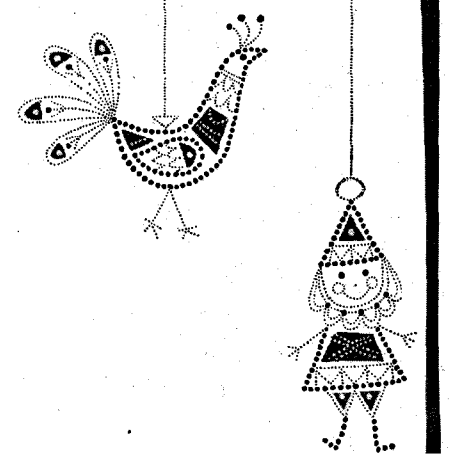

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One night my bedside telephone jangled. It was Miss Barbara Hutton saying she wanted to get away from Cary Grant, to whom she was married at the time. She didn't mean the next morning. She meant right away. I am fairly surprise-proof. I put a topcoat on over my pajamas and bathrobe and drove around to her dwelling place. Then and there she moved into my home. She stayed with us for six weeks.

I can vouch for it that when Miss Hutton moves anywhere it is no casual affair. My wife was a good sport about it for two reasons: My client was an agreeable house guest, and she supplied her own servants. Every morning a parade of butlers, maids, menservants and other assorted help arrived at my house to help lighten the day's labors. Mrs. Giesler's account of Barbara Hutton's stay with us may interest other women, so I've asked her to take over for a few moments:

"We had a big, eighteen-room house on Ridgedale then. It was a good thing we had a house that size when Barbara Hutton asked my husband if she could come over and stay with us. She said she was upset and confused and wanted a chance to pull herself together in peaceful surroundings. When she moved in with us, she kept two chauffeurs on duty alternately. She had her personal maid running up and down the back stairs, pressing things and bringing her breakfast, consisting of fruit juice, one soft-boiled egg and Melba toast in the morning. We had an extra suite consisting of a dressing room, bathroom and bedroom. Miss Hutton slept in that suite.

"She had an admirer who called her on the phone every morning—she even had her own phone installed—then he'd come over while she was having her breakfast and bring her a big florist's box. The first time I saw that box I thought there must be dozens of roses in it. I discovered that all it contained was one rose. That was a very European gesture, very Continental.

"In the end, when Jerry got her her divorce from Cary, she said she'd loved staying with us. She said she'd never felt so relaxed and free and happy in her life.

"I had never met her before, but she was a very sweet girl. The only reason she gave me for the strained relations between Mr. Grant and herself concerned food. She said, 'If I have lamb chops for dinner, he wants steak. If I have steak, he wants chicken.'"

The grounds for Barbara Hutton's application for divorce were "extreme cruelty," but what really curdled her romance with Grant was that their friends belonged to two different worlds. Hers were of the social world, his of the theatrical world. They didn't mix.

Personally I found Miss Hutton generous and kind beyond the ordinary standards of generosity. I wear on a finger of my left hand a star-sapphire ring she gave me in addition to my fee as a token of her appreciation.

I'll say this much for Cary Grant. In my long experience with Hollywood divorce cases in which wealthy women were striving to free themselves from matrimonial vows, Grant is the only husband I can remember who asked for nothing from his spouse. In my book he is a fine, honorable gentleman.

In his fourth article next week Mr. Giesler reveals why he believes that Cheryl Crane told the truth when she said she killed Johnny Stompanato to protect her mother, Lana Turner. He also tells of his boyhood, how he became a lawyer, and about a nasty occupational hazard—threats.

—THE EDITORS

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 80)

Congress was choosing an emblem for the new United States. Franklin proposed the wild turkey, a distinctively American bird, as being more representative of the new republic than any of the birds and beasts of prey in European monarchial symbolism. Nevertheless, the bald eagle won by a single vote. On the Arms of the United States it appears clutching a sheaf of arrows in one claw and an olive branch in the other. Most foreign national symbols include the lion, although Austria, Western Germany, Mexico, Poland and Spain feature eagles, and the Ethiopian device bears angels.

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I'm the Whole Town's Chaplain

(Continued from Page 23)

new community. Then the village's two Jewish congregations began contributing to his expenses.

Five years ago, the Reverend Mr. Leinberger accepted a post away from Park Forest. When the chaplain's job was offered to me, I leaped at it. As a pastor of an American Baptist church in Chicago, I was a member of the Boys Court Service Committee. Before that, in my home town of Indianapolis, I set up church camps and juvenile programs. Community service, or what I like to call practical religion, has always been a central interest of mine.

Soon after I came to Park Forest the village trustees appointed me chaplain to the police and fire departments—without extra salary. This step opened the way to practical service, for Protestants, Catholics and Jews alike, that no other community has provided.

Not long ago, for example, our police switchboard took a call from the Milwaukee police. A young father, a resident of Park Forest for less than a month, had had a fatal heart attack at the wheel of his car on his way home, and his auto had crashed. Our police relayed the call to me—their chief has instructed them to do this in all serious emergencies such as fires, accidents and deaths. I sped to the dead man's home, sat his wife down and eased into breaking the news.

Looking toward the dinner table, which was set for three, the shaken woman asked if I would tell her six-year-old daughter. Just then the little girl burst in, asking, "Was that daddy who came home?"

I lifted the little girl to my knee and said, "Honey, you believe in God, don't you?" She said yes. "Do you believe in heaven?" She nodded.

"Well, God needed someone," I said, "to help make heaven a little better for the rest of us, and He asked your daddy to help Him. Your daddy had to leave us tonight to go to heaven."

Then the mother released her first outpouring of tears. I asked the lady next door, a good, solid neighbor who could keep her head, to come over. Then from headquarters I called the Milwaukee police to arrange for release of the body. Police often distrust preachers as meddlers. But they go to all lengths for a chaplain of a police department.

Later the dead man's employer remarked, "I'm so glad she didn't get the news from some burly, embarrassed cop blurting out, 'Ma'am, we just got a call that your husband was killed.'" He was amazed to learn that in Park Forest it was someone's official obligation to arrange the legalities of transporting the body and to drive the wife and daughter that night to their family home in Indianapolis. Any pastor would gladly have done the same, but police departments are not usually in the business of notifying pastors of emergencies. This mother, new in town and not yet a member of a local church, would have been alone and stunned.

As village chaplain I have been called to help people become naturalized, borrow money, get a mortgage payment deferred, seek psychiatric counseling, even find a reliable plumber. In my welcoming calls I have been asked such vital questions as how to get a newspaper delivered and where the bus stops. I also chase the inhalator squad to every call they make—an average of three a week. I make hospital visits to patients without church ties. And the school board has even asked me to investigate truancies.

Perhaps more frequently than anything else, I arbitrate family squabbles. Inside the cheerful bilevel and trilevel Cape Cods of the modern suburb, family problems develop on more levels than meet the eye. Sometimes it is too late to help, but even the failures underline the need for a roving missionary.

I first met the couple I will call Pete and Patti Johnson a day or so after they moved into Park Forest. I make an average of about fifty of these brief welcoming calls a week. When Mrs. Johnson answered my routine knock on the door—even before their furniture was all unpacked—I began with my usual spiel:

"No, I'm not another salesman. I don't carry milk, insurance or storm windows and I'm not interested in the condition of your lawn. My name is Reverend Joe Hughes. I'm the village chaplain. I just stopped by to welcome you to your home in behalf of the religious groups of the community."

Usually that relaxes the newcomers, and after a neighborly chat I inquire about their religious affiliations. Protestants are usually surprised to learn that almost all denominations have joined together in Park Forest to build united Protestant churches. Roman Catholics and Jews are taken aback when I hand them printed information about their services and urge them to attend. Then I ask the names and ages of the children of the house.

One night, five months after my initial call on the Johnsons, my telephone rang. Pete Johnson, his voice quavering, told me his wife had left their three children with a neighbor early that afternoon and had not been heard from since. Haltingly he told me Patti had a history of drinking and seeking the companionship of men considerably younger than herself.

He said he didn't want to call the police and cause his wife's devilment to be inscribed on a public record. But he had to go to somebody. This is the way most of my cases get started.

Almost twenty-four fearful hours of phone calling went by before I finally located Patti at the home of a distant relative in Chicago, sleeping off a hang-over.

Three days later Patti asked for an appointment. She began to spill her complaints about Pete, and I put together a picture of their lives. Patti had once been the beautiful doll in the branch office of a big company; Pete, the dashing young man from the home office. In no time at all they were married. No doubts, no patience, no (*Continued on Page 86*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Thoughts on a Motorcycle Policeman

By Sheldon White

When he tags along behind,
As though to have me jailed
or fined,
My thoughts of him are all
unkind.

But when he swerves and
rockets by
And then pursues some
other guy,
No one cheers him more
than I.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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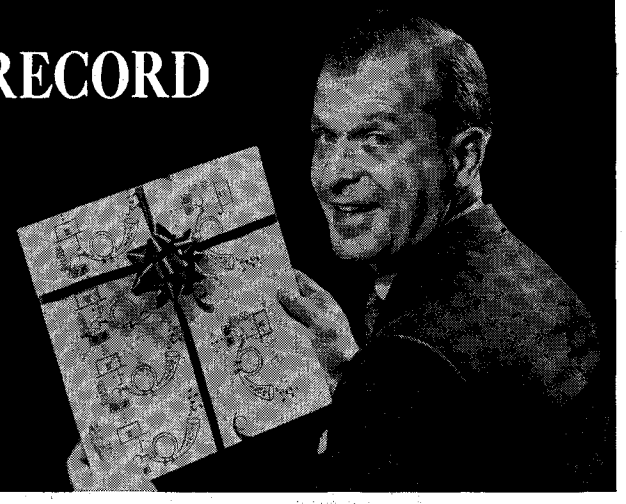

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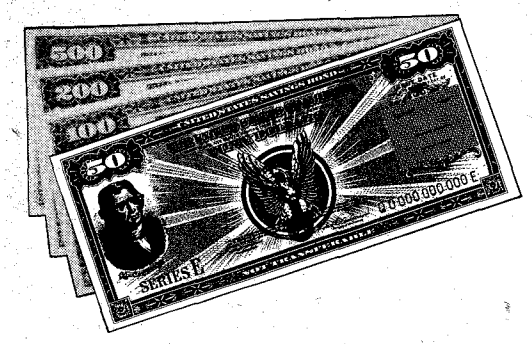

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(*Continued from Page 83*) talks with a minister or marriage counselor. Now Pete was a traveling man and, during the little time he spent at home, she said, he nagged. The fun in their marriage was gone. She wanted to take the kids and leave.

What would have been the use, she asked me, in running to her pastor for guidance? He couldn't remold Pete's personality, she said. Yet she had been willing to call on a minister whose title was village chaplain. It seems that the word "chaplain" suggests someone a little more useful than a buddy and a little less forbidding than a black-frocked man behind a pulpit. But a chaplain cannot replace a pastor. He can only be a stopgap, trying to lead the way to one. I asked Patti to list Pete's qualities, good and bad. I have found this to be a remarkable device for lowering the temperature and restoring a sense of proportion.

Things seemed to quiet down in the Johnson home until a few weeks later, when Patti was arrested, drunk, in a neighboring suburb. She claimed that two men had attacked her. The two men, picked up by the police, told quite another story. They said they had met Patti in a tavern and had paid her for her intimacies. She was charged with soliciting.

I went to see the judge who would hear Patti's case. He agreed to reduce the charge, which might disgrace five lives, to a charge of disorderly conduct, if she would prove her intention to straighten out. He asked what I thought she might be called upon to do. I suggested a regular counseling program, either with the Family Counseling Service or with her pastor, whichever she chose. At the hearing Patti agreed to talk with her pastor, and so did Pete. The judge placed the young mother on probation for six months.

The fabric of their marriage, however, was already too severely torn to be reknit. Before long the Johnsons were divorced. Personal counseling, needed so desperately by many young suburban couples who are trying to construct permanent lives in transient situations, was offered too late to the Johnsons. But the failure emphasizes the widespread need.

I have never ceased to be amazed at how much can be done when common cause is made of enforcement of the laws of God and the laws of society; or when a clergyman sits down with a police chief, a judge and a prosecutor to think through the case of a person in trouble.

Tremors of shock passed through Park Forest homes not long ago when a quiet, elderly driver of a laundry truck was arrested. A mother, searching for her ten-year-old girl, had found her playing in his truck. Suspicious, she got the police to question him. They found in his pockets a collection of lewd photographs for which the little girl had posed.

He had been a rather well-liked old codger, who made stops in homes all over town. He had been a steady churchgoer who had never before been inside a police station. Quickly a meeting was called of the police chief, the judge, the prosecutor, the man's pastor from the neighboring town where he lived and me. The case presented a mountain of problems. The parents of the little girl had to be satisfied that justice was being done; their dissatisfaction could inflame the whole community. Already the village had become dangerously suspicious of all laundry drivers, milkmen, even postmen, decent men doing their jobs. Yet we couldn't condemn the man as a sacrifice just to quiet community anger. He was sick.

We resolved not to discourage the prosecutor from battling zealously for a conviction, but we recognized that psychiatric treatment was the only sensible way to conclude the case. This meant that while the prosecutor was giving voice to the enraged citizens, I had to keep reassuring the prisoner's wife and his pastor that everything would come out all right. The judge then ordered the man into the custody of a psychiatric institution. We had already arranged for his church to take over the support of his wife.

"Park Forest treated that man with the respect due any human being with a problem," I heard our police chief, M. N. Plavsic, telling a visitor the other day. "Instead of writing him off as a criminal, we treated him as an individual. We all have equal rights, but we don't have equal needs. Some people have to be put away, like animals in a cage. But others need understanding and help."

This is a remarkable viewpoint for a police officer. But Chief Plavsic is a remarkable man. No individual is more deserving of credit for the success of the civil-security aspects of the chaplaincy program.

During the first weekend of every December all our off-duty police and firemen go in a body, in uniform, to a Friday-night Jewish temple service, a seven A.M. Sunday Catholic mass and an eleven A.M. Protestant service. Besides bringing our public-safety officers closer to the whole community, these visits have helped them learn to respect differences in tradition. For example, I learned on my inhalator calls of the Jewish custom never to touch the dead until a rabbi has arrived. I taught this to the police and firemen, and they respectfully observe it.

On Friday nights, when fire volunteers come for training, I almost always drop in at the firehouse and have a cup of coffee with them. After the training session, I give counseling of a special kind—over-the-shoulder advice in checkers and chess.

Other evenings are not quite so leisurely. One evening last June I pronounced the invocation for a grade-school graduation exercise, at eight o'clock, then I hopped into the car and drove to a home across town to conduct a wedding ceremony. The young couple's pastor had been called out of town for the week. Then I hurried back to the grade school, through the worst cloudburst of the year, just in time to pronounce the benediction. But the evening was still young. I attended a meeting of the Human Relations Council and returned home at eleven to find three phone messages. A churchboard chairman wanted to go over plans for a summer camp at which I was to be a religious counselor; a widow in financial trouble, who belonged to no church, just wanted to talk to somebody; a wife had just had a blowup with her husband—he had stalked out, and she wanted to see me the next day. Then I worked over my records of the day's welcoming calls and turned in at one-thirty. It had been a fairly typical day.

If I am conveying the impression that a village chaplain lives an exciting life, you haven't heard the half of it. Let me tell you about the time I was shot at.

The police called me one afternoon about a teen-age boy who lived with his divorced and remarried mother. He had not eaten in two days, had locked himself in his family's apartment and was shooting up the place. He told a policeman that he wanted coffee. Perhaps, the policeman thought, if the chaplain delivered the coffee, the boy's inflamed emotions might be doused at the same time.

My three knocks were echoed by three pistol shots perforating the door just inches from my head. As a man gifted with a healthy instinct for self-preservation, I can assure you I wanted to run. As the village chaplain, I knew that would be the worst thing I could do. The crazed boy would then become entirely uncontrollable.

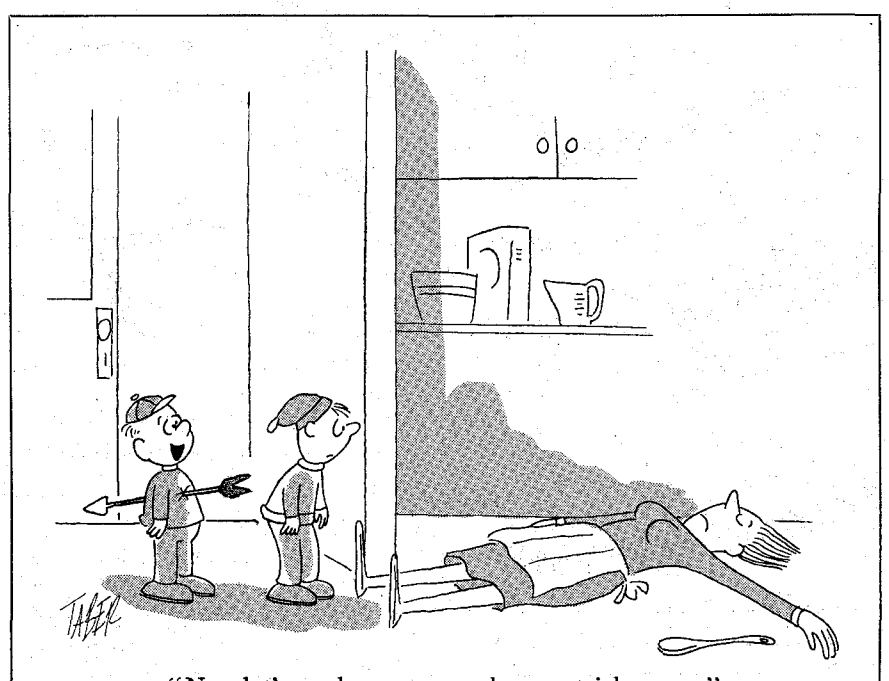
I stepped to the side and announced my name. I said I was alone and had a pot of coffee. Slowly the door drew open. I opened my coat to prove I was unarmed. He locked the door after me.

Just then the phone rang. It was his mother. In a rage, he ripped the wires off the wall. The boy's face was sick and misshapen. His eyes danced crazily. Trying to pour the coffee from the pot, he missed the cup. I filled it for him.

In the floor I saw bullet holes. Chairs had been thrown about, rugs hurled to the side. A glass-top table was splintered by gunshot. Windows were broken and screens slashed. In a corner lay a drained whisky bottle.

I told the boy that I was no worker of miracles but that I was a good listener. If his gripes were legitimate, I said, I would do everything I could do to help him. After a time he decided to try me. His troubles began to pour out. His girl had ditched him. His boss had fired him. He was broke. Nothing seemed any use. All he wanted to do was sit and think. But, he said, nobody would let him alone.

That was my cue. If he'd promise to quit shooting, I said, he would be left alone until midnight. It was now a little after five P.M. He glared at me suspiciously. Then he agreed.



"Now let's go show your mother my trick arrow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I left and sped to police headquarters. Chief Plavsic had just arrived from a meeting out of the village. We sat down for a council of war with the boy's mother and stepfather. The chief's phone rang. Answering it, he turned gray. He said we'd be right over. The call was from a neighbor of the boy, reporting that the youth's girl friend, apparently knowing nothing of the trouble, had rapped on the perforated door. She had come by just a minute after I left, before a police observer could be posted. The girl was now inside the apartment.

We prayed, for the sake of the girl's safety, that the coffee had by now restored some sobriety to the boy. To fortify our prayers, Chief Plavsic ordered his men to bring tear gas and rifles. The men cleared the courtyard of curious neighbors and children and surrounded the apartment. We could hear the boy shouting like a madman, threatening to kill himself if his girl didn't leave. Then he threatened to shoot her.

Undoubtedly the boy thought I had sent the girl, thus breaking my promise. Chief Plavsic, shouting to the boy from the middle of the courtyard, took over the negotiations. No one would shoot, he promised, without his order. He said he didn't want to put the boy in jail. "I want to listen to you in my office," he shouted, "so we can find out how to help you." Finally, to my relief, the boy threw his gun on the porch and came out.

We arranged a psychiatric examination by a Chicago doctor. The boy's natural father came up from Washington, where he lived. Our judge released the boy to his father's custody on condition that the boy be committed to a psychiatric hospital.

This incident, unsettling as it was, did not come as a complete surprise. The boy's divorced parents had had their share of troubles. Troubled homes produce troubled kids. It's naïve to believe that families always leave their troubles behind them when they cross the tracks into a "nice" community like Park Forest. This is why, on my welcoming calls to new families, I want the names and ages of the children. Later, when I am notified of a parent's losing his equilibrium—perhaps one parent in a few thousand—my little cards serve as red arrows pointing to a child who may need help.

My years in Park Forest have firmly convinced me that church effort and money could accomplish twice as much if less were spent producing reams of reports and more on trying to develop the practical religion we have experienced.

This is particularly true in the new "corporation suburbs" where the clergyman's functions have changed. He is comparatively free of his traditional duties of "marryin' and buryin'." Most of the adults are married and too young to be dying. The big job is family counseling, helping young married people discover how to live usefully, happily and religiously. Park Forest ministers do more counseling in a week than they would do in six weeks elsewhere.

I confess I have an ulterior motive for wanting to see town chaplains all over America. It's terribly inconvenient to be the only one in captivity. Often my neighbors introduce me to out-of-town visitors, saying, "This is Joe Hughes, our village chaplain."

Invariably one of the visitors exclaims, "Village chaplain? What in the world is that?"

Then, if I'm feeling energetic and brave, I try to answer. When I do, I don't think they believe my explanation anyhow. If the day comes when there are village chaplains everywhere, perhaps people will no longer ask me to try to explain this most peculiar job of mine. THE END

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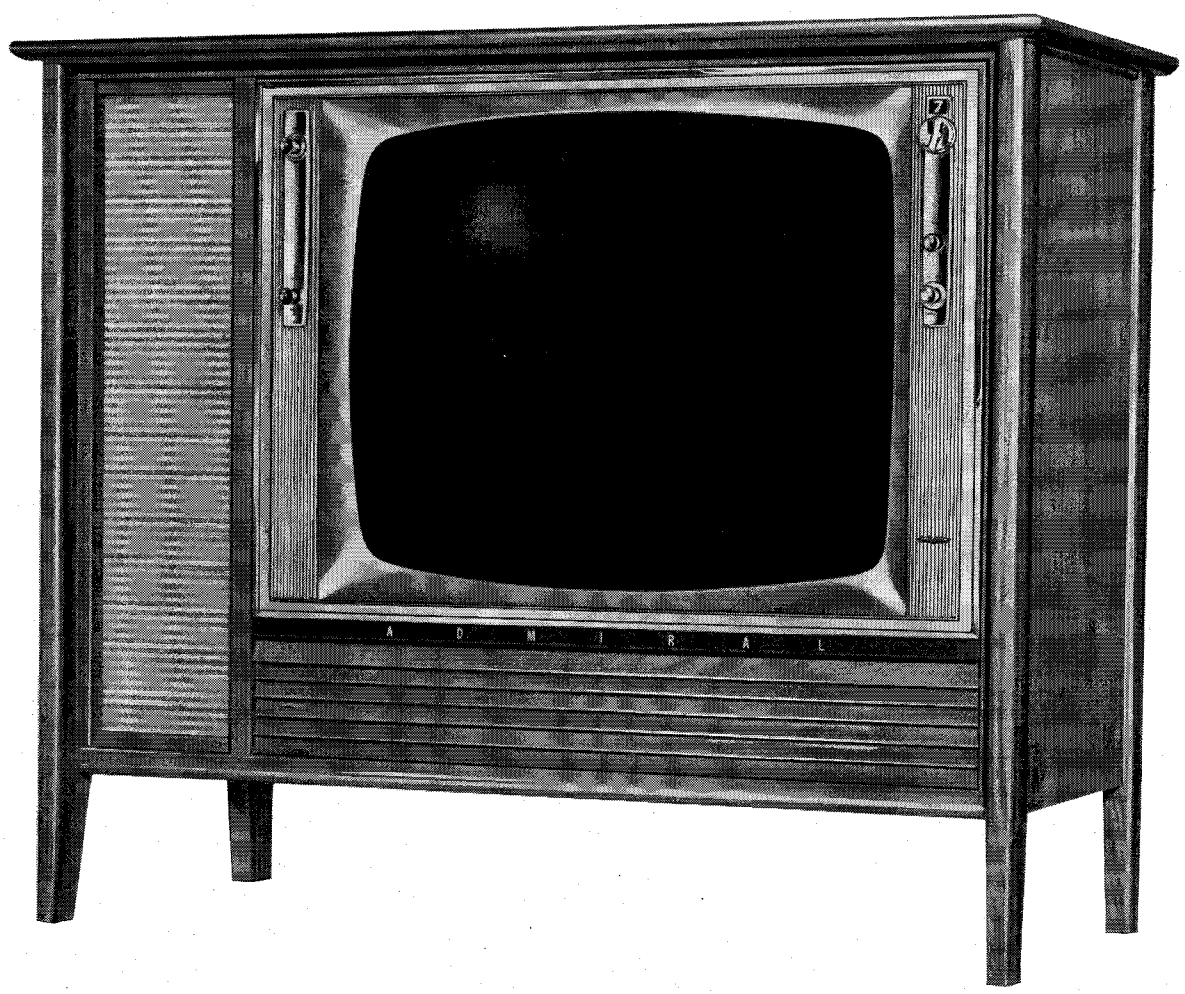

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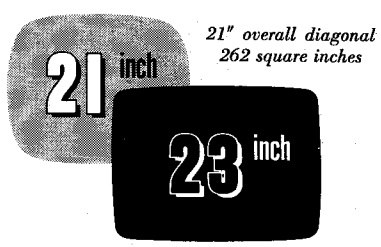

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CHEVROLET

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The All-American Label Doesn't Fool the Pros

(Continued from Page 33)

came from 136 different schools. These included—to cite just a few names at random—such institutions as Missouri Valley, Puget Sound, Bluffton, Elon, Grambling, Prairie View, Ball State, St. Norbert and Northeastern Oklahoma.

How did the big-name stars make out in last year's draft? Well, a total of thirty-four college players were first-string choices in 1958 on one or more of the long-established All-American teams (A.P., U.P.I., Football Coaches, Football Writers, N.E.A., *Sporting News*). A majority of these thirty-four assorted "All-Americans" were fourth-year men eligible to be tapped by the pros. Yet only three were chosen on the first round of the draft. Only seven had been picked by the end of the fourth round.

The guards are a good example. Last year there were six who carried somebody or other's All-American label: John Guzik of Pittsburgh; Zeke Smith of Auburn; George Deiderich of Vanderbilt; Al Ecuyer of Notre Dame; Bob Novogratz of Army, and John Wooten of Colorado.

There was no question about Guzik—the Los Angeles Rams had already drafted him a year in advance. The Baltimore Colts thought well enough of Smith to claim him in the fourth round. Wooten was the sixth choice of the Cleveland Browns. Ecuyer didn't go until the eighteenth round (New York Giants). Novogratz went in the twenty-fourth round to Baltimore, while Deiderich was the twenty-eighth selection of Los Angeles.

Guzik and Wooten made the grade in training camp this year. Smith is playing a final year at Auburn. Army's Novogratz is now on military duty—a factor the pros always take into consideration with service-academy athletes. The cases of Notre Dame's Ecuyer and Vanderbilt's Deiderich, who didn't even try out for the National Football League, are directly illustrative of why All-American and professional evaluations often differ.

Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf, for many years a prominent college coach and now the chief talent scout for the San Francisco Forty Niners, checked closely on both Ecuyer and Deiderich.

"There was nothing wrong with the All-American ratings for those boys," Waldorf says emphatically. "They were as fine a pair of college guards as you'd expect to see. Both had excellent speed and were great all-round players. Unfortunately, they didn't have the size that is essential to pro linemen. Deiderich weighed one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. Ecuyer was only five-feet-ten and weighed two hundred and five. You couldn't expect players that size to operate effectively against linemen like 'Big Daddy' Lipscomb or Jim Parker of the Colts." Lipscomb is six-six and 288 pounds; Parker is six-three and 270.

The two top-ranked college quarterbacks last season were Randy Duncan of Iowa and Joe Kapp of California. Duncan was the very first player to be selected in the draft. He was picked by the Green Bay Packers, but subsequently chose to play in Canada instead. Kapp, on the other hand, went unclaimed until the eighteenth round, when the Washington Redskins finally tapped him. Kapp, too, wound up going into Canadian football.

"Some fans were amazed that Kapp wasn't claimed sooner," Waldorf says. "I guess I knew Joe better than anyone else in the league. I was coaching at the University of California when he started there. I was convinced he wouldn't go high in the draft, however, and I told him why. Joe played the split T in college. He was a fine operator of the option play. He was also a good defensive man. However, from a pro standpoint he wasn't outstanding enough either as a passer or a runner to play offense, and he wasn't fast enough to play the deep spot defensively."

Jack Vainisi, who handles the talent-scouting job for the Green Bay Packers, offers further illumination on why some of the highly touted college stars are passed over in favor of unknowns.

"We look for the specialist," he says. "Many times the All-American will be a boy who is a good all-round player, but not quite outstanding enough in any one department for the pros. Let me be specific. The toughest position for a college player to break into in pro ball is at end. The college coach wants an end who is six-two or six-three, weighs between two hundred and five and two hundred and ten pounds and is fairly fast. He's big enough for defense and has enough speed to be a pass receiver. In pro ball, the same end is, in most cases, too slow to be a good offensive threat and too small to be a defensive end with the four-man lines most teams employ. The best chance for college ends like that, if they have good movement, is to play as 'corner men' on defense."

The professional teams try to keep themselves posted on every conceivable college prospect, because they can't tell in advance which ones they will be able to claim. They must wait their turns in the league player draft, a system which has done much to equalize the distribution of talent and has eliminated intramural bidding contests for promising boys.

The N.F.L. draft setup was originated back in 1935 by Commissioner Bert Bell, then owner of the Philadelphia Eagles. "The rich were getting richer and the poor were getting out of pro football," he related not long before his death in October. "The league was dominated by the Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers in the West and the New York Giants in the East. The rest of us were losing on the field and at the gate."

Bell proposed the draft idea to his fellow owners at a special meeting in the spring of 1935. "We little fellows are trying to survive," he told the group. "Give us a chance. If you don't, a lot of us simply will have to go out of business."

There was unanimous assent. "It may seem odd," the Bears' George Halas says, "but even those of us who were on top agreed to the soundness of Bell's plan."

In February of 1936 the first draft meeting was held, and the basic procedure has stayed the same ever since. The clubs take turns at selecting players, with those at the bottom of the league standings getting first pick, and so on up the ladder. Originally this went on for ten rounds. Later it was expanded to twenty choices per team, and then to thirty. With this year's draft the number is being cut back to twenty again.

The recent practice has been to hold the first four rounds in early December and the remainder at a January meeting. This year, however, the complete draft will be made on November thirtieth. In signing this season's crop the N.F.L. teams will encounter competition from the Canadian pros, as usual, and perhaps also from the proposed new American Football League.

In the early years of the draft most N.F.L. clubs did only the sketchiest job of screening prospective talent. A majority of teams relied on newspaper reports, friendly college coaches and their own former players for tips on the good collegians.

Bert Bell used to recall with a chuckle, "When Greasy Neale was coaching for me in Philadelphia, the only preparation he ever made for a draft meeting was to call Grantland Rice"—Walter Camp's successor in picking All-American teams—"and get his recommendations."

Originally the names of all the players in which any team was interested were posted on a huge blackboard at the draft meeting. Selections could be made only from this master list. The Chicago Bears, for whom the late Frank Korch was doing the most extensive scouting job in the league, often were responsible for 50 per cent of the names that went up on the board.

Now each club can keep its list of prospects to itself, and talent hunting has become a highly specialized phase of professional football. Almost every team has a full-fledged personnel director, and scouting staffs range anywhere from eight to sixty-five men.

The operations of Pappy Waldorf and his Forty Niner staff are typical. Last fall they covered seventy-four college games, plus all the postseason bowl contests. In the spring they checked the practice sessions of 110 colleges. Waldorf travels 60,000 miles annually on scouting business. Assistant coaches log another 40,000 with Mark Duncan handling the Midwest, Bob Shaw the South, Bill Johnson the Southwest and Jack Christiansen the Far West. They have many part-time aides around the country.

Much of the spadework is done between February and May. A touring talent scout follows a rather set routine at each school. He arrives on campus in mid-morning for a leisurely visit with the coaching staff—"They aren't too swamped with detail and game pressure in the spring, and they have time to talk to you," Waldorf says. The scout obtains a varsity roster and checks on what boys are developing well and may be pro prospects. If any player in whom he is already interested hasn't progressed, he asks why. Then he attends practice, paying particular attention to new men—the players who will be starting out in varsity competition as sophomores in the fall.

When the long spring junkets end, there's the job of sorting out and evaluating the information. "Last year we wound up with a list of two hundred and forty-eight players we regarded as the top prospects," Waldorf says. "I got the summer address of each boy and wrote him a personal letter. In it I outlined a little about the Forty Niners and expressed our interest in him. I inquired about his course of study and his career ambitions. I told him of the off-season job opportunities in our area, and how we help our players get these positions."

There was an amazing response. The Forty Niners received 226 replies, and all but three boys indicated they would be interested in playing football for San Francisco. In the fall, after further checking during the college season, the list was pared to 100 standouts, some of whom are now on this year's squad.

Waldorf is quick to admit, however, that no system of talent evaluation can ever be perfect. "Any choice you make is just an educated guess," he says. "There can be wide variations in the way different scouts rate a player. For example, we didn't have Buddy Humphrey, the Baylor quarterback, on our preferred list last year. Yet when our scouts saw him late in the season and in postseason play, they were amazed at the rapidity with which he had developed. The Rams obviously had rated him much higher all along than we did, for they took him in the second round of the draft. However, our opinion was influenced to a degree by the fact that we weren't looking for a quarterback." Humphrey stuck with the Rams this year.

Dan Reeves, president of the Los Angeles Rams, is credited with creating the modern pattern of personnel checking. The Rams' Eddie Kotal is the pioneer among the full-time directors. Today Kotal has many counterparts around the league. San Francisco's Waldorf and Green Bay's Vainisi have already been mentioned. Others are Bob Nussbaumer of the Detroit Lions; Dick Gallagher of the Cleveland Browns; Ken Stilley of the Pittsburgh Steelers; John Breen of the Chicago Cardinals; George Allen of the Chicago Bears; Frank (Bucko) Kilroy of the Philadelphia Eagles and Keith Molesworth of the Baltimore Colts.

On the New York Giants the late Jack Lavelle filled the post for many seasons. Now their talent-scouting operations are under general front-office supervision. The same is true on the Washington Redskins.

Reeves and Fred Levy bought the Rams, then located in Cleveland, in 1941. General manager Pete Rozelle explains, "The club was at a distinct disadvantage in getting talent. Most of the scouting of collegians then was done through alumni

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of the different pro teams. The Bears, Packers, Giants and Redskins had a big edge. Since the Rams couldn't compete on that basis, Reeves set out to collect player information from other sources. It took a number of years to get the system established, but the payoff began in the late 1940's and early 1950's." The Rams won the Western Division title in 1949–50–51, and the league championship in the last of these seasons.

Kotal has headed up the Rams' scouting program since 1945. He devised many ideas for processing and indexing reports that have been copied widely by other teams. He still maintains a more voluminous file on college players than any other N.F.L. scout.

"We process approximately 10,000 players every year," Kotal says. "It always has been the Rams' feeling that the more information we accumulate, the better our analysis will be. On some players we have as many as fifty pages of scouting material."

At the advance draft meeting last December in the ballroom of Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel, the gray-haired, dapper Kotal set up a virtual office on the green, felt-covered table allotted to his team. He had twelve bulging, loose-leaf volumes of information gathered over a three-year period on collegians currently eligible for the draft.

"The only reason I came to the meeting," Rams' head coach Sid Gillman quipped, "was because Eddie needed a pack horse to help carry his books."

Another Rams innovation was a telephone hookup at their table for direct communication with the assistant coaches back in the home office in Los Angeles. "We have an amplifier set up in the office," Kotal explained, "so the staff can have a part in the meeting. We can discuss the choices with them, and then after we make a selection they can call the boy immediately to notify him that we've drafted him."

Commissioner Bell shook his head when he looked at the elaborate Rams setup. "When I owned the Eagles," he said, "we could hardly afford to have a telephone in our own office."

The Cleveland Browns have a novel stunt. Before each draft meeting they hold a dress rehearsal to try to anticipate how the choices will go. Members of the Cleveland staff impersonate the representatives of other teams and do the selecting for them.

Says Paul Brown, the Cleveland coach and general manager, "It is surprising how close we can come to the actual choices later on. Still, no matter how much time you put into preparation, you never know what you're going to get out of a draft."

In deciding upon their choices, the pros like to have information on a boy's personal background as well as on his playing ability. They check on such things as his military status, whether he is married or single, whether he is injury-prone, whether he really wants to play in the National Football League.

On this last count, the Detroit Lions gambled with both their No. 1 and No. 2 choices in the draft for 1954—and lost out on each. Their top selection was Dick Chapman, a tackle from Rice. Chapman was an outstanding student who elected to pass up professional football for postgraduate work in nuclear physics. Their second choice, center Jim Neal of Michigan State, didn't report because his family objected to having him play football on Sunday.

Last year nobody even claimed Pete Dawkins, the Army halfback who won the Heisman Award as college football's player of the year. Dawkins had made it clear that he couldn't consider pro offers, since he was going to Oxford for two years as a Rhodes scholar and then had a three-year military-service commitment to fulfill.

Sometimes pro careers hinge on minor personal eccentricities. The top draft choice a few seasons back was a boy who had won All-American honors as a quarterback. He stuttered, however, and the speech impediment was too much for him to overcome in two pro trials.

A coach who had him says, "I guess he felt the pressure more in trying to make good as a pro than he had in college. Anyway, it affected him so much in the huddle and at the line of scrimmage that he just couldn't call the signals."

Although N.F.L. teams keep coming up with small-school players the average fan never heard of, very few of them are unknowns to today's far-ranging pro scouts. One of the last real "sleepers"—in the sense that only one team knew about him—was Harlon Hill, the great pass-catching end of the Chicago Bears.

George Halas has often told the story of how his lieutenant, Clark Shaughnessy, made the discovery. Shaughnessy was attending the Blue-Gray game at Montgomery, Alabama, after the 1953 season. He asked a coaching friend his opinion of players in that area, and was told that the best was a boy named Hill, at Alabama's Florence State College. When Shaughnessy wanted to know why Hill hadn't been invited to play in the Blue-Gray game, his friend's answer was that the sponsors were only interested in big-college stars.

The Bears got hold of a game film which showed Hill in action. They were sufficiently impressed to choose him on the fifteenth round of the draft for 1954. Hill quickly proved himself one of the best offensive ends in the league. During the past five seasons he has caught 182 passes good for 3889 yards.

Although the pros aren't infallible in their judgments—Johnny Unitas, Baltimore's ace quarterback was allowed to spend a season in semipro ball before the Colts signed him as a free agent—on the whole, the talent appraisers have been doing a good job. One significant yardstick is how their top candidates fare—the players who get grabbed off in the first four rounds of the draft. Of the 420 players on N.F.L. squads last season, no less than fifty-nine had come into the league as No. 1 draft choices. There were 184 who had been picked in the first four rounds.

In building up to last year's championship season, the Baltimore Colts scored a succession of bull's-eyes with their first-round draft selections—fullback Alan Ameche in 1955, halfback Lenny Moore in 1956, tackle Jim Parker in 1957. Three other Colt stars were second-round picks—end Gino Marchetti (1952); center Dick Szymanski (1955), and linebacker Don Shinnick (1957).

On the other hand, three of Baltimore's great guards were well down on the draft list. Art Spinney of Boston College was originally a No. 15 selection in 1950. Alex Sandusky, from little Clarion State Teachers, went to the Colts on the sixteenth round in 1954. Steve Myhra of North Dakota was picked up on the twelfth round in 1956.

As a rule, though, the farther down the draft list a player is, the less likely he is to make the grade in the National Football League. Many of those selected in the later rounds don't even bother to try out. In recent years the N.F.L. teams have been drafting an annual total of 360 players. On the average, less than 60 per cent have reported to training camp, and less than 20 per cent have won jobs. Here are the figures for the past four seasons:

	No. Who Reported	No. Who Made Squads
1956	216	70
1957	199	64
1958	206	69
1959	162	51

Although a majority of the pros think they have the best possible talent-procurement setup, not everybody is happy with it. Coach Lawrence (Buck) Shaw of the Philadelphia Eagles recently contended that there was too much duplication of effort in the clubs' scouting programs, and called for the establishment of a Central Talent Screening Office to consolidate operations.

"The way it is now," Shaw complained in language reminiscent of Bert Bell's 1935 appeal for his draft plan, "the rich clubs have an advantage. Los Angeles spends more than a hundred thousand a year on scouting, and they can choose players on the basis of recommendations by dozens of scouts. We don't begin to have such an elaborate system. I think a league scouting office, providing information to be shared equally, would help all of us."

Somewhat surprisingly, Los Angeles' Eddie Kotal concedes that the idea has merit, although he doubts that enough clubs would agree to it. "I proposed a comparable plan ten years ago," Kotal says, "but it never got off the ground. It would save much money and time for all concerned. You can imagine how fed up some of the college registrars must get with a dozen pro scouts pestering them for the same information. One call from a central office would do the job."

The pro teams have generally got excellent co-operation from the colleges. For years the bulk of the scouting information was supplied by assistant college coaches. Lately the National Collegiate Athletic Association, some of whose member schools are concerned about box-office competition from professional football, has been attempting to curb such activities.

At the annual N.C.A.A. convention last January the following rule was adopted: "It shall be considered unethical conduct for a staff member of the athletic department of a member institution to receive compensation, directly or indirectly, for the scouting of athletic talent or the negotiating of talent contracts for professional sports organizations."

So far the new regulation has had little apparent effect. Fees aside, there are strong ties of personal friendship between many of the college coaches and their professional colleagues. Wally Butts, the veteran University of Georgia coach, seems to reflect the prevailing attitude when he says, "As long as the top pro teams are represented by men like Lynn Waldorf, I can have only the utmost respect for them."

There is another bone of contention today in regard to the pro league's draft methods. This controversy is strictly within the N.F.L. family. It concerns the practice followed by some clubs of exchanging future draft choices for players who can be of immediate help. Owner Art Rooney and Coach Buddy Parker of Pittsburgh created a furor within the league last fall when they traded away their top seven draft choices in advance.

"I'm bitterly opposed to allowing clubs to do this, because it defeats the purpose of the draft, which is to equalize strength in the league," said Walter Wolfner, managing director of the Chicago Cardinals. "It's like borrowing money from a loan shark to pay somebody else. By giving up surplus players for draft choices, strong teams can afford to stock up on 'red shirts'"—pro parlance for the drafting of boys while they still have another year of college football to play.

Buddy Parker vigorously defended his swaps. "I had to build my club to try to win immediately, not sometime in the future," he said. "I would rather have proven players than take a chance in the draft. Giving up draft choices helped me get players like Bobby Layne, who turned the Steelers into a contender."

However, Parker is as well aware as anybody else that a club couldn't operate that way indefinitely. "You can survive an occasional lean year in the draft," he says, "but if it is repeated you'll eventually run thin on talent. Over a period of time you can't afford to do a slipshod job of talent scouting."

This truth has long since become self-evident to all the N.F.L. clubs. They know they must get their share of the best new college prospects. They know they must look considerably farther than the annual All-American lists to come up with the right answers. THE END

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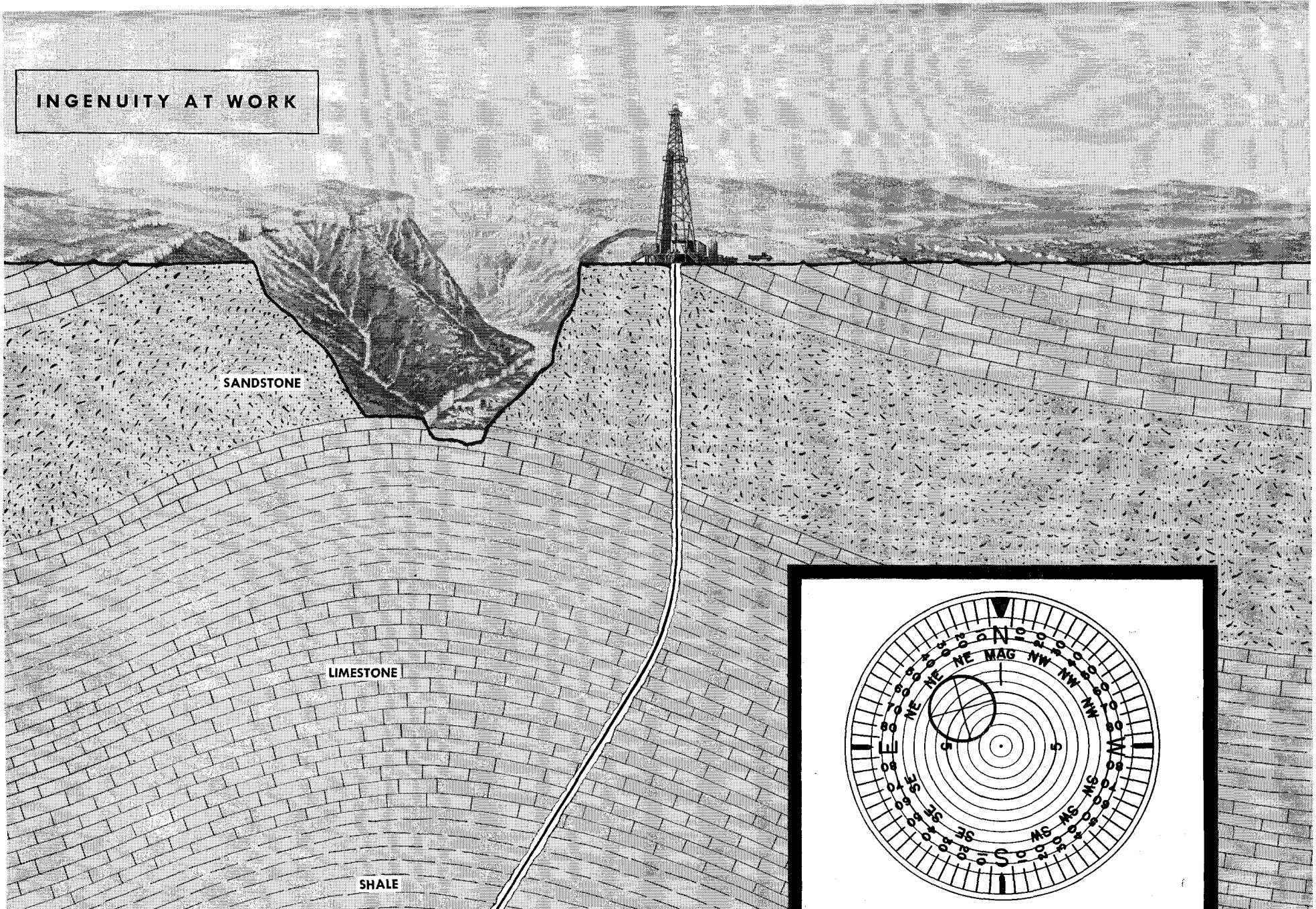

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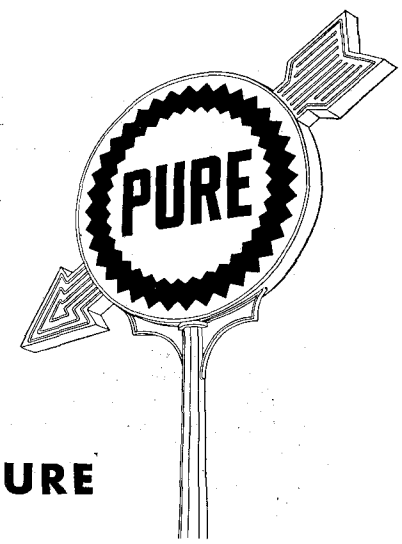

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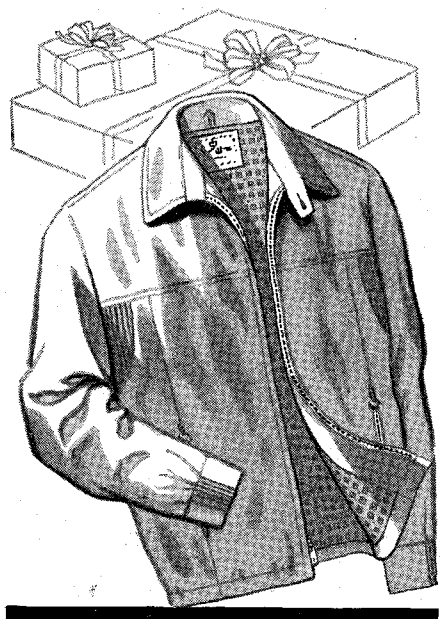

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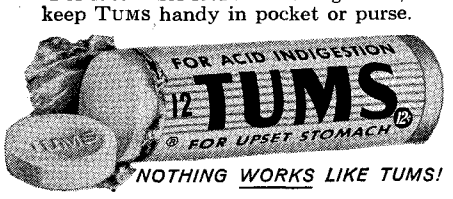

NOTHING WORKS LIKE TUMS!

I Watched the Red Bosses at Play

(Continued from Page 31)

legally?" When I assured him I was legal in the eyes of both his country and mine, he loudly announced to all comers, "Look, here's an American."

Until fairly recently the delights of Bulgaria—its beaches, mountains and lakes—had been distinctly off limits for citizens of the United States. Not only was its Communist government loath to issue visas to westerners; because of a nasty diplomatic incident in 1950 the United States had broken off relations with Bulgaria and had made the country out of bounds for bearers of United States passports. However, in the spring of 1959 relations were patched up.

In the past I had spent a good deal of time behind the Iron Curtain, first as a United States Navy officer in Russia and Siberia during World War II, and later as a diplomat in Eastern Europe. I knew how to speak Russian and Serbo-Croatian. Now a college professor, I was eager to see for myself what the alleged "relaxation" of totalitarianism really amounted to, and Bulgaria seemed an ideal place to look—if I could get in. With State Department approval I applied for a visa at the Bulgarian legation in Paris and was rather astonished when I got one and was on my way. The Bulgars, it became apparent, had become desirous to build their tourist trade, including the kind that brings them dollar income.

But Bulgaria, I soon found, is not only a place where commissars cavort at plush resorts. The "most satellite" of the satellite states, it also is the "most policed" of the police states. Not one block of its quiet, clean capital city of Sofia is without an armed policeman, and at night they carry submachine guns. Plain-clothes police, keeping a watchful eye on foreigners, are so ubiquitous as to be obvious. And one does not have to travel far from Sofia to see forced-labor battalions marching to work with military discipline.

Even fun, like everything else, is planned here by the state. The country's role as the official playground of the New Class is part of Moscow's new scheme for economic specialization among its satellites. According to plan, tourism has become Bulgaria's single biggest business, catering especially to Iron Curtain tourists, although hospitality is extended to everybody. Swiss specialists have been imported to make sure that everything is up to date. There are even canvas-protected beaches where women can lie nude and get an all-over tan.

The program is run by Balkantouriste, the official Bulgarian tourist agency, directed by Nicholas Yotov, an important member of the Central Committee of the Bulgarian Communist Party. Sporting the usual Bulgarian costume of ill-fitting dark suit minus necktie, Yotov is a massive, hearty salesman type, with thick, graying black hair. In his enthusiasm for Bulgaria as a tourist resort, he sounds like an official of the chamber of commerce, which, in fact, he is.

"Bulgaria has everything," Yotov told me. "The Black Sea beaches are only part of it. We have mountains for climbing and skiing, lakes, fishing, mineral springs, fine drinking water and wonderful weather. We Communists want to make everybody happy. We only wish more Americans would come. We will make them especially welcome."

The Bulgarian resorts are filled to capacity with, if not quite "everybody," at least those trusted enough to be allowed to travel. By plane, train and bus, the Communist elite streams into the country. The first stop invariably is the vast and spectacular Hotel Balkan in Sofia. From the mélange of Eastern European languages heard in its lobby, it might well have been called Hotel Babel.

The Hotel Balkan is far and away the most imposing hotel in Eastern Europe. Its rooms are large and pleasantly appointed. Moreover, it is clean and the water usually runs, sometimes even hot. But the service in the Hotel Balkan is even worse than in Moscow hotels. It is so bad, in fact, that after waiting forty-five minutes for a very simple meal, I investigated. The trouble was not difficult to find. The kitchens are all in one corner of the big building and the dining rooms in another. A waiter must walk about six blocks in the process of delivering an order and then returning to pick it up.

It is no surprise that few, if any, Bulgarians stay at the Hotel Balkan, or at Sofia's other livable hotel, the Bulgaria, across the street from the former royal palace. The cheapest room at the Balkan is about sixty-eight leva a day. At the special tourist rate this amounts to ten dollars. The average wage in Bulgaria is around 500 leva a month, equal to a little more than seventy dollars at tourist exchange rates.

Political and sociological aspects of Iron Curtain tourism are even better illustrated at Varna, the destination of most of the vacationing Communists. Here, with units of the Soviet Black Sea fleet maneuvering offshore, one sees members of the New Class from all the Soviet-bloc countries luxuriating on the so-called Golden Sands of this Red Riviera. The tourists invariably include selected groups of Russians, Czechs, Hungarians, Rumanians and East Germans, a few Poles and very, very few Bulgars.

Incidentally the term "New Class" is not a capitalist invention; in fact, it was coined by a Communist writer, Milovan Djilas, now languishing in prison in Yugoslavia for opposing Tito. Djilas contends that whereas the Communist systems of Eastern Europe are supposed to be classless societies, in actual fact the Communist bosses have become the new ruling-and-owning class—but far worse than the capitalists ever were. At the top of the ladder are the highest Communist Party and government officials. Next come government officials of lesser party status and second-level party functionaries. Third are the intellectuals—writers, actors, artists and professors. Fourth come industrial managers and technical specialists. The biggest, most obvious distinction is between the top group, or New Class, first rank, and the others, comprising the New Class, second rank.

Although at places like Varna there are a few special rest homes for certain key groups of workers such as miners, workers generally never associate with the New Class of either rank, nor, of course, do the peasants, who constitute the bulk of the population of Eastern Europe.

All the hotels of Bulgaria's $38,000,000 tourist establishment at Varna are new. I was put with the New Class, second rank, in a shiny structure called the Chaika. Simply by going along the beach in front of the hotel and striking up conversations, I turned up forty-five government officials and diplomats, five Communist Party functionaries, twenty-five managers of economic enterprises, fifteen writers, three university professors, two airline pilots and an actress. They were for the most part pleasant and relaxed, obviously enjoying themselves, and they avoided political conversations, at least with me. Although far from a linguistic expert, I was able to speak with these people, more or less, by using odds and ends of Russian, Serbian, Bulgarian, Czech, French and English. When all else failed, I fell back on what might be termed "pidgin Slav with gestures."

The New Class also has some interesting social distinctions based on nationality. The Russians are at the top. Two of the best hotels are reserved for them exclusively, and any Russian tourist, regardless of position, always receives special treatment. After this come the Czechs, primarily because they usually have more money, are better educated and better dressed.

Toward the bottom of the Communistic layer cake seem to be the Rumanians and the East Germans. Traditionally Rumanians are looked down on by other Eastern Europeans, and Communist attitudes still reflect this viewpoint. East Germans are given less favorable treatment; apparently because nobody in Eastern Europe likes Germans, Communist or otherwise.

The position of the Hungarians was curious. As a result of the 1956 uprisings, only recently have any Hungarians been permitted to go on such junkets. But they remained more by themselves than the others. One party of them was pointed out to me by the headwaiter. "They're Hungarians," he whispered. "They had a revolution." I asked him later what he thought about it, but he only shook his head and walked away.

But next day a woman from Prague on the beach talked to me about the Hungarians. She was a party member herself and wife of a factory director in Slovakia. "They ought to stay home," she sniffed. "They're stupid, and you can't trust them. They made a mess of their own country and put us all in danger."

The Czech lady was attractive but markedly plump. When she learned I was an American, she confided her secret dream. It is to come to the United States and take a reducing treatment.

The custom at Varna is for groups staying for several days or more to have the flags of their respective countries placed on their dining tables. I early struck up the acquaintance of a Bulgarian official—one of the few at Varna—who invited me to eat with him and his family. When we sat down, he called the headwaiter and told him he had an American guest and thought we should have an American flag at our table. "*Molya*," (please), said the headwaiter and went off to hunt one. In a few minutes he came back empty-handed. He was sorry but there were no American flags. My Bulgarian friend insisted. The headwaiter went off again. This time he returned bearing a British flag. "This," he said, "is the closest we have." My companion rejected it indignantly and was about to make a scene. Just then a little man in a blue suit, who had been watching us intently, strolled over and whispered something to my companion, who made no reply but quickly dropped the matter of an American flag.

... ...

Hearts' Desires

Most girls list
As life's chief blisses:
Being missed,
And being Mrs.

Stephen Schlitzer

... ...

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Another Bulgarian Communist official there was a mysterious figure known as George Pirinsky, although that was not his real name. He was head of what was described as "the Bulgarian Peace Committee." Mr. Pirinsky had lived a long time in the United States, where he married a pretty American girl from Los Angeles. When he was deported a few years ago, his wife and their baby son came with him. I met Mrs. Pirinsky on the beach, and she told me that she considers herself both a good American and a good Bulgarian, but she was angry with the State Department for refusing her permission to visit her ailing father in America. She was keenly interested in developments in the United States; evidently she had been reading about them in the Bulgarian newspapers. Was it really true, she asked, that President Eisenhower wanted war? Later she introduced me to her husband, saying that we must get together. He, however, then and every other time I approached him, was busy with "important writing."

There is marked contrast between Varna, bubbling with animation and gaiety, and other parts of Bulgaria. Sofia, for example, with broad boulevards, shiny marble buildings and lovely, old Orthodox churches, is the prettiest city in the Balkans. But there is no activity—no cars, few horses and not many people on the streets. It is clean and well kept, but it is probably the quietest city of its size—643,700—in Europe. Everywhere there are militiamen and soldiers, all dressed exactly like those in the Soviet Union.

This grim atmosphere, together with the vast, mausoleumlike buildings in its center gives Sofia the air of something akin to a military cemetery. The analogy is heightened by the prominence of the enormous tomb of Georgi Dimitrov, the late Bulgarian Communist leader and secretary general of the Comintern. Dimitrov, for years the No. 1 man in the shadowy world of international Communist intrigue, was the central figure at the Reichstag trial, when Hitler first came to power in Germany. He died in Moscow in the summer of 1949 under somewhat mysterious circumstances. Many—Yugoslavs in particular—feel that he was really purged for his associations with Tito.

However that may be, Dimitrov received the homage fitting a great Communist hero. He was embalmed by the same man who embalmed Lenin—but with a process described as "more advanced." His remains are now displayed in a great mausoleum in Sofia much like that holding the bodies of Lenin and Stalin in Moscow.

At the Dimitrov Mausoleum, Communist idolatry is practiced much as it is at Lenin and Stalin's tomb in Moscow, although noticeably fewer people proportionately queue up to see Dimitrov. Rigid punctilio governs the twice-daily performance. Two white-jacketed, shiny-booted soldiers stand at attention guarding the door to the tomb day and night. Every two hours the guard is changed, the replacements marching up at a goose step.

This aping of Soviet practice characterizes Communist Bulgaria, especially in Sofia. Three other new, gleaming-white structures dominate Lenin Square in the heart of the capital—all constructed during a period when hunger was rampant throughout the country—and all copying Soviet architecture. One of them is a soaring tower, capped by a star, which houses the government and looks like the Soviet foreign office in Moscow. Until a year or so ago, it was known as Party House. A second is the Gargantuan Hotel Balkan. Across the street from the hotel is the new general department store, looking exactly like the one in Moscow called GUM. In Sofia, however, it is called TsUM. TsUM has marble staircases and moving stairways. It is filled with goods at fantastically high prices. It is also filled with people, more of whom come to look and ride the moving stairs than to buy. Here foreigners can purchase Bulgaria's famous rose oil, base of perfumes. A vial about a quarter the size of your little fingernail costs twenty dollars.

In a restaurant on TsUM's main floor an orchestra plays waltzes most of the day, and people sit drinking beer or lemonade. In this restaurant, sometime before I arrived, the police ordered the orchestra to play some rock 'n' roll. Then they arrested all the young people who got up to dance.

"The young people were not really imprisoned for long," a Bulgarian Army officer told me apologetically. "We just wanted to impress on them the harm of such decadent capitalist influences." The same day the elevator boy in the Hotel Balkan confided to me that he was a fan of the *Voice of America*. His favorite program, he said, was "ruck 'n' rull."

All Western influences are firmly discouraged in Bulgaria. Everything foreign is Russian—virtually all imported goods, including automobiles and motorcycles, as well as music and literature. The Bulgarian language is akin to Russian in some respects, and nearly everybody speaks at least some Russian. I quickly found out that certain advantages accrue to the Russian-speaker, a curt *tovarishch* commanding prompt service anywhere.

A case in point was a slight altercation I had with a tough-looking Sofia policeman. In Sofia citizens are prohibited from walking in front of government buildings after dark. Ignorant of this prohibition I was strolling past the parliament house one evening when suddenly the policeman began to push me into the street with his Tommy gun.

"Look here, *tovarishch*," I snapped in Russian. "What's this all about?" Instantly the policeman apologized. His superior, who had been lurking in the shadows, ran over to explain that the policeman was "uncultured" but that he was only doing his duty according to the law, "just like in the Soviet Union."

It is only fair to point out, though, that much Russian influence in Bulgaria is traditional, not of Soviet origin. Sofia's main street has long been named Russian Avenue, and its main monument is the mounted figure of the Czar Liberator, Alexander II of Russia, whose defeat of the Turks gave Bulgaria its independence in 1878. Across the street from the imposing Soviet Embassy is the beautiful old Russian Church, with its Kremlinlike dome, and just opposite is the great cathedral of St. Alexander Nevsky, named after a famous Russian and designed and decorated by craftsmen from St. Petersburg.

This is not the first time Bulgaria has been a Russian satellite, either. After liberating Bulgaria from the Turks, the Russians more or less took it over with much the same sort of strong-arm methods the Soviets used in 1944. The czar installed one of his relatives, Alexander of Battenberg, on the Bulgarian throne. When Alexander failed to do St. Petersburg's bidding, the Russians actually kidnaped him and forced his abdication in 1886. However, Russian influence later lost out to the Bulgarians' will for independence and growing German influence in the Balkans.

In Bulgaria today there may be some doubt about whether the No. 1 man really is Party First Secretary Todor Zhivkov, Premier Anton Yugov or Deputy Premier Vulko Chervenkov, sometimes referred to as Little Stalin. However, there is no

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doubt that the No. 1 Bulgarian, whoever he is, takes his orders from the Soviet Embassy in Sofia. The embassy is the real center of power in Bulgaria.

The present ambassador, Yuri K. Prikhodov, a large, forceful man, looks and acts the part of a proconsul. I telephoned him soon after arriving in Sofia, and, doubtless because any American in town was such a curiosity, he invited me to call. At the embassy, where an array of Soviet wines, cheeses, fruits and candies had been laid out, Mr. Prikhodov greeted me in booming English, "Welcome to Bulgaria!"

By and large, Ambassador Prikhodov talked frankly about Bulgarian politics, but he insisted that he never interfered in internal Bulgarian affairs. However, he quickly added, "Our advice is sometimes sought." In the beginning, he said, when the Bulgarians were just learning how to operate a Communist state, it was different, but now "these people can do a fine job themselves." Bulgaria's decision to decentralize economic controls in much the same way as the U.S.S.R. had done was cited as an instance where Soviet advice was solicited.

My efforts to learn something about these decentralization plans, incidentally, succeeded, thanks to the Soviet ambassador's prestige. All Bulgarian officials and economists I had tried to see were, I was told, either too busy or on vacation. But few things a foreigner does in Sofia go unnoticed, and it quickly got around that I had been the guest of Mr. Prikhodov. Now I was invited to meet the economic section of the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences—and to address the members.

Our discussion was revealing. When I referred to Yugoslav theories on the relationship of decentralization to socialism, there were sounds of disapproval around the table. Then I mentioned that the same ideas had been suggested by the noted Soviet economist, Modest Rubenshtein. At once the disapproval subsided. "Ah yes, Professor Rubenshtein," said one of my hosts, and all around the table the other Bulgarian economists sagely shook their heads. One of the interesting things about Bulgaria is that the inhabitants shake their heads "no" when they mean "yes." Until one gets used to this, the Bulgarians appear to live in a state of perpetual disagreement.

Although Ambassador Prikhodov played down his intervention in Bulgaria's internal affairs, he made no attempt to conceal his role in conveying Moscow's directives for co-ordinating the economies of satellite Europe. The agency for this is known as the Council for Mutual Economic Aid, and Mr. Prikhodov said frankly that "as far as its headquarters in Bulgaria goes, it is right here in the Soviet Embassy. We talk it over with them, and they usually agree. After all, they are as interested in the success of Communism as we are."

One decision of the Council for Mutual Economic Aid not long ago called for a slackening off on Bulgaria's exaggerated efforts to build heavy industry and placing emphasis on things such as tourism and agriculture. The Bulgarian reaction to this suggestion shows up in a 12 per cent drop in the amount of national income invested in industry. Earlier Zhivkov had hailed development of heavy industry as "the heart of Bulgarian socialism," but he now points with pride to the new tourist industry and declares: "We can build socialism more economically . . . by not trying to develop heavy industries for which we do not have the basic means."

Bulgarian officials like to point to their "progress in agriculture." It is progress of a very special type, however. Some 95 per cent of Bulgarian agriculture is collectivized, and now the government is striving to make it 100 per cent. Although the plight of the peasants has improved in the last two years, Bulgarian agriculture still has the lowest productivity in Europe and has made nowhere near the advances one sees in Yugoslavia, where collectivization has been abandoned altogether.

Poverty and resentment against the regime may be more widespread among the peasants, but is by no means confined to them. Not only are wages low and prices high but also unemployment—never supposed to occur in Communist countries—is widespread. Paradoxically there also is a shortage of certain kinds of labor because unemployment is due in large part to the rapid shift of people from rural to urban areas.

Government efforts to cope with both unemployment and labor shortages are drastic. Thousands of Bulgarian young people are shipped off annually to the Soviet Union to help relieve unemployment, but at the same time labor battalions, made up not only of young men of military age but also white-collar workers and civil servants, are used to ease the pressure on the labor market. Government propaganda insists that the labor battalions and the "excursions" to the U.S.S.R. are voluntary, but this brings reactions varying from wry smiles to bitter laughter. More recently plans have been announced for "freeing housewives from kitchen slavery" so they may be trained to work in factories.

Both economic pressure on the population and the widespread dissatisfaction are evident in the constant flow of harsh government decrees. Many of them involve the death penalty, not only for such offenses as trying to flee the country but also for theft. Theft of "people's property," which covers just about everything in Bulgaria, is an ever-increasing worry to the regime.

Despite harsh penalties, the stealing goes on and is taken for granted by the people. On a country road near Tirnova, in the interior, I fell into conversation with a peasant girl who said she was waiting for her fiancé to come for her on his motorcycle. The motorcycle belonged to a group of peasant youths, she confided, who kept it hidden in the woods when not using it. Knowing that a motorcycle is as far out of reach of the average Bulgarian as a gold-plated sedan would be for the average American, I asked where the money came from.

"Oh," she said nonchalantly, "they stole it—a little here and a little there. Where else would they get it?"

Much of the hostility to the regime is not especially ideological, although it is among the remnants of the small former middle class—shop owners, lawyers, businessmen and the like—most of whom now eke out a bare subsistence working at menial tasks. Yet there does not seem to be even a remote possibility of an anti-Communist revolt, or even of a Titoist movement. Western envoys are agreed on this. They are supported in their opinion by Yugoslav diplomats in Sofia, who, being on the wrong side of the Communist coin, are, as one of them put it, "treated worse than Americans." The ostentatious display of armed police in Sofia was instituted at the time of the Hungarian uprising, apparently "just to be sure." The bulk of the Bulgarian population is politically apathetic. The anti-Communists who are still alive and out of prison have been thoroughly intimidated.

The police take no chances with foreigners either. Although I think I was not followed at Varna, I had a "tail" in Sofia as often as not, and once two of them. They pursued their task somewhat perfunctorily, and most of the time I was more amused than anything else at these uninvited companions. But when I went to call on a dispossessed Bulgarian family, whose relatives in America had given me their address, I wanted to be certain I was not followed. I slipped out of my hotel shortly after dark and sauntered across Lenin Square. A block away I could see the dark-suited figure assigned to keep tab on me. Calling up all my Iron Curtain lore, I finally shook him and then quickly found the address.

The people were glad to see me, but they felt so hopeless that I was saddened. They said they were in no danger, but we talked in whispers while the radio was turned up full blast. When I left, my "tail" was nowhere in sight. But I did not really breathe easily until two days later when I received an agreed-upon unsigned post card with a big O.K. on it from the people I had visited.

Although western and Yugoslav diplomats in Sofia are followed invariably, actual "police aggression" against them has ceased. It was police efforts to implicate American Envoy Donald R. Heath in the Titoist trial of Bulgarian Communist leader Traicho Kostov that led to the break of diplomatic relations between Bulgaria and the United States in 1950. Under the agreement for re-establishment of diplomatic contact, the Bulgarian Government promised to mend its ways in this regard.

When I was finally ready to leave the country, I ran into one last "Bulgarian situation." I had surrendered my passport to the police on arrival, and they still had it. Several times on the day of departure I had demanded the passport from the Balkantouriste office in the hotel. Always the same answer: "You will have it right away." Finally at five P.M. the tourist official said it was impossible to get the passport until morning because the police were all away at a soccer match. At this I protested so loudly that the hotel manager and one of the several secret policemen always hanging around the lobby came over. They would fix it, they said. A half hour later they were back. The passport office *was* closed, they announced. I would have to delay leaving until the next day.

When I had left the Soviet embassy several days earlier, the ambassador had told me, "If there is anything I can do for you here, just call me."

Now I was furious and panicky. My visa expired that evening. So I reached for the telephone and shouted, "Very well, I'll call my friend, the Soviet ambassador."

Immediately people came running from all over, and several of them told me all at once, "No, no, don't do that."

"All right," I said, "then get my passport."

Again the hotel manager and the policeman left, this time accompanied by the tourist official. In thirteen and a half minutes by my watch they were back. This time they had the passport. I was glad too. I had suddenly remembered that the Soviet ambassador was out of town. THE END

NEXT WEEK

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 41:

THE FINAL ANSWER

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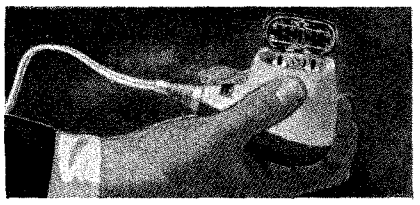

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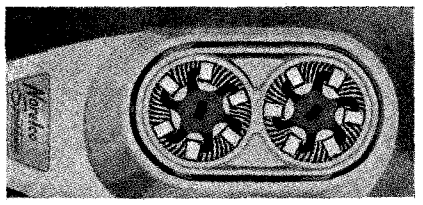

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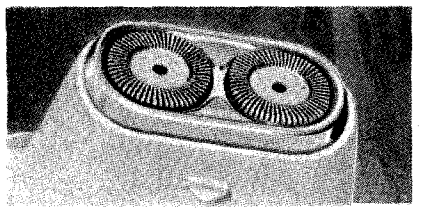
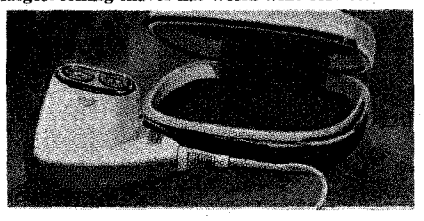


4. DeLuxe Travel Case with Speedshaver. World's largest-selling shaver has world-wide service.



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Women Want the Oddest Things for Christmas

(Continued from Page 35)

roses, how in the world did he think he could afford to get married?

Nevertheless, think of the gifts with which her husband has gifted Virginia! Carloads of heavy household equipment. Bushels of books, records, gadgets. Pecks of foamy lingerie, pearl earrings, candy. And yet, what flashes meteorlike through Virginia's little mind when you ask her about her best present? The twelfth rose.

Well, of course—a critic may carp—most women have a romantic memory or two tucked away, and how is a live husband to compete with a dead corsage? For that matter, why should he?

I can answer only that some of them do, and with excellent results. The best gift of another friend of mine is the small charm for her charm bracelet which her husband Joe gave her for Christmas. It is a little silver angel, the most impossibly angelic of all angels, and on the back of it is engraved, MOST OF THE TIME. LOVE, J.

Now, this may not sound like much to a man, but it warms Amy's heart like a bonfire. Consider, too, its valuable side effects—what we might term the fallout. As any woman will perceive instantly, it gives Amy a most gratifying lead in the area of female friendsmanship. A friend notices the angel at luncheon, say, and asks to see it. Amy, co-operating gladly, hands it over. When friend reads that message of clearly understated devotion, it sends her home in a state bordering on shock. *Her* husband never thought of anything cute like that.

Now, this isn't to say that a woman always prefers that one perfect rose, or that one tiny trinket, to that one perfect limousine. Nor is it to say that a woman can't feel sentimental about mink—a generic term here for any lavish lovely object—if she gets it at the right time from the right person.

Unfortunately, though, it seldom works out like this. If her husband can easily afford it, then it is just another coat from daddy. And even though he can't easily afford it, still there's no escaping the fact that there's something in it for him. The caveman dragging that fur-covered carcass home was showing the world what a mighty hunter he was.

At any rate, none of the women I asked—including four minks, two beavers, and five of unknown but quite respectable ancestry—mentioned a fur. Or a jewel. Or, for that matter, the handsomely overpriced negligee-and-nightgown arrangement which harried husbands so often pick up at 5:29 on Christmas Eve. The simple fact seems to be that Presents and Possessions are filed in quite different compartments of the female brain.

Let's consider the case of my neighbor, Mary B. She is blessed, or hobbled, depending on where you sit, by having a husband who couldn't care less what he eats. But Mary, on the other hand, thinks it mightily important. Moreover she loves to cook.

For eight years, therefore, she has been doggedly cooking beautiful food—from Soufflé d'Ecrevisses Florentine to Tournedos Nicoise, not to mention sauces Mornay, Bercy and Noisette—all the while knowing that her husband would be quite as happy with plain canned beans and store-bought cookies.

Then last Christmas her husband came through with the world's most beautiful gourmet cookbook, a superb, lavish, terribly expensive affair which she had wanted for years but had never felt, in all good conscience, that she could buy. This, Mary tells me, is her best present bar none, because—as she put it—it said more than it was.

Consider, too, the best present of my cousin Charlotte. Charlotte loves antiques or, more accurately, what she calls Cute Old Things, which she finds in Funny Old Shops or in obscure corners of the Salvation Army's collection depot. She has a special fondness for old bottles, old bootjacks and chipped stone pickling crocks; and her husband, who doesn't share this enthusiasm, has been heard to complain that their living room is beginning to look like somebody's basement.

Nevertheless, one Christmas he gave her a twenty-five dollar receipt from one of the more disreputable of these places and told her to go buy some more.

There it is again—the lovely and warming affirmation that seems to be part and parcel of most best presents: simply, you're an odd duck, but I love you anyway.

And right here we have the reason why giving her The Gift She'd Never Buy Herself—unless she happens to be a teenager—can be an enormous booboo. Not that this isn't highly successful if the gift is what Billy Rose once called a Five-Dollar Cake of Soap, the very best-of-breed item in a category which the lady already likes. But when you choose a category you think she *should* like—say, a good big dollop of French perfume for a lady who never touches the stuff, or stout fishing waders for a Southern Camellia, you are walking on eggshells.

You see, gentlemen, most women past the age of consent cherish a notion,

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deluded though it may be, that they have achieved for themselves a rather satisfactory personal style. When you give the out-and-out country-tweeds type a mad marabou trifle, you are implying, of course, "I can see the femme fatale peeping through that tailored exterior, and here is something to bring her out."

But how do you know she doesn't consider herself a tweedy-type femme fatale anyhow? Perhaps she has spent years perfecting this; and she wants and needs that marabou object like another eyebrow. She may misread the message as "Why don't you *do* something about yourself?"

You see, here you are verging perilously close to the Insult Gift—those holly-trimmed packets of toothpaste and other unlikely gift items which bloom like poinsettias in drugstores at this time of year. The merchants' enthusiasm is commendable but misguided; and anyone who gives one of these affairs to a lady of spirit is apt to get it back, right across the chops.

A variation on the Gift She'd Never Buy Herself theme, incidentally, is the Gift Unexpected, or, Let's Give Grandma a brace of falcons. A man I know, a rather philosophical type, does this frequently, in the fond hope that he is opening windows onto new vistas.

He once gave his wife an ant farm—one of those glass-enclosed ant universes, before which you are supposed to sit, hypnotized, watching the ants go around doing whatever it is ants do. But his wife was not hypnotized. She gave the ant farm to a little boy across the street who is hot for bugs.

Actually, this window-opening theory reads prettier than it works out. Most of the people you know have plenty of windows open already; they just don't have the time to look out of them.

Now, with teen-agers, as I have indicated, the Gift She'd Never Buy Herself presents no problems. In the first place, it is hard to think of one. Teen-agers will buy *anything* for themselves, given the funds, and the farther out in left field, generally speaking, the better they like it. If your gift indicates that you have discerned the latent temptress beneath that pudgy or knobby-kneed exterior, you are a hero.

A friend of mine tells me that a lipstick, given to her at Age 12, was her best present. It was a brand widely advertised as kissproof, and although my friend never put it to the test, she says it was a glorious feeling just knowing it was there in her school-going pocketbook, safe among her grubby handkerchiefs and streetcar tokens.

Conversely, my friend Eloise suffered greatly in her formative years. One Christmastime her lad, of whom she had expected great things, gave her a sturdy, solemn, practical, navy-blue umbrella. To Eloise this was about as romantic as a jar of peanut butter. That Christmas was curtains for him.

And I'll never forget my own traumatic experience back in my salad days—and very green salad days they were. I was going with an older, sophisticated man of

> The surest way to get children to eat is to take them to an expensive restaurant.
>
> FRANK G. MCINNIS

eighteen, and I had stars in my eyes, but he had a gleam in his. His Christmas present to me was a bottle of French champagne, which somehow wiped the "Merry" off my Christmas like a wet sponge. I had wanted something to cherish, you see, and something to flaunt, ever so casually, in front of the girls. Champagne wasn't romantic; it was—well, just wicked.

The rule here would seem to be this: if you are a teen-ager's dashing, sophisticated uncle, a bottle of champagne might be a dashing, sophisticated gift. But if you are her true love—or she considers you so—she wants an Ever Thine bracelet, or an Arlene Francis-type heart.

You cannot pursue the matter of presents any distance without coming upon toe covers and sidesaddles.

Toe covers—I don't know where they got the name—are those highly improbable widgits like left-handed *fettucine* cutters or a set of seven blue velvet bookmarks, each dedicated to a different day of the week, which provoke a really sincere "Oh, you shouldn't have!" from the recipient. They are usually rewrapped and redistributed the following Christmas, if you are certain you remember whom not to give them back to.

Only by a happy fluke does a toe cover ever turn out to be someone's best present. The only instance I know of which comes even close concerns a hand-embroidered, fluted, scalloped, starched linen liner for a breadbasket—truly a magnificent toe cover—which was given to a business girl. She had no breadbasket, of course, nor did she have a summer hat; and she needed a summer hat to wear to a wedding. So she wore this hand-embroidered, fluted, scalloped, starched linen breadbasket liner, and it was a vast success. While this doesn't make it a Best Present exactly, it's still

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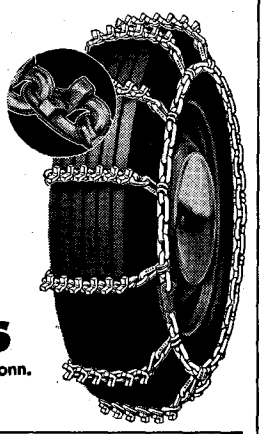

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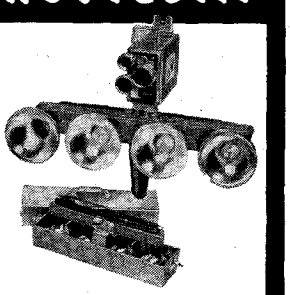

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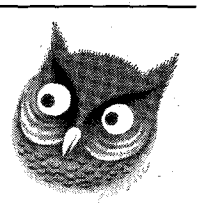

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Sidesaddles, too, are seldom "best presents." A sidesaddle is our family's name for that good book you give your husband because you want to read it yourself, or the croquet set which the croquet fan happily gives to a member of his immediate family for the whole family to enjoy.

These can be good presents, mind you, but not best presents. An illustration of this is the best present a friend of mine, named Constance, received from her husband, named Al.

It was their second Christmas and first baby. Al's original idea, for Connie's Christmas, was a smart nonmaternity suit, which he certainly would have enjoyed seeing her in after all those smocks. Next he thought of a decent record player, for they both wanted one. But he finally discarded both these sidesaddles in favor of a one-day-a-week baby sitter for a year.

This brought him no joy. He didn't look forward to having the lady around. But to Connie, who had heard the clank of the jail gates closing as she regarded the diaper-and-bottle-bound vista before her, it was the absolutely best present of her life.

Thus, the best present, it seems, isn't usually laden with side benefits to the giver, although it does bring its own subtle rewards.

Indeed, what the best present isn't can be quite as instructive as what it is. Item: a woman's best present isn't usually like anyone else's.

Many a fond husband and father has come a cropper here. Wandering dazedly through a department store, with his wife and daughter on his mind and the December 25 deadline breathing hot on his neck, a man may stumble into the Christmas crop of cashmeres and solve his problems in one fell swoop. Both his women like yellow, he knows, and anyway his feet hurt. So he settles for two identical yellow cardigans.

This he should not have done, as he will learn on the first shopping day after Christmas, when he finds that one or the other of the yellow cashmeres has been magically transmuted into a red pullover or an electric skillet.

Another point that it is well to keep in mind is that her best present isn't usually the one she ordered.

The huge exception here is little girls. If a little girl wants a doll buggy, expects a doll buggy and doesn't get a doll buggy, she won't even see all the hand-smocked dresses and doll houses and Teddy bears she *does* get, and you will be scouring the town in search of an open-for-business Doll Buggy Store on Christmas morning.

But adults are different, especially female adults. One woman whom I asked said that last Christmas she had pined for, and asked for, a certain marble-topped cigarette table, which her husband gave her. But the present she truly loved, the present she shows everyone, was an unexpected one. It was a little framed picture—a color snapshot of her azaleas that he had taken, quite unknown to her, the previous spring.

It is true, too, that some of the best presents are bittersweet. My friend Phyllis had a beloved cat named Giddy, who died in her seventeenth summer, having had a rich full life and approximately 238 children. Phyllis has received some impressive gifts in her time, but the one she remembers was the exact, lively, kitten replica of Giddy, which her husband gave her the following Christmas.

Then there is Alicia, whose best present was the watch her mother gave her when she was twelve. She had wanted a watch badly; and her mother, a woman of sentiment and tradition, had her own mother's handsome heavy gold lapel watch checked over, beautifully polished and gift-wrapped.

But Alicia's idea had been something sporty—in white gold—a wrist watch, the kind the other girls had. When she saw the heirloom she was crushed; and then, when she saw her mother's face, she was doubly so, but the moment couldn't be undone. Alicia remembers it vividly—perhaps, as she says, because she did more growing up in that moment than in all her twelve years.

A woman's best present can be any one of many things, you see, depending on who she is and where she stands, and also who is standing beside her. Another friend of mine was given a gift which is hard to forget.

She and her husband had had a warm, happy marriage; he died suddenly in September. Christmas was a bleak time for her that year; but, for the sake of her two young sons, she trimmed the traditional tree in their traditional way.

Under the tree on Christmas morning she found a special gift for herself: a fifty-cent piece, wrapped as only a ten-year-old boy would wrap it, from Doug, the elder.

You see, it had been his father's custom to give his mother, among her other gifts, a small wrapped-up check. Now that Doug was the man of the family, he was keeping, as best he could, the old traditions alive. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll say this—wherever people gather to cha-cha, your name will be immortal."

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The Television Cowboy

(Continued from Page 30)

"How kind of you, Mr. Gray," Jack said coldly.

"You don't appear to be having much fun here," Doc said in a voice suddenly grown breathless, "and I was wondering if you wouldn't like to come over to my apartment—it isn't far—and see my pictures ——"

"No, thank you," Jack said. Suddenly he changed his mind; anything was better than this Indian burial ground. "Yes, I would, Doc."

He rushed her to the foyer, not bothering to say good-by to Elsie and Ed. He put her in his little topless sports car and drove to Wilshire Boulevard. As they got out, two cars stopped behind. Ed and Elsie appeared.

"I hate to sound inhospitable," Doc said, "but I prefer to show Sundown my work in private."

"Look, Toots ——" Ed began.

"Of course, dear," Elsie said cordially. "Ed and I will wait here. But I think it's only fair to warn you that plenty of girls have shown Sundown more than their etchings and got nowhere. He's saving his money for steers."

Jack followed Doc to her first-floor apartment. A blackboard on rollers stood incongruously in the middle of the room, covered with mathematical formulas. There were also plenty of bedaubed canvases done in a nonobjective manner. He gazed at them incredulously, listening to her pathetic explanations.

"You must be kidding," he said. "I'm no art critic, but ——"

Her face fell. "I work a good deal in the desert. It's only a hobby ——"

"Who's this guy Ed?"

"Oh, just a friend. He likes my ——"

"He would. Tell me more about you."

Picking up an eraser, Doc cleared a space on the blackboard. "Mind if I use this? I'm so used to working on it."

She chalked information quickly: "b. 1934; M.A. Deg., Univ. of Chicago; height, 5 ft. 1 in.; dimensions, 38-22-34; health, excellent; disposition, affectionate; no record of insanity in family."

"You see," Doc said, "I'm sort of bright, and that's always kept me from having any normal, girlish fun."

Jack edged closer to the blackboard. "Are you sure of those dimensions?"

"I'm careful with figures."

"So am I," he said. "Well, this has been charming, kid. Keep up the—the good work."

"Come back again soon, Sundown," Doc said and saw him reluctantly to the door. "I'm lonely and desperate."

Elsie and Ed were sitting in Ed's sedan. They got out smilingly.

"How does Doc's work strike you?" Ed asked.

"It's terrible," Jack said. "But not to you, I hear. Would you have any objection to my seeing more of this girl, Mr. Gray?"

"Not especially, Sundown. I rather like you. Your manager, too—she has a good head on your shoulders."

Closely watched by Jack and Elsie, Ed climbed into his car and drove away. "The artist is well-rounded," Elsie said reflectively, "but needs glamorizing."

"Yes," Jack said. "We might consider helping her."

"We also might consider Ed," Elsie said. "Where does he come in? The guy claims to be an art lover."

"He may be taking advantage of the lonely kid."

"How? The way I think?"

"I'd rather not discuss it at present," Jack said. "Let us bide our time."

Despite other concerns, Jack managed to give Doc and Ed considerable thought in the next few days. Eventually he ordered his manager to investigate.

"Nothing sensational turned up," Elsie reported. "Doc works in the physical-sciences department at U.C.L.A. Her life is apparently blameless."

"What about Ed?"

"Nobody seems to have any dope on him. Simply another art lover. They're often seen together in public."

"I'd better get to the bottom of this."

"You got a new angle, Buster," Elsie said. "You don't get 'em in trouble; you get 'em out."

Jack telephoned Doc. "Would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

"It would mean more to me than winning a Nobel Prize in chemistry, Sundown," Doc said simply.

"You should have heard the gratitude in her voice," Jack said later to Elsie. "I tell you, the girl's in need of help."

"And I tell you," Elsie said, "that pretty soon you'll be too."

Jack and Doc went from a restaurant to a night club and danced to the music of a phrenetic band. "This is the most significant evening of my life," Doc said.

"I'm glad you're pleased," Jack said. "Taking a girl out in this town always bugs me—the next day the columns never fail to predict a new romance for me."

"Oh, boy!" Doc said and stiffened. "Sundown, is there any chance of a romance between us?"

"None," Jack said. "Forget it, kid."

She seemed to, but sat very close to him as he drove her home. When they parked behind a sedan which looked

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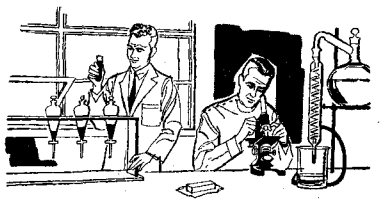

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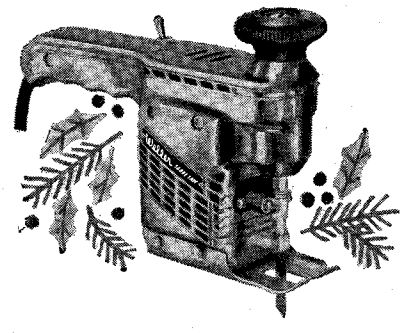

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remarkably like Ed's, she lifted her face and he automatically kissed her. The trusting pressure of her lips gave him a curious jolt. He drew back sharply.

"Uh—that was just for good night," he said. "Now I'll see you to your door."

"No, no," she said. "That won't be necessary. Thanks for the kiss."

But Jack was already out of the car. He led her inside. Ed opened the door.

"Welcome home," Ed said. "What have you been doing?"

"None of your business," Doc said.

"You fool," Ed said. "You know I only have your best interests at heart."

Top Gun characters in Jack's TV scenes practiced a grave courtesy in moments of stress—prior to gunplay they were wont to put an honorable prefix ahead of names.

"Mr. Gray," Jack said, "I don't like your attitude. Would you mind stepping outside with me?"

"Not at all, Mr. Brennan," Ed said.

"Ed," Doc said. "If you harm a hair of his head, I'll quit—uh—painting!"

The door closed on her worried face. Walking stiff-legged, as though his six-shooters were strapped to him, Jack preceded Ed to the front steps.

"Well, Mr. Gray," Jack said, "I guess this is the showdown."

"You'd be more impressive if you wiped the lipstick off your kisser," Ed said.

Jack scrubbed his lips with a handkerchief. Staring off down the boulevard, Ed sighed and scratched himself.

"You're all right, I suppose," he said. "I like your program."

"I wish I could say the same for you," Jack replied. "Speaking of programs, just what is yours for Doc?"

"Well," Ed said, "it's innocent enough. What's yours? Honorable matrimony?"

"Of course not. I merely feel sorry for her."

"'Of course not!'" Ed mimicked Jack's intonations and then took a deep breath. "Get lost, cowboy."

"I ought to belt you, you art lover," Jack said.

"Go away," Ed said. "Can't you understand I'm like a father to that girl? She doesn't need any outdoor Casanovas."

He looked so honestly depressed that Jack couldn't avoid the conviction that he was on the level. Failing to find words, he contented himself with giving Ed a hard glance and departing.

In a couple of days he received a telephone call from Elsie. "Listen," she said, "could you come by tonight for an informal barbecue?"

"Why not?" Jack said.

Elsie lived in a little house in Sunset Plaza. She met Jack at the sliding glass doors which divided the living room from the patio. Around the glowing charcoal braziers and the portable bar was a gay assemblage.

"Go say hello," Elsie said. "You know everybody."

He did too. The first person he encountered was Ed, glass in hand and apparently at peace with the world. The second was Doc, wearing Capri pants and a sweater and ballet slippers. Her hair had been shorn in a gamin-type cut that was appallingly close and attractive, and her blue eyes and white teeth flashed from a piquant face made swarthier by a dark powder base. The amazing transformation shook Jack. "Hi, Sundown," Ed said. "What's new?"

"I am," Doc said. "Do you think I'm sexy?"

"I do," Ed said.

"She asked me," Jack said. "I do."

"That's all I wanted to hear," Doc said. "You're the only one who matters. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome," Jack said. "Excuse me, I'll just say hello to the others."

He mumbled in various faces and shook divers hands. Elsie came over.

"The hairdo, the clothes, the make-up and other things including standing up straight and throwing out her dandy chest," she said, "are the work of your devoted manager. Aren't you pleased?"

"On the contrary," Jack said, "I will never forgive you. The kid has an infantile crush on me, and now you've raised wild hopes in her that can come to nothing."

He returned to the lovely girl. They sat together on a redwood bench.

"The hand of fate is showing itself here," Doc said. "Suddenly I meet you and Elsie and literally bloom overnight, like some strange, exotic jungle flower."

"Uh-huh," Jack said. "You've blossomed, all right, but the whole fragrance shouldn't be wasted on me ——"

(*Continued on Page 103*)

"My parents thought at first it was a reaction to a neurosis, or some emotional disturbance . . . but it turned out to be chicken pox."

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(Based on company file #23H78837)

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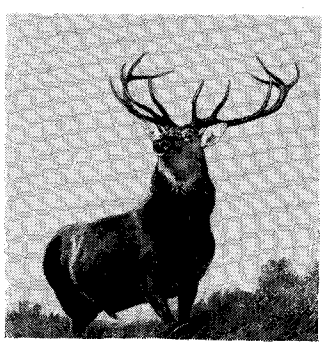

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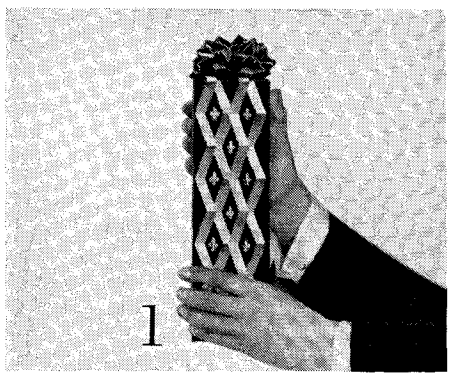

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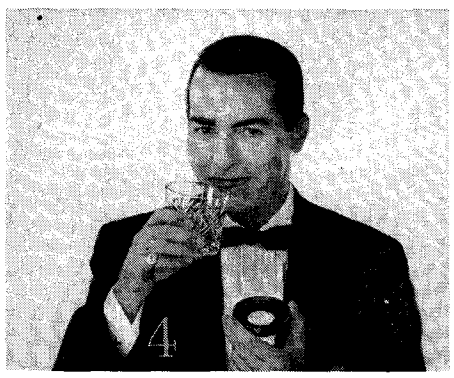

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HAS MORE POWER TO PLEASE

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(*Continued from Page 100*) "Nonsense," Doc interrupted. "I wouldn't consider wasting it on anybody else."

Their steaks, baked potatoes and salads were served to them where they sat, and they had glasses of wine. A record machine played romantic music. Doc sparkled and was gay and partially enchanted Jack. At midnight Ed sought him out.

"It's beddy-by time for our girl," Ed said. "She'd be pleased if you took her home."

"Very generous and mysterious of you," Jack said, "but she lives out of my way."

"O.K.," Ed said. "You explain. She's counting on it."

Glumly approaching Doc, Jack said, "Ed says your beddy-by time has come. I think you ought to ——"

"We two, you mean, don't you?"

He saw her face paling under the make-up.

"We two, I meant to say," he agreed.

He drove westward on Sunset Boulevard, and Doc moved closer to him. "I suppose you're going to take me home without delay," she said.

"I'm sure you're tired."

She put her head on his shoulder and rubbed her cheek on his neck. "Some of the female undergraduates at U.C.L.A. mention being shown the lights of the city from Mulholland Drive."

"I don't approve of taking girls to dark and deserted places. Occasionally they're dangerous."

"I'm not that kind of girl. You'd be perfectly safe."

Annoyed, Jack turned the car into the hills. He observed in the rear-vision mirror a pair of following headlights that maintained the same speed as his car.

"I have a feeling we're being trailed," he said.

"It's probably Ed, making sure we're not bothered."

"How kind of the art lover," Jack said.

He pulled abruptly off the road and stopped. The other car went by; it was a sedan like Ed's and contained only the driver, a man, but he couldn't be sure that Ed had actually passed them.

"Isn't it pretty?" Doc said.

"What?" Jack said. "Oh, the San Fernando Valley. So are you."

"So are you," Doc said.

She clasped his jaw between her palms, pointed his mouth in her direction and kissed him with great emphasis. He kissed her. She kissed him. He kissed her.

"Wait a minute," he said. "We're getting too serious."

"I've never been in love before. Have you?"

"Yes," Jack said. "It wears off immediately. It's nothing."

He started the engine and fled from the hills. Doc was silent. At her apartment she stuck out her hand. He shook it awkwardly.

"Thanks for a lovely evening," she said. "I won't bother you any more."

Her lips began to tremble. She bolted inside, slamming the door. Ed came down the hall.

"What happened, aside from your necking her again?" he asked.

"She's taking this thing far too big."

Ed groaned quite clearly.

"I had no intention of breaking her heart," Jack said. "She's like a schoolgirl. I was merely out for laughs."

"You ought to be ashamed," Ed said.

Jack glared at him, also groaned and tried the knob. Producing a key, Ed unlocked the door for him. He went inside, heard Doc sobbing in the bedroom and homed on the sound. She was sprawled across the bed, her face buried in a pillow. He sat beside her.

"Stop crying," he said. "You're getting on my nerves."

"I beg your pardon," she said brokenly. "All I intended was to try to free you of Ed. You can be my girl."

Doc popped upright. "Please free me of Ed, Sundown! Are we engaged?"

"Do we have to be?"

"He'll never leave unless I have somebody who ——"

"All right, all right!" Jack said. "We're temporarily engaged. I guess I'm a big-enough man to understand this situation. I hope I am. It's pretty obvious that ——"

"Don't talk, darling," Doc said and kissed him tenderly. "Let's just live it up. You've made me the happiest woman in the world. When can we be married?"

"Someday," Jack said. "Possibly." He broke her hold. "I have to go now, kid. I'll dust off the art lover for you."

"Heaven bless you, Sundown," his betrothed said. "This is the most significant moment of my life."

Somewhat dazed, he went outside. Ed stared at him.

"For your information," Jack said, "we're going steady. You're through—she wants it that way. Let's have that key to the apartment, you moth-eaten wolf."

"I don't trust you either," Ed said, "but I'm willing to compromise."

He unlocked the door again, threw the key inside, and closed the door firmly. They walked outside together.

"This is the last time I ever get involved in protecting American womanhood," Jack said with bitterness.

"Me too," Ed said. "Good night."

Some girls think that the only way to catch a man is to be faster than he is.

CY N. PEACE

"I should flatten you," Jack said. "Good night."

Doc telephoned him early next morning. "I was up at dawn," she stated, "to witness the start of the most significant day of my existence. I stood out on the steps in my nightgown and cried. You'll buy me an engagement ring, won't you?"

"If you insist."

"I intend to enroll in a cooking class. Should I take other courses? Are we going to have babies?"

"You're making me jumpy," Jack said. "I need a cup of coffee. I'll call you later."

He spent the ensuing week with Doc, carried along helplessly in her train. She grew on him, although he was still full of doubts, misgivings and confusion. Neither of them mentioned Ed, who had disappeared.

The engagement ring Jack bought made Doc tearful. "Who ever thought I'd have a pure form of carbon," she said, "crystallized in the isometric system?"

Elsie offered to give a big announcement party.

"I hope I'm doing the right thing," Jack said. "It all seemed to happen at once. It's Ed's fault. This is the last time I ever rescue a damsel in distress."

"Yeah," Elsie said. "Your little woman will take care of that. Simmer down, will you? You're only losing your freedom."

On the afternoon appointed by his manager for the cocktail party, Jack went to pick up the girl he was beginning to think he loved. Ringing her doorbell brought no response. Astounded and frightened, he sought the manager of the apartment house.

"Miss Grogarty left here an hour ago," the manager said. "She ran out and jumped in a car and took off in a great hurry. A man was with her."

"A man?" Jack said. His fists clenched. "What did he look like?"

The manager described what could have been a reasonable facsimile of Ed. "If it's any comfort to you," he added, "I've seen the fellow with her before."

"It isn't any comfort," Jack said.

In a high state, he drove back to his apartment. The telephone was ringing as he entered.

"Where are you and the menace?" Elsie demanded. "We've got a capacity house already."

"That lousy art lover has struck back!" Jack cried. "She's skipped." As he was giving more details, the doorbell rang and he shot hopefully to his feet. "Hold on."

It was a telegraph messenger. He tore open the envelope, picked up the phone and read aloud:

REGRET CALLED AWAY SUDDENLY BY GREAT EMERGENCY STOP WILL EXPLAIN LATER IN PERSON LOVE DOC.

A long silence fell upon the line. "Look," Elsie said finally, "as soon as I can cover up with the guests, I'll come over there. Wait for mother."

Half an hour later she was listening to Jack. "If I ever meet Ed again," he said, "I'll knock his head off."

"It's my fault," Elsie said. "I had to give Doc that success course, and obviously the change inflamed Ed as well as you. I've pressed the panic button at the studio and the advertising agency. Everybody agrees with me that you'll come to less harm in the desert—where you're going tomorrow morning to do six straight episodes. But suppose Doc has a change of mind and turns up to tell a connected lie with tears and gestures?"

"I'll refer her to you."

"Now you're being adult as well as Western."

In the morning Jack drove to the open spaces. He arrived at the location as the horses were being installed in the corral. Shooting started immediately after lunch and consumed all of the afternoon. When the work was over, the assistant director told him he had a Los Angeles call at the ranch house.

"Doc and Ed came by my office this afternoon," Elsie said. "She was kind of unstrung. Ed seemed rather jazzed, too, and Doc kept telling him he'd ruined her life. They wanted to talk to you before she has to go back to some place in the desert again with Ed ——"

"Absolutely not!" Jack said.

"I told them they didn't have a prayer," Elsie said. "They said they couldn't exactly explain now, but ——"

"What kind of a sucker do they take me for?"

"I know. But she cried and he ——"

"Forget it!"

"Yeah," Elsie said. "I got your ring back. It's all over."

It was indeed. Hanging up the receiver, Jack strode outside. A rutted road led to the highway. He stood for a long while near the edge of the paving, leaning on a strand of barbed wire without feeling the barbs biting into the flesh of his forearms. Northbound came a large, black sedan, traveling at a high rate of speed. Only after it was gone did Jack realize that he had seen his former betrothed and the art lover, and rage suffused him.

He ran for his sports car. Hurdling the left-hand door, he started the engine and roared to the highway. The pavement unrolled with a dazzling rapidity. The black sedan came into view, the gap narrowed—and then red lights gleamed on Jack's quarry. It was turning onto a side road. He followed. Ed increased pace sharply, and soon Jack could get no more from his laboring little motor; gradually the sedan pulled away and vanished.

The road Jack was on traversed an Air Force base, and presently he had to stop at a gatehouse. A white-helmeted Air

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Policeman noted his license number and eyed him queerly.

"O.K., cowboy," he said. "But you can't stop on your way through here unless you have official business."

"Did a big black sedan with a man and girl go by a little while ago?"

"Yes."

Jack drove to the center of the establishment, an area dotted with administrative buildings. A mile away was an airfield and enormous hangars. He caught sight of the sedan parked near the base of a hill. He drove there hastily, and was stopped at a barred gate by a sentry.

"Hi, buddy," Jack said. "Mind if I go up on that hill for a minute?"

"Got a pass?"

"No, but this won't take long. You see, there's a girl I know ——"

"Haul out of here. And how come you're wearing unauthorized side arms on this post?"

"I use them in my business," Jack said and climbed from the car. "Look, there's a telephone in your hut. The girl's name is Doc Grogarty, so ring her up and let me talk to her. She's with a bum named Gray I'm going to pull apart ——"

"Take it easy," the Air Policeman said. "You're not calling anybody. Let's have those cannons, cowboy."

"Look," Jack said. "You're overdoing the cop routine. They're props ——"

"Well, you asked for it," the Air Policeman said. He began unbuttoning the flap of his holster. "You're under arrest."

A man drawing on him when he was heeled himself provoked an automatic response in Jack, and a forty-five jumped into his right hand. The stunned young man raised his arms—exactly as they did in *Top Gun.*

"That's better, mister," Sundown said sharply. "I wouldn't bother to kill a man with as slow a draw as you. Keep reaching." Approaching the Air Policeman, he took his pistol and stuck it in his gun belt. "All right, open the gate and we'll go up the hill together. You drive."

"You'll go to jail for this!" the Air Policeman said. "You crazy outlaw!"

He cleared the way for them. Drawing both guns to augment his role, Jack waved the prisoner to the car and sat beside him. They lurched forward, ascending the hill on what was little more than a pair of wheel tracks.

Abruptly headlights glared in their eyes from a jeep carrying a red spotlight and coming toward them in a great hurry: it nearly collided with them as it skidded sideways and halted. Jack's driver jerked on the emergency brake and sprang out.

"Help!" he shouted. "Billy the Kid's got me!"

"Sundown!" Ed said. "Put away those things!"

"Bagby, this job calls for ingenuity, imagination, clear thinking and hard work. That's why I called you in. I want you to resign."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the wind came a metallic voice from a loud-speaker saying, "Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . ."

Getting out, Sundown said, "Mr. Gray, I am going to ——"

The voice said implacably, "Seven . . . six . . . five . . ."

"That's the countdown!" Ed said. "We've got to ——"

"I'm coming over to get you, Mr. Gray," Sundown said.

As he headed for the villain, the voice said, "Three . . . two . . . one . . ."

"Hit the dirt!" Ed yelled and disappeared under the jeep.

A hissing charged the air, as from a million teakettles, and Sundown observed that he was magnificently alone, six-shooters ready, confronting a new age for which he was inadequately prepared. The sky above the hill became the color of skimmed milk, and concrete bastions thrust themselves starkly against the horizon; an all-enveloping, crushing, impossible bellowing assaulted his ears. It was sustained for two or three minutes, and accompanied by clouds of dust and gravel and vegetation and a shock wave.

Long before the commotion stopped, Jack was flattened under the sheltering, spiny arms of a Joshua tree. Only a repeated tapping by Ed between his shoulder blades brought him upright at last. He felt himself being disarmed.

"What happened?" he mumbled.

"They're testing a tied-down rocket motor," Ed said. "Doc designed the stuff they burn in it. Brush yourself off."

"Oh," Jack said. "I've been intruding, haven't I?"

"You sure have."

"It was only a joke, really. My guns are loaded with blanks. I didn't have time to change when you went by the location ——"

"Take the suspect's car to the provost marshal's," Ed said to the Air Policeman. "I'll bring him in the jeep."

Jack got in beside Ed. "I don't like your attitude," he said. "You seem awfully serious. Why didn't you tell me the kid was a national-defense type?"

"I couldn't," Ed replied. "Her work is too highly classified. She's so young and emotional I was sent out from Washington to keep her under surveillance—they were afraid the wrong people might get interested in her and interfere with her work. I'm a respectable married man."

"I wish I was," Jack said, "and I practically didn't before."

"That's exactly what worried us," Ed said. "We figured you could take a powder at any time and wreck the little genius. With me gone, you might have lost interest. Otherwise we'd have considered letting her whisper in your ear."

At the provost marshal's office, Jack met a Major Harris, who clucked his tongue and shook his head. He and Ed gazed at each other and grinned slightly. Preceded by a colonel, a major general came in and coldly studied Jack.

"Incredible!" the general said. "And I used to watch his program when I had the time. What are the charges?"

"I'm not exactly sure, sir," Major Harris said. "I suppose assault, assault with a deadly weapon, kidnaping, contravention of the official-secrets act ——"

"Nonsense," the general said. "We'll all be made ridiculous if this gets out."

"Besides that," Ed said, "the young lady will blow her lid when she learns he may be headed for a Federal prison. Much of her usefulness is already gone because of worry about breaking up with him."

"Then what do you suggest?" the general asked.

"Well," Ed said, "you may remember how President Lincoln pardoned that sleeping sentry. They say Mr. Eisenhower likes Western stories, and I thought ——"

"Come, come, Gray!" the general said. "We need the girl, and the Air Force doesn't intend to be put in the position of fighting one lone cowboy, but there is a limit to ——"

"Sir," Jack said, "I wonder if I might make a suggestion?"

"Everybody else has been idiotic," the general said. "Why not the idiot himself?"

"Couldn't we just get married and forget the whole thing?" Jack said. "I'll make the sacrifice for the common good."

"That might be a solution," the general said. "But are you fully aware of what you're getting into? We can't have any backing out at the last minute. Doctor Grogarty must always be shown the regard that is given to a national monument—you cannot now or in the future disturb, deface, upset, tamper with, set on fire, or alter her without permission from appropriate authorities."

"She has been set aside for the use of all," Major Harris added, "if you will excuse the expression."

"I understand," Jack said. "I'm honored that such a bright girl would be interested in a dumb character like me."

"Get Doctor Grogarty," the general said. "It's the only way out for us."

Ten minutes passed before the door opened on Doc. She was pale, dwarfed by shapeless coveralls and had a smudged face. She paused, staring at Jack. He opened his arms, and she hurried into them.

"I've heard the whole story," he said. "You're forgiven."

"Oh, Sundown!" Doc said and wept. "I couldn't help it. There was a mixup here, and I just had to come the day of the party."

"I know, kid," Jack said, patting her shoulder. "Don't over-rev your engine."

"Then I'm reinstated? I can have the ring back?"

"Of course. I only regret that I have but one wife to give to my country."

Night of Yearning (Continued from Page 21)

Her mother had once advised her, "When I'm gone, Carrie, and I have to go someday, put 'Mrs.' before your name like a widow. A woman's more protected like that. Remember, dear, a dead husband' is more protection than none."

On her last birthday, without having prefixed her name with "Mrs.," Carrie began to feel that she had made a safe landing. She felt snug and secure in her singleness, not even one restless dream of a life other than the one she had.

Today was different, but it was only the Santa Ana wind. She turned from the window and dusted and scrubbed, laid out clean sheets, towels, paper slippers. The slippers, paper shelving, an anatomy chart on the wall were curling with dryness.

When she stopped for lunch and stood at the kitchen door, eating, watching the life in the garden, a flock of migrating birds swooped down into the tree, chattering and eating as if they had no more time than she. One of them flew into the lantana bush, and Carrie got her small, cheap Japanese opera glasses and observed him, a hungry traveler passing through, secure in self-knowledge and certain of his direction. How awesome was his feathered perfection! Again that acute, unbearable awareness of the morning assailed her. She could hardly resist going out into the sheen that quivered over the world of afternoon.

Bewitched, disengaged, she picked up her basket and pulled the vacuum cleaner after her into the living room. The electric wind had dried her hair and strands of it came loose and clung to her cheeks. Her skin felt tight on her body. In spite of these discomforts, her spirits rose with a plan to race through the work and leave before sunset for a drive along the sea.

Just as she was arranging the magazines in an orderly design, the doorbell rang and she answered it with an irritable flare in her eyes, although her cheerful mouth was still tender with thoughts of escape.

The stranger, puzzled for a moment by her singular expression, hesitated in the movement of setting down his case of wares, then with his free hand he removed his hat and said, "Good day, ma'am." A slight accent that she could not identify touched his words.

The rather formal gesture was like a chivalry from another age, so rare were hats in this informal southern climate. A springy bush of red hair appeared to leap from under the hat as if it had reached its limit of confinement. The man's eyes were red-brown, and red-brown freckles spattered his tanned face.

It occurred to Carrie that he was like a harmless, furred creature that one might meet in the woods, and she remained still, respecting his nature, not even returning his polite greeting.

"I wonder, would you be interested in these moth crystals and poison sprays I have here? (*Continued on Page 106*)

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A snowy kitten
warm and small
Of softness is
the all in all

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is
made with fluff
Nothing else
is soft enough

In fresh, clean colors
and purest white

For lovely prints of Northern's five little girls in 11"x14" standard frame size, send 25¢ in coin to cover handling cost to Northern, Box 20, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 104*) And powders for roaches and silverfish and ants?" While he sang out these words in a gentle way, he opened the case.

"Oh, come in," she said, disliking the neighbors to see her being talked into purchases at the door.

Surprised, he came in.

"I do need some moth crystals if they're good and if they're fragrant. I don't want things smelling of moth balls."

"No need," he said simply. "A good smell can kill them as easily as a bad one."

"Our deceptive world," she said.

"Science," he explained. "Everything's science now."

He handed her his card and she placed it on the piano, asking him to sit down so that it would be easier to lift the cans and bottles from the case. He sat on the nearest seat, the piano bench, and when she went to get the money for the crystals, she heard him softly play a chord. The piano was in poor tune; she had not played it for years and then not well, but her voice was nice and she had enjoyed singing for her friends until they were married and gradually drifted away from her inconvenient singleness.

When she came back into the room, he withdrew his hands quickly and sat again with his back to the keys.

"Do you play?" she asked.

"Oh, not at all, and not for many a year at that."

A strong gust of warm wind slammed an upstairs window, invaded their presence, and swept on past the house, giving it a rude shake.

Carrie said, "Oh!" Then, "Would you like to play something?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; I wouldn't want to take your time."

"I won't let you," she laughed. "I'll just go on and do my work."

"Are you sure you don't mind, ma'am?"

"Heavens, no." He was obviously harmless, and it would give them both pleasure.

"Well, I only play to make a little sound of something for the song."

"Were you on the stage?"

He laughed. "Far from that! Where I came from as a lad we did a good bit of singing."

She could not bring herself to ask him where that was, thinking she might have been too friendly. To conceal her embarrassment, she hurried into the kitchen and ran the dust mop over the clean linoleum. This pretense embarrassed her even more and she returned to the living room and worked, ignoring him.

He played in a reminiscent, searching way, and then he began to sing in a good voice one lively song after another. At the third one she sat down in a chair and watched his face, which had such a jolly sparkle that she smiled at him and he smiled back through the singing as if they were old friends. She got up and began to dust the Venetian blinds.

He sang two sad old songs, and one of them she knew. Her mother had often sung her to sleep with it when she was a child. It was about a young man who had stabbed his sweetheart because he thought she was unfaithful. The refrain was a slow lamenting:

"*Oh, Edwin, I'll forgive you*
With my last and dying breath,
For I know that I never deceived you,"
And she closed her eyes in death.

How she had loved that song and the vivid and terrible images she had been able to conjure for sleep!

"Imagine!" she exclaimed and hurried over to the piano. They sang together the mourning sentimental tale of ruined love through all the many verses and repeated choruses, and when they came to the end, he swung round on the bench and looked at her and they both laughed, so that he swung back and played another chorus. She stood behind him, singing and looking at his thick red hair, his masculine head that astonished her and made her feel lonely.

She should move away, but she could not, and as if he felt this, he played a happy song, not singing, and stood up. He looked at her so abruptly that she knew that he had seen her tender expression as she had seen his revealed by the singing and quickly concealed as she had concealed her own.

She turned away and lifted a metal pitcher filled with lemon leaves. The electric sting of contact snapped in the quiet room, startling her so that she set the pitcher down.

"Oh, a shock!" she protested. "I was just going to get some fresh water for these leaves."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Housewife to Husband

By Anne Lincoln

All day I function happily
enough,
In second gear, say, with
some little part
Idled. A joke is tucked
inside my heart
For later sharing; any
new-born buff
Kitten, new-potted plant,
cannot be relished
Fully till night, certified
and embellished
By love's companionship.
Dark settles down,
A half-moon climbs, the
cars roll in from town;
Incidents rise to mind like
cream, life quickens;
The cat perks up now,
pallid gravy thickens
And browns, rich odors
crust a casserole,
And you come through the
shed, and I am whole.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Now," he said, looking at her impersonally, his voice the tone of a lecturer, "take those sparks. They're the same sparks that fly between two people without a word of warning. Scientists will never figure that out."

"Oh, they might; it's nothing in the world but electricity."

"So! But everyone hasn't got the same frequency. Perhaps we've each our own delicate vibration level, our own cadence that simply doesn't harmonize with every Tom, Dick and Mary."

"Young people think it's love," she said, rash and frightened, "but we know it's untrustworthy."

"I beg pardon, ma'am, we don't know anything of the kind. Though," he added politely, "you're right in the sense you speak of." He watched her blush. "But there are many levels of response. Some very trustworthy indeed."

The wind was blowing fully. A sweeping rush made the big trees outside the windows sound like river water.

"I'm sure some industrial scientists are working on this right now" He struck a high black key in satiric dissent. "If they could just do away with all the waste motion caused by sparks flying, proper unions could be arranged, proper babies could be born, for, let us say, proper usefulness—practicality."

"Dear me," she said, grateful that he was aware of her discomfort and was changing the subject somewhat.

He looked at her gravely for a long moment and went right on as if she had freed his lonesome thoughts. "There'll be tables of human types at every post office. There'll be posters: MARRY YOUR TYPE AND ELIMINATE WASTEFUL PRIMITIVE EMOTIONS. Or, WASTEFUL SPIRITUAL QUALITIES. There will be laboratories where a person troubled with the impulses of love can have his surplus electricity removed!"

"Then you still do believe that electricity is a part of love?" she asked coolly.

"Certainly, ma'am, a part! But I've no clear idea what all of it is. Have you?"

Veering away, Carrie said with assurance, "One is afraid to say a word these days for fear science doesn't agree. But science itself is always changing!"

"That's our only hope! Now, ma'am, science is a fine thing—in its place. But reason and proof that once freed the mind may end up limiting it. No matter, though; in that case, someone or something will break the old mold. We'll need fresh concepts to make the new one."

"Oh, I agree! But where do you get all that?"

He tapped his forehead. "Then I'm also a bit of a one for reading. To sit in the quiet rooms of the public library of an evening with just the rustle now and then of a page turning—have you ever been there, ma'am?"

"Only once," she said, determined to go again.

Her housework by now was two hours late. She didn't even care. She wondered what she could say to start him again on this outrageous conversation which was so pleasant in some of its implications. Or perhaps he was the kind that simply loved to talk. This thought made her feel critical of him, almost angry. Why didn't he leave?

Instead he began to play again.

Without being aware of it, she was humming the melody. Suddenly he left the piano and faced her with the gayest approval she had ever seen in any expression directed at her.

"You were humming that!"

"Was I?"

"I was just making it up as I went along! I was thinking of something else."

"So was I," she said quietly.

"Remarkable!" He looked past her and spoke, excluding her. "That settles it. Indeed it does."

"Settles what?"

The sharp delight in his face became tender. "Now, isn't that a woman for you? How lovely!" His foreign accent was strong on these words. "'Settles what?' A very revealing remark. It gives me courage to overstep myself by asking ——" He paused.

She waited. There was a coiled silence in which both were trapped. Carrie felt suspended, miserable, eager to say: "Yes, yes, come here again!" What possible harm? She glanced at him cautiously and saw that he looked ruffled and uncomfortable. How very nice! She wanted to laugh in giddy triumph, but she was afraid. She frowned and absently touched the metal vase. Electricity snapped in the air, and she was overwhelmed with guilt.

"—— courage to overstep myself by asking ——" His next words came out in a rush. "Are you married, ma'am?"

This unexpected question confused her even more, but she knew that her answer did not matter. She was fixed within the moment of acceptance. She must remain silent, and in this swell of harmony he would understand all she felt.

Dimly she realized that they were standing in the dusk and that he was waiting in a hurried and anxious way. The air between them was powerful with meaning. She wanted to reach out her hand and touch him for reply, but she could not move. Didn't he know the answer by their singing together? Wasn't the eloquence she felt apparent? Still he waited, and his expectant eyes revealed uncertainty. Still she could not speak.

Without meaning to at all, she looked down at the open case of aromatics and poisons, and as if it hindered her reply, she stepped back, back perhaps in an effort to break the circle of recognition that bound her voice.

"Oh!" he said with courteous pride. "Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am!"

He jumped to close the case and pick up his hat. He was the stranger—rebuffed.

"We Welsh are great for singing," he laughed, and there was a slight, careless apology in his laughter. Then he was gone, out the door and into the street so rapidly that when she understood what was happening, she ran to the door, but his car was already zooming away.

If she had known his name, she would have run out and called to him, breaking the stranger's dignity, "Gareth Davies! Gwilym Morgan!" or whatever his Welsh name was.

She rushed back to the piano to look at the card, and it was not there. He had picked it up when she had glanced meaningfully, as he must have thought, toward his case of wares. How painful it was to have hurt him! She stood in the dusky room wondering if he had ever been, if any of this had happened at all. Then she touched the piano keys and they were still warm.

By nightfall the moody electric Santa Ana was blowing hard off the Mojave. There were great rushes and furtive silences. On her way to bed, Carrie stepped out on a balcony and gazed into the clear, alive night. A restless dog trotted past on his way to nowhere. An empty can whipped down the paved hill road. Street lights glittered as beautiful as stars in the clean wind-swept air. Behind her the drying wood cracked like cautious, secret steps.

A delicate light from the moon permeated the dark and shone on her ringless hands curving tightly over the railing. Below, the large green leaves of banana trees, yesterday whole, were split like fringe along the leaf spine; and now they plopped against the house, making a hollow tattoo of shadow and sound. As the wind swung them one way and another, they exposed and concealed the determined, inedible fruit growing on the sterile trees.

In bed she could not sleep, bewildered in emptiness and despair. The dry mysterious fragrance of a strange land was borne on the wind. It entered her mind, prying up lids, shaking locks and trembling the doors of her unperceived wisdom.

She got up and returned to the balcony, looking down into the now deserted street sealed under the moonlight and dappled swinging shadows of the trees. The solemn darkened houses rose up like ancient cliffs along an unknown river; and feeling herself a part of this night, unknown and yet related, with strange thoughts stinging her mind, a wildness like the wildness of the sly archaic wind rose up in her.

She ran downstairs and found the jar of crystals with his name. She turned off the lamp and sat in the dark, unaccustomed to being beautiful and possibly in love—and even loved. THE END

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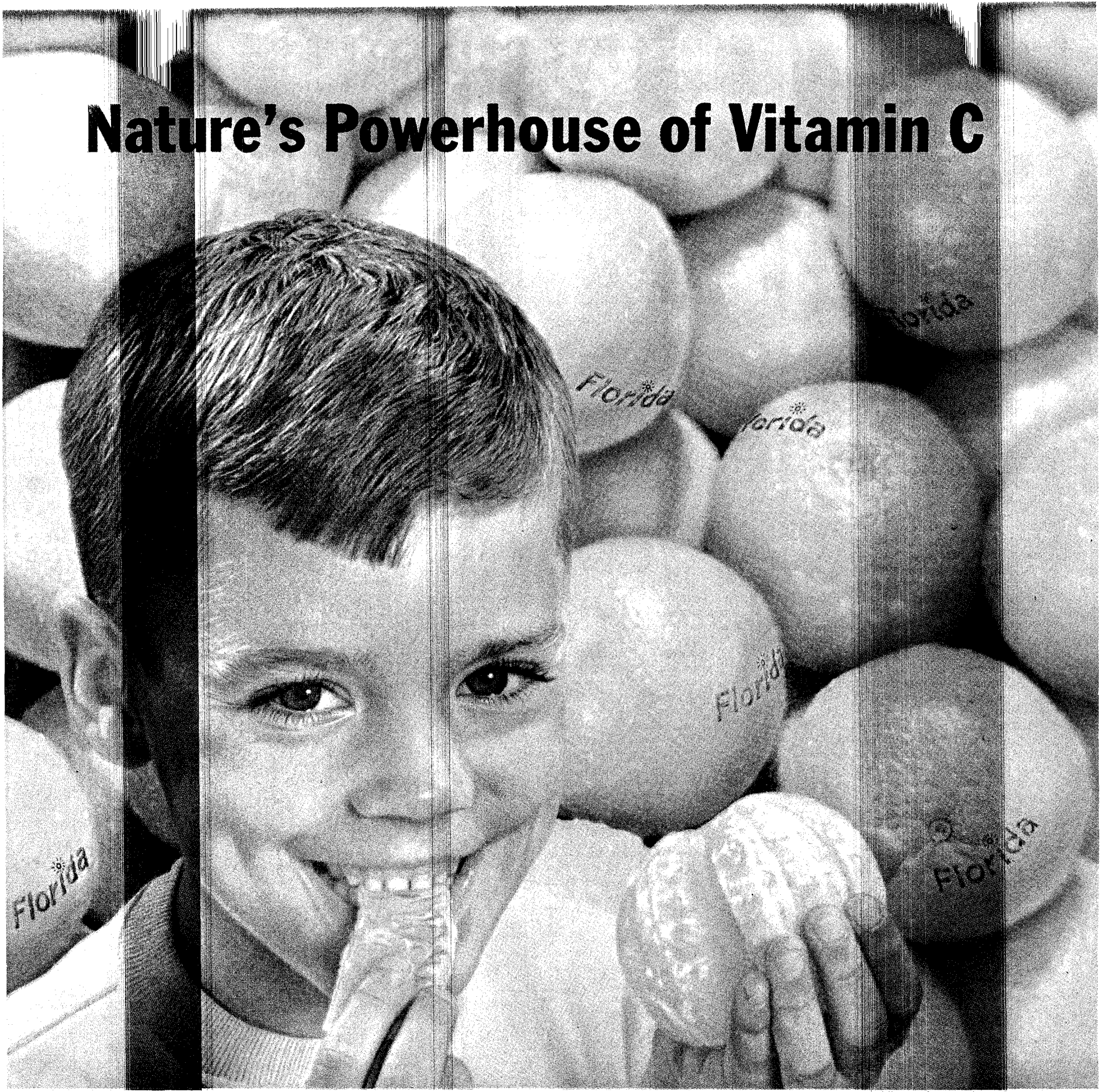

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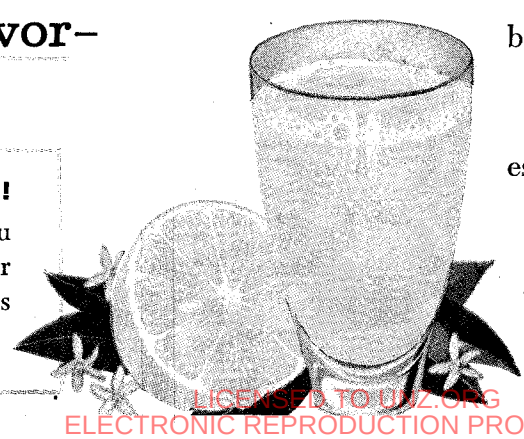

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Botts and the Bag of Tricks

(Continued from Page 27)

"But that's not what I meant, Mr. Botts. My troubles were over before you came in. Mr. Henderson has sent me a man from the Scientific Sales Advisory Service of Los Angeles—they call it SSASOLA—and he and I have been working out a sales campaign which is going to solve all my difficulties."

"So that's it," I said.

"I want you to meet this SSASOLA representative," said Bob. "You might learn something."

He took me into his private office and introduced me to a dapper little man named Cedric Something-or-other. "Delighted to meet you," said Cedric. "In our sales counseling work we have often found that it is the sales managers of large corporations rather than the salesmen themselves who need our help the most. The lower ranks of salesmen are in close touch with the customers; this keeps them alert and progressive. The higher executives tend to become a bit—shall we say ossified? If you'll sit down I'll be delighted to go over the points I have been explaining to Bob here."

Note: I will admit that at this point I was considerably irked by the remarks of this young whippersnapper. Most sales managers, under these circumstances, would have walked out and had nothing further to do with the proceedings. But I am by nature modest. I am emphatically not the type—as you erroneously suppose—to reject an idea merely because I did not think of it myself. I am always ready to learn.

"You are very kind," I said humbly. "I shall consider it an honor to sit at your feet and pick up such crumbs of wisdom as you may let fall."

Little Cedric launched into his subject with enthusiasm. "Our entire system," he said, "is based on the Six Scientific Secrets of Successful Selling. You are, of course, familiar with them?"

"No," I said.

Little Cedric was incredulous. "You are the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company and you never heard of the Six Scientific Secrets of Successful Selling?"

"No."

He handed me a small card. It read as follows:

SSASOLA—SSSOSS

1. PLAN PRESENTATION
2. PLAY UP PROSPECT
3. PLAY UP PRODUCT
4. SUPPRESS SELF
5. AVOID ARGUMENT
6. WIN WITH WORDS

"This may mean something to you," I said, "but it means nothing to me."

"You should use your mind, Mr. Botts. You should snap out of this lethargy that seems to have possessed you. SSASOLA—SSSOSS stands for the Scientific Sales Advisory Service of Los Angeles and the Six Scientific Secrets of Successful Selling."

"I'm afraid I never was much good at puzzles," I said.

Little Cedric went on expounding. "The first Secret—Plan the Presentation—means of course that in any sales interview you must have a plan of campaign. We divide this into three subheads. First comes the Initial Impact—you attract the prospect's favorable attention. Next comes the Slow Softening—you overcome sales resistance by an inexorable piling up of fact upon fact. Then comes the close—the Winning Wallop that gets the name on the dotted line. Always remember this triple-threat plan—the Initial Impact, the Slow Softening and the Winning Wallop."

"That's very interesting," I said. "But how would it be if we forget all this theory and call on Mr. Van Cortlandt? Then we could find out what's on his mind and maybe sell him a tractor."

"Before we make any hasty moves," said little Cedric, "we must be sure that our plans are sound. We must master the theory before we attempt to act. The second Secret—Play Up the Prospect—is the most important. You concentrate on the head man."

"You butter him up?"

"I don't like your choice of words, Mr. Botts. What you do is treat the prospect with courtesy and consideration. You make sure, for instance, that you have his name right; people are always sensitive about their names. You discuss his hobbies."

"That's plain enough," I said. "And so is the next one—Play Up the Product. You just claim the Earthworm is the best tractor in the world. But what's this about Suppress Self?"

"As a salesman, you should refrain from exploiting your own personality. You should keep yourself in a subordinate position."

"You crawl in on your hands and knees?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Botts. You merely refrain from discussing your own personal affairs. It's a sensible rule. So is the next one—Avoid Argument. Don't discuss controversial subjects like politics."

"What about this Winning With Words?"

"You would be surprised, Mr. Botts, at the tremendous results you can attain by the proper use of words. Through research and testing and endless experiments, our organization has evolved literally thousands of Sentences That Smile, Sentences That Sing, Sentences That Shout and, above all, Sentences That Succeed. I have a short motion picture here that shows exactly what I mean."

"I don't want to see any motion picture," I said. "I think we ought to go over and call on Mr. Van Cortlandt and try to sell him a tractor."

Little Cedric paid no attention. He switched off the lights and started running a 16-mm. film. It showed a school which the SSASOLA people had set up for the service-station attendants of a certain oil company. First we saw whole groups of these attendants repeating over and over what were called Scientific Selling Sentences: "Pardon me, sir, this radiator hose is pretty soft. It may give way at any moment. I can change it for you in a jiffy." Next we saw a few scenes with actual customers being given the works by alert young attendants. The film closed with a lot of statistics showing that during the first month after the introduction of these selling sentences the company's sales of radiator hose increased by 752½ per cent.

Note: I ran into this particular trick myself last summer. I was buying some gasoline. The attendant gave me these same selling sentences. And, sure enough, I bought a new hose. The next day at the same filling station another attendant gave me the same sentences. I did not buy another hose. Two days later at another filling station run by the same company, still another attendant handed out the identical words. Since then I naturally avoid all filling stations of this particular oil company. They made one extra sale, but they lost a lifetime customer. I was tempted to explain this to Bob and Cedric, but they were so completely wrapped up in their childish schemes that I decided it would be useless at the time.

"Let's go and see Mr. Van Cortlandt," I suggested.

"Very good," said Cedric. "We are ready. I have given Bob complete instructions for a dynamic scientific sales interview. He has rehearsed it until he is letter-perfect. I will go along to back him up. And we should be delighted to have you come too, Mr. Botts, so that you may see an example of our advanced SSASOLA methods."

"Always glad to help out," I said.

"I'm sorry," said Cedric, "but we don't exactly need your help. In fact, I must insist that you take no part in the proceedings. If you, with your old-fashioned methods, try to interfere, you might spoil everything."

"Very good," I said. "I will be as inert and as silent as an oyster."

Bob went into another room, came back with a small beagle hound on a leash, and we started walking down the street.

"Why the dog?" I asked. "Are you going to hunt this prospect like a rabbit or a partridge?"

"Of course not. You'll soon see what we're going to do."

In due course we arrived at the office of the intended prey, and Bob put over the Initial Impact.

"That's a sure sign of a cold winter."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mr. Van Cortlandt," he said, "I have learned that you are a great fancier of beagles. I also am a fancier of beagles. I have here one of the finest specimens of the breed in the entire state of California, and I hope you will accept it as a free gift from one beagle enthusiast to another."

"Thank you," said Mr. Van Cortlandt. He was visibly impressed. The dog was indeed a beautiful animal.

Bob followed up his advantage with some skillful Slow Softening. He said he had heard that Mr. Van Cortlandt had acted as toastmaster at the annual banquet of a group of beagle lovers and he asked him to repeat some of the jokes which had rolled the audience in the aisles. Mr. Van Cortlandt obliged, and Bob laughed uproariously. Mr. Van Cortlandt seemed pleased. Between jokes Bob inserted a lot of propaganda in favor of Earthworm tractors. He refrained from talking about himself. He ducked several chances to argue about politics. And he used plenty of Sentences That Smile and Sentences That Sing. He also suggested that Mr. Van Cortlandt would do well to buy not only the single Earthworm that he needed for his immediate purposes but also a whole fleet of Earthworms for future work.

"There is one point," said Bob, "that I wish to stress above all else. Your operating and maintenance problems will be tremendously simplified if you use just one make of tractor for all your present and future needs."

All this time I was standing in the background, putting on my imitation of an inert and silent oyster. As you may well imagine, Henderson, it is almost unheard of for Alexander Botts to be present at a sales interview and take no part. But I was sure that the time was not yet ripe for me to interfere. By a tremendous effort of will power I controlled myself.

Little Cedric sidled up to me and started whispering, "We now have him softened up," he said. "It's time for the kill. I am going to present the order blank and the fountain pen. Bob will pick up the dog and set it down so its nose points directly to the dotted line. For a dog lover like Mr. Van Cortlandt, that will provide the real Winning Wallop."

Little Cedric stepped forward. He laid an order blank on the desk. Bob lifted up the dog. He set it down and pushed its nose toward the dotted line. Little Cedric presented the fountain pen. Mr. Van Cortlandt automatically extended his hand. But the dog was too quick for him; he grabbed the pen, chewed it in two and dribbled ink all over the desk.

By the time the mess had been cleaned up Mr. Van Cortlandt had been diverted from the dotted line. But he was still in an affable mood. He thanked Bob again for the dog, said he was favorably impressed with Earthworm tractors and would make a final decision just as soon as he had time to consult with his chief engineer. "I will call you as soon as I have any news," he said.

Bob and Cedric and I walked back to Bob's office.

"I hope you observed," said little Cedric, "how perfectly the SSASOLA methods worked out. We had the man completely sold. If it had not been for that unfortunate accident with the fountain pen, he would have signed the order before he had time to think. But there is nothing to worry about. The sale is in the bag. Mr. Van Cortlandt will soon receive the approval of his chief engineer and call Bob up. In the meantime I shall return to Los Angeles, where I hope to receive the good news in the very near future."

Little Cedric departed. Bob and I had lunch in the hotel. Back at his office Bob had a telephone call—at the end of which he

(*Continued on Page 110*)

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(*Continued from Page 108*) sank back in his chair with a groan of despair.

"It was Mr. Van Cortlandt," he said. "He called up his chief engineer, who told him the tunnel into this mine is four feet in diameter. Our smallest Earthworm tractor is five feet, ten inches high and five feet, two inches wide. So he has decided to buy a machine called the Weasel tractor, which he has tried out and which goes through the tunnel fine. But even that is not the worst of it."

"No?"

"As long as he's getting a Weasel tractor for this one mine, he says he's going to get Weasels for all of them."

"But that's absurd," I said. "I am familiar with this Weasel tractor. It's all right in its way. It's a special job designed to get into tight places. They use Weasels in small aqueduct tunnels and in various mines where they are cramped for room. They even use them to haul bat guano out of narrow passages in caves—like at Carlsbad. But nobody in his right mind would use one of these long, low, narrow Weasel monstrosities on any job where he had room for a normal, standard-sized Earthworm."

"That's what I started to tell Mr. Van Cortlandt," said Bob. "But he got ahead of me. He said that in my sales talk I had proved to him conclusively that all his maintenance and repair problems would be simplified by standardizing on one make of machine. If he buys this first Weasel, he will buy nothing but Weasels from now on."

"You might suggest that he enlarge the opening of his mine," I said.

"He has thought of that already, and his engineer tells him it would be impractical."

"There must be something we can do," I said.

"Maybe so, but what?"

"At the moment," I said, "I haven't the faintest idea. I'll try to think of something."

"All right, Mr. Botts. While you, in your futile way, are trying to think, I will go into action. Mr. Van Cortlandt is leaving right away to fly to New York. He will be back next Wednesday, at which time he plans to sign up with the Weasel Tractor Company. In the meantime I am going to Los Angeles to confer with Cedric and the other SSASOLA experts. When I get back I'll have a complete plan for a second attack on Mr. Van Cortlandt. I'm sorry you can't help me, Mr. Botts, but I'm glad that Mr. Henderson has put me in touch with some people who can."

As I could not think of any good reply to this, I merely wished Bob a pleasant good afternoon and came back to the hotel—where I have been writing this report.

I am sure, Henderson, that it was lack of time for investigation, rather than stupidity, that caused you to endorse this absurd SSASOLA organization. Fortunately I will have several days to look into the matter. And, although the situation has me temporarily baffled, I am not discouraged. In the course of the next few days I am sure to think up some plan for rescuing Bob from his unfortunate infatuation with little Cedric's cheap tricks and corny devices. Hence you may have complete confidence in

Your progressive Sales Manager,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILL.
APRIL 2, 1959

ALEXANDER BOTTS
EARTHWORM TRACTOR AGENCY
EL CENTRO, CALIF.

YOUR LETTER IS HERE. ALSO A LONG AND FRANTIC TELEGRAM DATED YESTERDAY FROM BOB PRESTON ACCUSING YOU OF RUINING ALL CHANCES OF PUTTING OVER THE HIGHLY IMPORTANT VAN CORTLANDT SALE. IT SEEMS OBVIOUS THAT YOUR ACTIVITIES IN EL CENTRO ARE WORSE THAN USELESS. CONSEQUENTLY YOU ARE DIRECTED TO LEAVE TOWN AT ONCE AND TO SEND ME AN EXPLANATION OF YOUR CONDUCT.

GILBERT HENDERSON

Care Earthworm Tractor Agency
El Centro, California
Thursday, April 2, 1959

Dear Henderson: Your wire is here, and I am compelled to admit that I really did cause Bob Preston a lot of unnecessary trouble and grief in his unsuccessful efforts to put over the Van Cortlandt sale. I do not blame him for sending you that violent telegram. And in order that you may understand exactly what has been going on, I will give you a complete account of recent developments.

When Bob and little Cedric got back from Los Angeles yesterday morning, I was waiting for them at Bob's office, all ready to tell them about the ideas I had evolved during their absence. Before I could explain anything, however, they launched forth on an enthusiastic description of their own plans for dealing with Mr. Van Cortlandt.

"We'll mow him down," said Cedric.

"We'll chop him up and feed him to the birds," said Bob.

"The Initial Impact will be twice as powerful."

"This time, instead of just one dog, we're going to give him two."

"We've learned a lot more about his hobbies."

"We'll talk about how his father's family settled New Amsterdam and how his mother's family came over in the Mayflower."

"We've got a lot of new Sentences That Smile and a lot of new Sentences That Sing."

"And for the Winning Wallop," said Bob, "I'm going to tell Mr. Van Cortlandt that my little sister is collecting autographs of leaders in American commerce and industry. I'll say she's just dying for his autograph. We'll have him write it on a card. This will put him in the mood for signing his name, so he'll go ahead and sign the order before he really knows what he is doing."

"Just a minute," I said. "You've been talking so fast that I had forgotten one of the main points. Suppose Mr. Van Cortlandt were to object that our tractor is too big for his mine. What had you planned to say about that?"

"We won't say anything," said Bob. "We're going to talk so fast and so continuously about other matters that he won't have any more time than you did to think up objections. We have a system that is bound to win. And we are now going to Mr. Van Cortlandt's office to try it out. If you want to come along we'll show you just how it works."

(*Continued on Page 112*)

Words About Women

Between beauty and charm,
there's a difference
That's perfectly simple to
see. . . . .
I notice a beautiful woman,
A charming one notices me.

D. E. Twiggs

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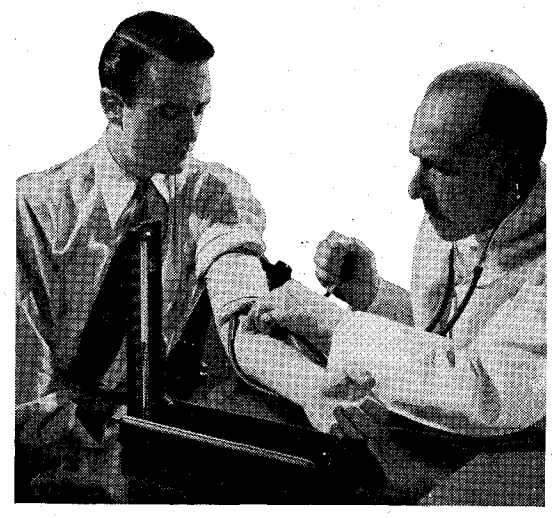

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(*Continued from Page 110*) "You're a little late," I said. "Mr. Van Cortlandt got back from New York yesterday morning—a day earlier than he had expected. So I went over and called on him myself."

"You did? What did he say?"

"About what I expected. He was still convinced that he wanted a tractor that would go through that narrow mine tunnel in one way or another. Also he had decided to buy fifteen more tractors for his other properties, and he thought it would be a good idea to standardize on just one make. Naturally I agreed with him."

"What! You didn't give him an Earthworm sales talk? You didn't make any attempt to get him to change his mind?"

"Of course not," I said. "The man had made a decision that from his point of view was very sensible. His chief engineer had approved. The order for the whole sixteen machines was right there on his desk. I advised him to sign it. And he did."

"This is terrible!" said Bob.

"It's ghastly!" said little Cedric. "But maybe he hasn't sent in the order yet. Maybe we still have time to give him the Earthworm sales talk. We must get over to his office right away."

"It won't do any good," I said. "Mr. Van Cortlandt left for Australia last night. He will be away for two months."

For a moment Bob and Cedric were speechless. Then they opened up with a torrent of abuse, accusing me of virtual treason for agreeing with Mr. Van Cortlandt's idea that he should have tractors capable of entering his narrow mine tunnel, and demanding why I had not telephoned them in Los Angeles, so they could have hurried back and handled Mr. Van Cortlandt themselves before he left for Australia. They made so much noise yelling that I had no chance to answer. Finally Bob went into his office and started dictating that telegram to you. And I walked out.

After a good lunch at the hotel I decided—as explained at the beginning of this letter—that I really had caused Bob a lot of unnecessary trouble and grief. So I went back to his office and apologized to him and to little Cedric.

"Everything I told you this morning was true," I said, "but I never got around to telling you the whole story. This was partly because you kept interrupting me—and partly because I was annoyed at the way you assumed that I am old-fashioned and out-of-date and that you know more about selling than the old master, Alexander Botts."

"If you have any further explanations," said Bob rather stiffly, "we are listening."

"The SSASOLA system of selling," I said, "is nothing but a bunch of cheap tricks. My own system, on the other hand, is sound and sensible."

"Go on," said Bob.

"To make a successful sale," I said, "all you have to do is find a situation, or create a situation, where the prospective buyer wants your product, needs your product and can't afford to get along without it. If you have such a situation, you don't need any tricks. If you do not have such a situation, all your tricks will do you no good."

"Does all this have anything to do with Mr. Van Cortlandt?"

"Certainly. Last week the situation was wrong. The mine tunnel was too small for an Earthworm. So Mr. Van Cortlandt did not want an Earthworm, he did not need an Earthworm and he felt he could get along fine without an Earthworm. Under these circumstances your tricks did no good. And all you could think of was to go to Los Angeles and try to work out some more tricks."

"That's right," Bob admitted.

"While you were gone," I said, "I thought I would forget about the tricks and try to change the basic situation. I took one of your Earthworm tractors up to the mine. I talked with Mr. Van Cortlandt's chief engineer. I studied his operations. And I decided there was no reason why the tractor had to go through the tunnel all in one piece. Working with a crew of his mechanics, I disassembled the tractor, dragged the parts through the narrow tunnel and reassembled them in the more spacious chamber inside. Here the machine did all the work they needed—bulldozing material and loading it into small cars, which are pulled through the narrow tunnel by cables. I then drew up an order for sixteen Earthworms. The chief engineer sent it to Mr. Van Cortlandt's office with his enthusiastic endorsement. And when I called on Mr. Van Cortlandt yesterday the situation was so favorable that there was no need for any tricks."

"You mean," said Bob, "that the order he signed was for sixteen Earthworms?"

"Certainly," I said. "I never told you any different. Here is the order. I hope it may prove an object lesson in sound selling methods, and that in the future Cedric may be able to give his clients a little better advice, and Bob may follow up this successful sale with so many more that he will eventually become one of the best and finest of all Earthworm dealers."

Cordially yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

THE END

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Violence on the Plains

(Continued from Page 25)

out in the bunkhouse talkin' half the night about it. I could hear 'em in my room. Hardly got any sleep. Hands goin' to get biggety on you you keep a human snake like that around."

Jess poked his head in the door as Etta went for the coffee. There was a general understanding on the ranch that Amelia was not to be disturbed at her meals. Jess started to back out quietly, but Amelia asked him to tell Tom to come in if it was convenient. Jess nodded and withdrew. Tom's slow response gave Amelia time to warn Etta to keep quiet for the time being about Johnson. Etta's bulk seemed to grow. She was in the habit of swelling at any and all reproof, and she began to slam things in the kitchen as Turner came in. He smiled at Amelia and took her hand. They smiled at each other with the tacit understanding of all their ranch encounters. There was to be no show of affection before the help. Tom appreciated the difficulties Amelia was having in trying to replace the firm, quick and sometimes harsh discipline of Henry Rankin.

"Got a new suit."

"Like it?"

"You always buy black broadcloth."

"Lawyer. Got to be dignified." He smiled and smoothed the sides of his head where the black was more than flecked with white. "Not much time, 'Melia. Better hurry. Best years of our lives."

He was still on the marriage theme, grinning at her. She reached out her hand quickly and laid it on his and quickly withdrew it as Etta brought coffee for Turner. Turner said between sips, "I met up with that California widow again last week, Amelia."

"Oh, you!" she said lightly and felt her face go warm. They were skirting the genuinely unpleasant subject as long as they could.

"How's Mrs. Blaine taking this?"

"Hard."

"Course. I hear Mary's over there."

"To help."

"Do you entirely like that?"

"I'd like it better if Mary liked Johnny Blaine less. You know how people can talk about a situation like that. But I weighed the good and the bad. I'm going to get Elizabeth Blaine over here after the funeral. I want her to stay with me. After all, Howard was ——"

"She'll never come, Amelia."

Amelia considered the bitter fact. Finally she spoke tonelessly and she saw by the embarrassment in Tom's face he was afraid she would cry.

"It does not seem right that life should be going on this morning with Howard Blaine ——"

Tom knew enough to keep quiet.

Finally he broke the silence. "That's what I've got to talk to you about, Amelia. This killing of Howard Blaine is going to make the biggest trouble you've had to face. I didn't expect to get out here till Friday, but the minute I heard last night I started for the place. Do you think it just happened?"

"Do you?"

"I don't know." Turner's answer was slow. "Howard was always a peculiar man. Nobody got to know him. Nobody. He was quiet. Kept his own way. I surmise as close as he and Henry were, Henry didn't know him."

"Henry didn't know him. Oh, he did up to a point. As much as I liked the Blaines, they were both standoffish."

"Amelia, you've got to stop giving away these acres of yours, at least for now. Your heart's in the right place, but it means trouble. Makes nothing but trouble. What you going to do about Johnson? Let the sheriff have him?"

"If I decide to let Johnson hole up here or keep him here by main force, it may be ——" Her voice went lower. "Well, let me put it this way. I have a distinct other purpose in mind."

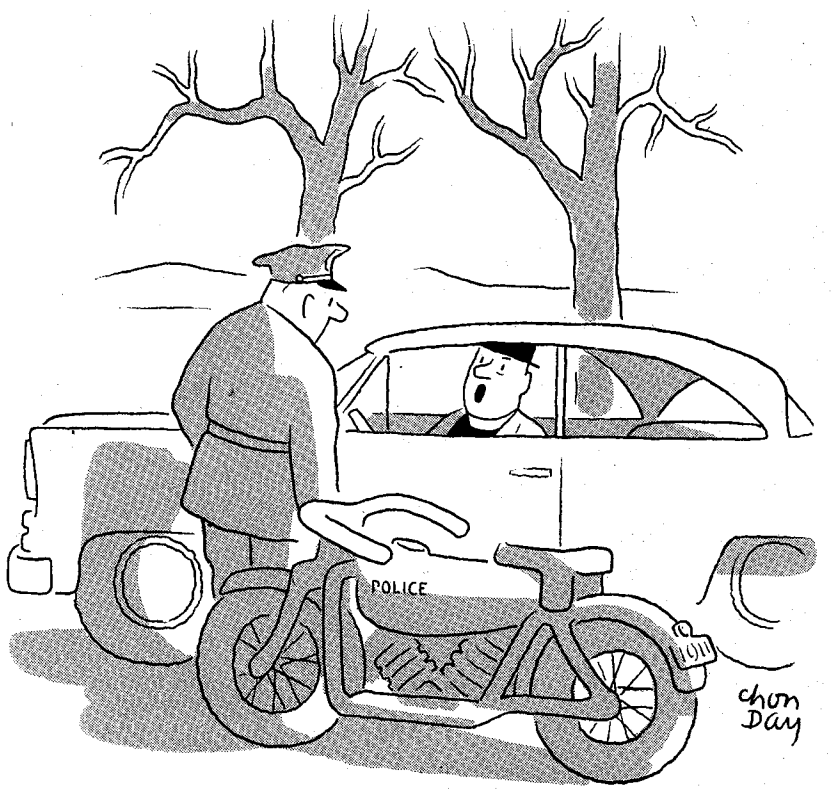
"Want to tell me?"

"No."

"All right."

He stooped and studied the fireplace. "Well, come on, Melly, let's get out to see Johnson."

They moved to the door, and Amelia was surprised at how many men there were in her yard. Tom bit off a cigar as they stood on the steps. Amelia, drawing on her gloves, which she took a long time



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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to do, examined the looks of things with some misgivings. The corral fence had about twenty sitters, and beyond the corral her guests for the night were still at their breakfast fire, smoking and drinking coffee. The new bunkhouse, which bore a coat of paint and in recent weeks had attracted visitors for miles around by the news of this phenomenon, seemed to be full of men. She knew the work was already behind schedule, and that she could put a stop to the idling with a word to Snow. But she yielded to the code that circumstance had decreed a holiday. The curiosity of lonely range men was something she dared not violate with discipline.

When Amelia and Turner appeared at the door, there was a new alertness, an immediate change of bearing among the breakfast eaters.

"Let's take it easy," she heard Turner say.

She quickly named the men she knew. To each name Turner nodded. "Some other men dropped out."

"Since last night when you came in with them?"

"Yes."

"Here comes Snow. Let's ask him."

Snow thought that two she couldn't name might have once worked for Patchem. "That one looks like Montana to me. He's not a farmer. I passed by his horse this morning. His rope, the way he throws a hitch. He's not from this part of the country."

"Where'd you sleep them?"

"Part of them bunked with us in the new place. I sent some who had their bedrolls with them up to the old bunkhouse." Snow paused. "I slept Johnson with me."

"In your room?"

"Yep. This morning when the boys cleared out I put him up in the old bunkhouse."

"Not ironed up."

"No, no," said Snow with a hint of humor. "Some of the boys are up there with him playing cards. Nickel stuff. You'd think it was gold-mine shares."

"Well, let's go up there."

The three began walking slowly in the direction of the bunkhouse. Amelia had a quick, skittering hope that Willy Patchem was still around and about. No matter if he was Hurd Patchem's son, no matter if he was, like Lester his brother, sweet on Mary, she wanted him near her. His humor would do them all good.

But she had misgivings and she stated them to Snow: "Where's Willy? Maybe he'd be a help. But then I don't know. He's gun-gone. He's a pistol hand, at least so they tell me. Maybe just being here would start rough goings on."

"I think he's went," said Snow to her question. "But let's not be surprised at anything that happens."

As she saw it, it was like a slow movement of range cattle. She had seen steers drift on the range in just the same way. It was like sitting her horse in the days when she rode more, a long time gone now, sitting and watching the main herd as it relaxed—holes in the gather here and there—halted for the night maybe. The ambling of tired men and horses, the edges of the herd, long raveled like a torn sweater over the brown and green; a drift of loose critters here and there, now toward the main herd, now at a tangent, idling, eluding in a half-lazy way the chevying riders.

She, Bill and Tom slow-walked up the rise, and the old bunkhouse with its toppled iron chimney appeared. She said "wait" in a low voice, but sharply. They paused and turned with her. The vigilantes were straggling up the rise behind them—eyes on the ground mostly—exchanging low words, making it appear as if they were plains strolling, laggards in the rear.

"We're going to have plenty of company," said Snow.

Amelia stopped. Freddy McQueen was behind them and Amelia turned to him decisively. "Gather up Shep Conklin, and you and Shep get on the flat-roof shed."

She saw Bill Snow looking at her quizzically. "Excuse me, Bill. But there didn't seem to be time to let the order come from you."

"That's all right, Mrs. Rankin."

Snow pushed open the bunkhouse door brutally as if he expected trouble on the other side. They walked in. Four men: Titus from the creekside crew, Bill Shafer from Flat-Top, Owens, a new and reputedly top hand from Oklahoma way, and a fourth man, who had to be Johnson.

Johnson was the only man who spoke.

"Mrs. Rankin." He of all the rest seemed most sure of himself, most composed. She had seen him at a distance the day before, and once four months ago with Jess Albright; but this was her first good, close look at Red Johnson. He was, just as Snow had described him to Turner, a heavy-framed, big man, red-haired, with a burn scar on his right cheek extending back to the ear and neck—not a bad scar, not visible in the middle distance, but a scar and there.

"Scarcity of chairs," she heard Tom Turner say.

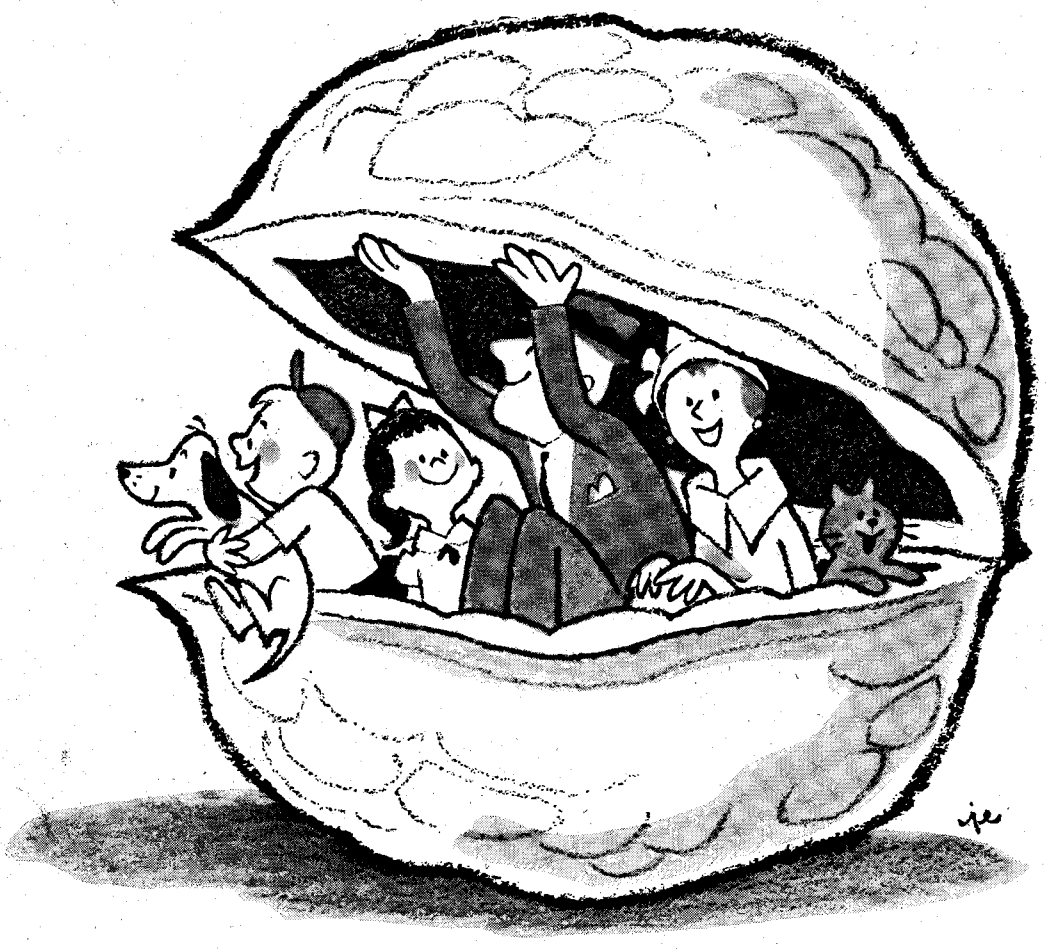
"Bill," said Amelia. "This is developing into quite a meeting."

"So it seems."

"Lot of our men here." She told Snow, "I see some guns. Tell the men to disarm if they want to stay. Start with our men."

"Yes, Mrs. Rankin." Snow turned. "Boys, heard what Mrs. Rankin said."

A couple of men left the windows and started back down the hill.



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Jess Albright entered sheepishly and put an old gun from his seldom-worn holster and belt on the rickety card table. *Jess Albright, of all people,* Amelia thought.

Snow, with the surprising quick movement of a big man, walked to a window facing a young hand named Grimes and almost pulled the boy through over the sash as he confiscated a worn pistol tucked in a waistband. The men laughed.

Snow broke the Colt and snapped out the shell. "Anybody else who has a paring knife or equivalent on him better turn it over to me. Or take it down to Etta in the kitchen."

Amelia looked at the hard eyes of the vigilantes. "How about our visitors?" She decided to be stubborn.

Not a vigilante moved to disarm. Inside the bunkhouse were mostly Rankin hands, but the open windows were full of visiting nesters and their friends, some of them with full holsters showing and others, she was sure, with pocket guns ready at hand. Slowly three of the strangers moved from the windows down the hill and stood there.

"All right," said Amelia, shifting her chair a little so that she could see down the hill. McQueen and Conklin were moving a ladder to the shed roof. "I gave you your chance. My men in this bunkhouse have played it straight. You're holding out. Just cast your glance to the shed roof. Most of you know Freddy McQueen can do other things besides play a guitar."

The visitors turned and viewed the shed. Snow grinned at them. "Just takes one bullet to open, gents. So anybody who's a mind to can choose his pick."

"Shovel too," said Turner, and there was a good deal of laughter from the Rankin side.

"There's been no show for an open meeting here," said Amelia, changing her wobbling chair for one Snow insisted she take. "But since you're here you might as well stay. I haven't even talked to Johnson yet, but since you're here you're free to listen. I don't think what we say will be much satisfaction to you."

She turned to Johnson. He was looking at her with a half-amused expression, a cynical droop to his mouth corners.

"I suppose there's no doubt you shot Howard Blaine. I mean you're willing to admit it."

"There must be witnesses somewhere." Johnson licked his lips. The amused expression grew.

"You certainly must have known Howard Blaine was an old friend of mine—and of my husband."

Johnson started to speak, then considered his words. "He was a nester, wasn't he? I suppose you're trying to tell me, Mrs. Rankin, that it would of been all right if I shot a nester, but not one who was a personal friend of yours."

It was a shrewd trap. Amelia involuntarily looked at the vigilantes' faces. The hit had scored with them.

"No one shoots nesters or anyone else on my place, either at my orders or on his own hook."

A farmer named O'Neill spoke up, "Don't hold water, Mrs. Rankin. How about Steve Branner? How about that old man ——"

Someone in the crowd supplied the name: "Hardy."

"Yes, how about Old Man Hardy? He was shot by one of your men."

"I know all about Branner. From all I've been told he brought it on himself. As for Hardy, I don't think he was shot by one of my men or even on my place."

There was a mumble. Words cut through: "That's a lie," followed by a hard laugh.

"Who said that?" Snow wanted to know.

Turner cut in, and the authority in his voice took over from Snow fast. "Doesn't matter who said it."

"Doesn't matter at all," said Amelia quietly.

There was a long pause.

"Let's get back to the subject," said Amelia. She turned to Johnson, who was sitting with a smile on his face, looking at the ceiling. "How about this shooting?"

"I admit nothing till I see a lawyer," said Johnson softly. "You asked me practically that once before, and I said there must have been witnesses."

"You knew," Turner cut in, "how Mrs. Rankin felt about Howard. Or didn't you?"

"I'd seen him before. I knew who he was without knowing he was an old family friend. I heard Mrs. Rankin befriended him by giving him some land to work." (*Continued on Page 117*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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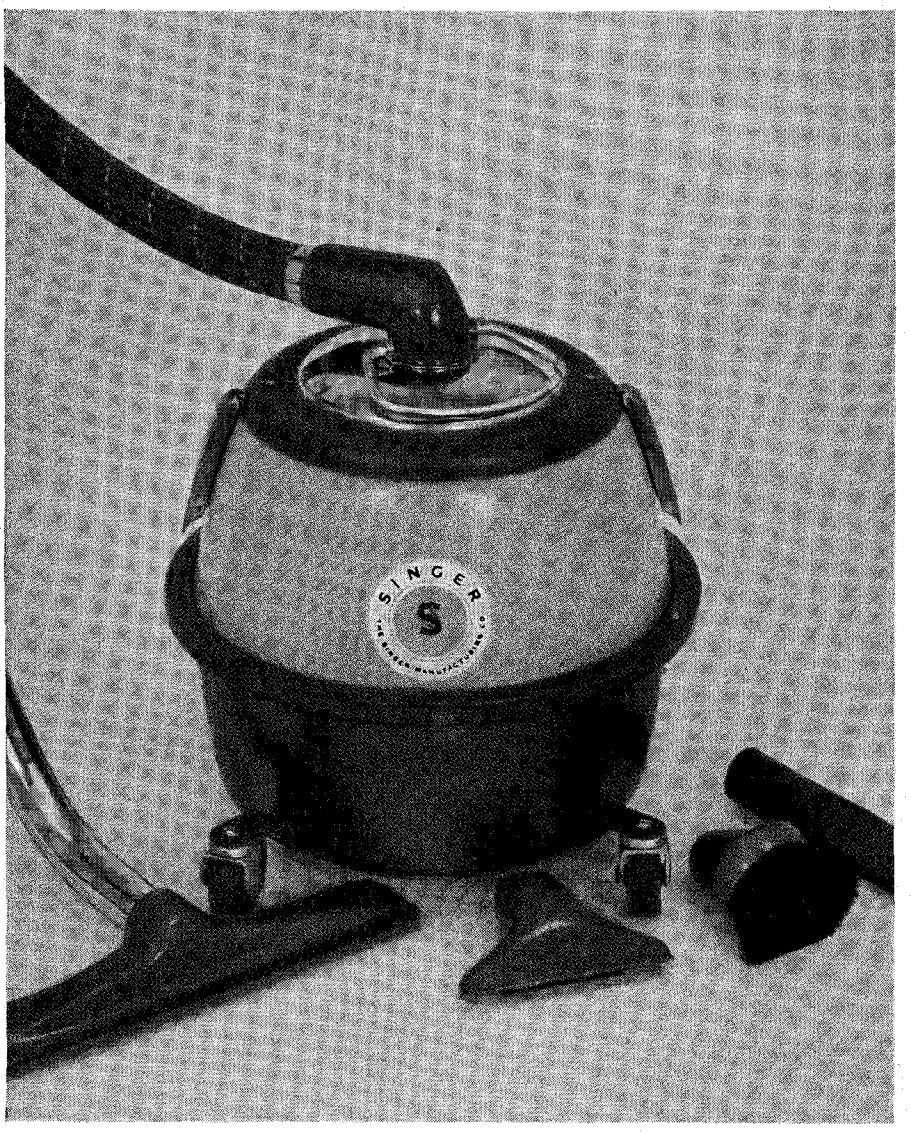

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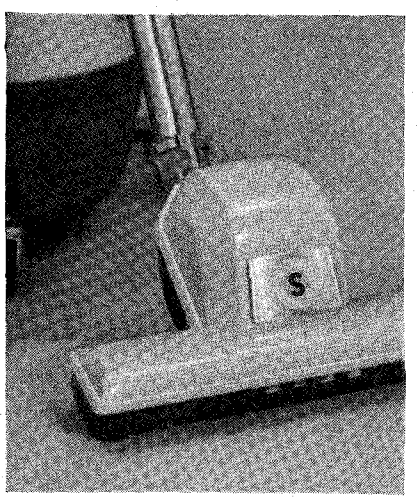

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(*Continued from Page 115*) "Seems to me that should have warned you."

"'Nother way of looking at it, ain't there?" said Johnson. "If she'd give him land, it was pretty poor payment to be stealing water from the lady who give it to him."

"How often had you talked to Howard?" Turner got out a cigar and bit off the end.

"Quite a lot. We'd had arguments. I guess I let my temper go."

"Then it wasn't so impulsive an act after all."

O'Neill broke in. "Just about average, I'd say. Farmer busts ground here in these regions. Right away go and shoot the poor fellow."

Amelia shifted in her chair. "You'd better question Johnson some more in private, Tom. This is getting nowhere."

O'Neill grinned. "Sure, in private. Fix it up."

"Shut up," said Turner.

"You won't make me."

Now it'll happen, Amelia thought. She waited and then spoke to the men at the windows. "I may make some mistakes in running this ranch. I'm trying to do as I think my husband would have done. If you hadn't come down on us last night, I might have turned Johnson over to the sheriff."

She could see by Tom's expression that he disapproved of both her words and attitude, but she went on.

"What I'm saying is I refuse to be intimidated."

"We could take him if we wanted," said O'Neill. Amelia ignored the boast.

"I'm planning to offer myself for trial for what Johnson did."

There was a brief, amazed silence.

"This is a case that ought to be tested. I'm Johnson's employer. He shot Howard on my land. He was operating under my orders."

O'Neill said, "Oh, then you did tell him to shoot Blaine."

Turner turned in anger. "Got the brains of a cow-brute? Can't you see the difference?"

"Damn if I can. This is another trick. You tricked us last night, Mrs. Rankin. You knew we wasn't here to help you people. We was headed to get Johnson. You just made it tough for us by playing dumb. Oh, it was clever all right ——"

Amelia saw Turner looking at O'Neill. "Of course it was a trick. What would you have done in Mrs. Rankin's case? Let you ride up here and get yourselves shot to death?" Turner's face was near O'Neill's as he spoke.

She looked quickly at Johnson. He had kept his eyes on the ceiling and was smiling faintly. *He's got protection of some sort*, Amelia thought. What had happened and what had been said the day she had hired him? Something that had happened then or was said was eluding her.

Turner was talking, still close to O'Neill, but quieter. "You have Mrs. Rankin to thank for being alive this morning. At least some of you."

O'Neill turned to her. "Then you won't let us have Johnson?"

Amelia said wearily, "If Sheriff Carney should come out here today, I shan't turn Johnson over to him. Why should I turn him over to you?"

"Same ol' story," said O'Neill bitterly. "Pretty highhanded, refusing to turn this man over to the sheriff."

"But you're not highhanded in asking me to turn him over to you and defying the sheriff in that way. Oh, no."

This licked O'Neill and he knew it.

"I'd advise you, Mr. O'Neill, to go back home and start working again."

"You ordering us off your land?"

"If you want it that way."

"We'll stay if we want."

There seemed to be a sudden shift of the shoulders of the men at the window, as if they had been off balance and now were on balance. She was sure most of them were armed.

Amelia paused and looked at her hands. At that moment the door opened and Willy Patchem half backed into the room. Amelia knew he'd already had a few drinks, by his ingratiating smile.

"Court in session?" Willy asked politely.

What happened next was like magic to Amelia. Snow took two steps behind Willy and reached for the gun grip which canted off Willy's hip in the half-awkward slant of Willy's frame as he closed the door. She saw the tips of Snow's long fingers on the grip of Willy's gun, a touch as light as a bug's wing.

Then Willy swiveled and stood with white lips and half-bared teeth, facing Snow in the fastest hauldown Snow had possibly ever seen. Snow was smiling, but the muzzle of Willy's pistol was not. There was not a sound from the thirty-eight watching males, but fear dropped like an ax.

"Now wait, Willy," said Snow. His smile had become fixed.

"For you?"

"The Rankin folks have shucked off their stuff, Willy."

Willy's eyes went from man to man, and his eyes grew larger as he grasped the situation.

"Well, doggone, Bill. I sure apologize. You moved too fast for me."

It wasn't a very good joke, but it broke the terrible tension. Laughter went up in a roar. Some men outside backed from the windows and held their stomachs, still laughing.

"I think this is a good way to end the meeting," said Turner loudly, and that did it. Men left the bunkhouse. The crowd began to move down the hill.

Tom, Snow, Willy and Amelia at last were alone with Johnson.

Johnson rose with a grin. "That was some play."

"It was no play."

"You mean you going to keep me here, Mrs. Rankin?"

"Yes."

Johnson pulled up his sagging trousers and stretched like a cat. His grin grew. Amelia saw Willy watching him carefully.

"Couldn't ask for a nicer place to be kept a prisoner. Course, this bunkhouse leaks."

"I'll find another place for you," said Amelia. "We may even put you to work, but somebody'll be watching you all the time."

"Grieves me to hear that, Mrs. Rankin," said Johnson. "I was hoping, being the lone woman you are, you might have me up to the house for a game of cribbage, or a cup of tea, or anything else a gal like you might ——"

Snow shoved Willy out the door, and while Willy fought and yelled his head off, reaching to get at Johnson in vain because Snow had his right hand in a bind, Turner knocked Johnson down out of hand, waited, and knocked him down again as Johnson got up, wiping his bloody mouth.

Amelia went down the hill and made it to the house door without delay. She went inside and sat down and waited, watching for Tom to come out of the bunkhouse. Presently she saw him coming.

Then to her surprise her old enemy, Hurd Patchem, who owned the biggest spread next to hers in the region, rode round the corner of the house and sat his horse just outside the screen door. His presence this side of the hitching rack was, of course, an affront. She walked to the door and opened it as Turner came on down the hill from the sheds.

"Ride him right inside, Hurd," she said and opened the screen door.

He stared at her with his red alcoholic eyes, a square-shaped heavy man with a magnificent head and a red face with the red-and-purple thread-lines of veins.

Turner grabbed the bit ring and led the horse beyond the rack, where it belonged. The movement was so fast that Hurd, who had dropped the reins and was rolling a cigar between his fingers, was unable to stop it. Amelia expected another fist fight, but Hurd surprised them both with his docility.

"Thank you, Tom, for teaching me manners." Then he said suddenly, "Amelia, understand you're going to hold on to this man Johnson." He was examining his cigar with care.

"You a friend of Red Johnson's?" She walked to the stoop.

"No, but I'm speaking for the association of cattle people of which you are a member, Amelia, and you recall I'm president. We do have a sheriff."

"You ought to know. You made him a sheriff. Carney won't get Johnson. At least not right now."

"Amelia," he said softly, "you and I are big landowners. None of your good friends in the association are going to like this. You've gotten copies of the law-and-order resolutions ——"

"What members of the association dragged down my fence around the Jorgensons' land and let the steers eat the corn? Is that law and order?"

He pretended to be puzzled. "Now, wait. Jorgenson's land, your fence—don't quite follow that."

"You know Jorgenson's farming on my land and the terms in general ——"

"No, I don't. Like to hear. You spoke of fences and land, and Jorgenson's a homesteader. Three things have caused trouble all over the cow country, Melly. Fences, homesteaders, land. I never saw a nester in my life that didn't turn in the end into a cow thief."

"By nesters you mean homesteaders," said Turner.

"Sounds like a lawyer, don't he?" Hurd grinned at Amelia. He drew on the cigar and spoke through the first puffs. "Well, if I see Carney, I'll give him the bad news."

Turner moved in closer to Hurd. "Just a minute, Hurd. I don't believe a word of this mealymouth talk about law and order and association resolutions. If Amelia wants to hold on to Johnson I depose she has good reasons. As long as she's my client ——"

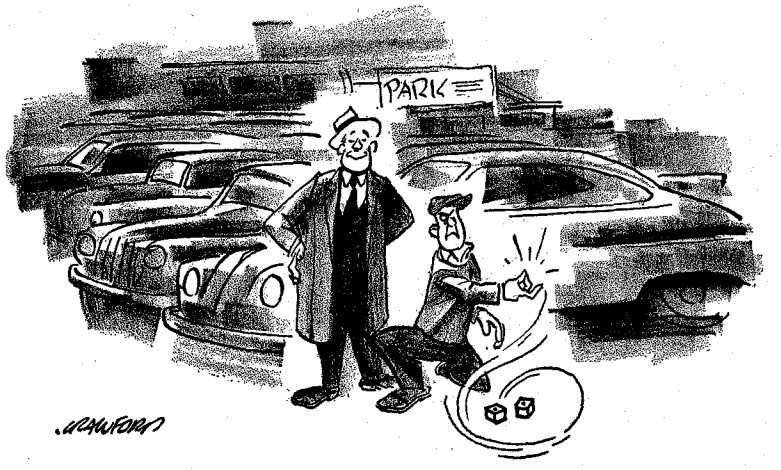
"Just a client?"

Turner reached up his right hand and put it on Hurd's thigh and gripped it. "You want to be pulled off that horse? If she wants fence, she'll fence ——"

"Go ahead with your speech."

"Amelia's fenced off some land to give the land a rest. Something some of you fellows haven't sense enough to do. She's helping a few land-hungry people, and at the same time some have bought outright from her—those who can."

"Like Howard Blaine?"



You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Wilbur, who saw no harm in small wagers, offered to throw dice with the parking-lot attendant for his change. The attendant agreed, but after a few unlucky passes, grew angry and threw his fellow gamester instead of the dice. Wilbur later sued the parking-lot owner for his injuries.

"We run a parking lot, not a gambling joint," the owner's attorney contended. "If Wilbur chose to trespass on our property to gamble, it was at his own risk."

"I had every right to tarry after paying your parking fee," Wilbur argued. "What's more, that attendant of yours is always spoiling for a fight and, in view of his violent temper, you were negligent to expose customers to his wrath."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Wilbur?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Wilbur lost. The court said that when he paid his parking fee, his authorized business on the lot ended. "By no stretch of the imagination can it be assumed," the court continued, "that the owners intended their parking lot to be used for gambling purposes." Therefore Wilbur was technically a trespasser and not entitled to claim damages for negligence.

Based upon a 1954 Oregon decision.

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"Like Howard Blaine. She'll do it if she wants."

"And we'll continue to protect the free flow of commerce."

Hurd allowed his horse to wheel and wheel again and drift sideways down toward the lane head. "All right, Amelia, just you keep cottoning up to these hayseeds and see what happens."

He gave his horse the spur and galloped down toward the gate. They watched him go.

Turner looked sharply at her, then took a few steps away from her and back, looking at the ground thoughtfully. "Amelia, I bluffed him about Johnson because I actually think you may be making a mistake in holding him here. Highhanded."

"I suppose it is."

"You downright determined?"

"Yes, for two reasons. I think Johnson will sooner or later admit he was paid by Hurd or someone to get on my payroll. And I want to know that certain sure."

"In other words, you want a handle on Hurd."

"I think I deserve it, the way he's been acting."

"You surely do, no argument there."

"Also, Tom, I want Johnson to get a fair trial. The Blaines are peculiar. Howard was peculiar. I just have a hunch."

Tom was nodding emphatically. "Where we differ, Melly, is that I think he stands a better chance of a fair trial if Carney takes him to jail than if he stays here and runs the chance of being lynched."

She bit off each word. "He'll not be lynched off my place."

"O.K., you don't trust Carney. I do, even if he's a Patchem man. Well, you may be right, but I don't like to see you off the law side." He picked his boot toe at the bottom step thoughtfully.

She said, "Where we live I can't see the difference."

He scraped a mud clot off one boot with a small stick. "Let's get inside and have some coffee."

Etta served them. Amelia asked her to close the kitchen door and they had some privacy.

Turner sipped his coffee. "'Melia, don't waste too much sympathy on the Blaines. Howard had the worst temper in the county. Not that I'm siding with Johnson. But we don't know the facts. Hurd mentioned Blaine buying farmland from you. He never paid you for it."

"No."

"You let him have the land, and it merely coasted along like that."

"More or less."

"I've got to get back to town." Turner walked to the hooks behind the door and got his hat and satchel. "Guess I left my slicker on the horse. Wait." He turned sharply, and she dreaded his going. She saw a man in a narrow-trousered black, broadcloth suit that no longer seemed incongruous to her as it once did, with the spurred boots and the strapped-down trousers. *He's really fastidious*, she thought, *much more so than Henry. And he looks like a lawyer.*

He was still standing thoughtfully, his eyes shifting between her and the yard beyond. "I was hasty. I'll stay longer, if you want me. But I left last night in the middle of something ——"

She went to him and kissed him. "You go on. I'll be all right."

... ...

West of the Brown Missouri

By Elijah L. Jacobs

West of the brown Missouri,
many things change.
Mile by mile the crust of the
earth expands;
League by league railroads and
highways range
Farther and farther apart, their
thinning strands
Spread wider, holding within
that tenuous web
Great fields kept bare all
summer for next year's
sowing,
Old ocean beds, whose waters
never ebb ——
Too long dried up, aeons before
our knowing.
Over the desert the drifting
buzzard lingers,
Waiting while coyote and puma
gnaw at their prey;
God must have crumbled a
moon between His fingers
And dropped the pieces for
mountains, and gone away.
Those deep and devious gorges
the rivers trace ——
How much of time is here, how
much of space!

... ...

He smiled down at her and tightened his grip on her hand. "Just one thing more. None of these respectable cattlemen or even the new farmers'd take a shot at you. I know that. But it's the riffraff they stir up and other riffraff they bring in. Watch out where you go and always go with somebody." He hesitated. He was worried plain, she saw. "I doubt if Hurd would—hurt you."

She followed him to the door. "I think Joyce Bannerman would shoot me if he could. He's told people."

Turner shook his head. "No. You have to understand Bannerman. He's never grown up. That's why he packs an arsenal like a kid. Bannerman loves a rope. Always talking about hanging people. Bannerman's a little crazy, you know."

"A little? I'll be careful, Tom."

He started away and turned back, and her eyes gave assent, so he kissed her. Then he said, "Don't worry about Carney, 'Melia, I'll run into him sure on the way back and I'll talk to him. He may not even come over at all. He's a busy sheriff." He swung away into the yard and she watched him as he stopped to talk to Snow.

Spider Collins, on his way to visit his ailing mother in Bradford, rode in from Amelia's Number Two crew, which was working the ridges south of Limberlake. Spider picked up a fresh horse and kept on south, leaving a message from Johnny Blaine, who had passed him after turning back from a ride to Amarillo. Spider told Shep Conklin at the horse barn, who told Jess Albright, who told Etta, who told Amelia that the Blaine funeral would be the next day—it being one day after the vigilantes' departure.

Amelia was bewildered when the message added that Johnny would take it kindly if Mary would be at the funeral.

"But Mary's at the Blaines now."

"Seem like she comin' home," said Etta.

"Of course, that's it."

"Maybe to get her clothes changed."

"Etta, do you think I ought to tell Mary that Johnny Blaine rode in here with the Old Law Mob and then sneaked off?"

"No'm, I do not," said Etta decisively.

Amelia pondered over Tom's advice after he had gone. The words he had used kept coming back to her. She tried to go all the way with him in his estimate of the Blaines and his impatience with her for having them on her conscience.

She forced herself to her desk a little after the noon dinner and worked through the afternoon on the ranch bookkeeping. She saw she was getting behind in her work. It was now on top of her, not the other way round. She was in the drag when she should have been riding point. In panic she got off a note to her part-time auditor in Eiler, asking him to come sooner and help her catch up.

She went through a mass of tax receipts like a spooked critter through a rock break. The totals she had meant to face up to for weeks. Now they scared her. She decided she was safe for the time being, but the thought rose in the back of her mind that this time in the falling market her bank loans might have to be solicited from New Orleans and not from Dallas or even Kansas City.

As her mind veered in a new direction, she held up the Snow reports on cattle in her left hand, and in her right lifted and looked at a sheaf of bills for new fencing. She knew that the bills represented barriers that would stop cattle, not only hers but her neighbors'; that they would trap and mutilate herds in a storm stampede, and that in a blizzard they would prevent steers from turning tail-to-the-wind and moving great distances as a means of self-preservation. Was the association right and she wrong?

Her thinking became so confused that to free her mind she set a work goal for herself and toiled doggedly until the bunkhouse shadows made it seem as big as the ranch house, and horses walked on stilts in the corral. Then she looked up from her desk into the sun's eye and saw Mary riding into the yard with Lester Patchem, who was driving his father's buckboard with the much-mended front wheel. She smiled as she recollected Etta's prophecy, but her second thought was that if Mary went back to the Blaines in time for the funeral, they might have to drive half the night.

Mary came in and kissed her mother and said hello to Etta, who was watching her doubtfully from the kitchen door.

"You goin' back to the Blaines?"

"Yes, Etta, I am."

Etta shrugged her shoulders and went back to the kitchen. Mary sat down and pulled off her gloves. "Lester was driving by, so he stopped and offered to ride me here. Johnny kept me up half the night talking, and started for some place near Amarillo to get an undertaker early this morning."

"He's already started back; Collins met him and he sent some sort of a message here for you. Do you want to go back?"

Mary hesitated. "I do and I don't. But somebody must represent the family."

"I've decided not to go. I don't want Elizabeth to make a scene, and she might."

"Yes, she might. I think you're wise not to. I can hardly get a word out of her. It's horrible, and I feel pretty sorry for Johnny."

Amelia wanted very badly to ask Mary if that was all she felt, but she pushed the thought down. "How are they for food?"

"Well, what cooking's done, I do. Johnny's pretty good. She drinks a lot, you know."

"I've heard. Mary, if it gets too bad—no matter how deep your sympathy is—be fair to yourself and don't keep feeling that it must be done for me, for my sake. I blame myself ——"

"Too much. In fact, you're not to blame at all."

"I wish I could think so."

Mary came and put her hand on Amelia's shoulder. "Just as I said at the Blaines, I think it's time I did something for the Rankins." She broke off. "It's awfully warm in here. Don't you want the door open?" She moved to the door and opened it on Lester.

"Come in, Lester," said Amelia.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Unusual Underwoods (Continued from Page 36)

And anyway, the William Underwood Company has been doing all right where it is, paying steady dividends for the last fifty years.

Belmont adjoins Watertown, which houses the company's main plant and offices, and both adjoin Cambridge. In these surroundings the family has produced scholars, poets, musicians, architects. It has also produced one member who couldn't get through prep school and an unusually practical businessman who yearned to be, but never became, a banker. He thought bank interest was beautiful—"Think of all that interest coming in nights, holidays and Sundays too."

There have been some firm minds among the Underwoods. One of them once wanted it known that he was opposed to a railroad's invasion of Belmont. He made it known. He toted some gunpowder down to the station and blew it up. When trolley tracks were laid near an Underwood residence, they were equally unwelcome. But a more ingenious Underwood dealt with them. He donated to the city a strip of tree-bearing land between the nearest Underwood house and the tracks. The trees not only screened the view but, by a special proviso in the donation, the authorities wound up stuck with perpetual maintenance of the screen.

Occasionally there has been a bit of intrafamily firmness. One Underwood selected Thanksgiving Day and Christmas as the two days in the year he would talk with his brothers. On all other days he refused to be bothered with them. He said of one, "It takes the help of two men to get him to do a boy's work." This happened to be the one who later, with an associate, revolutionized canning.

Underwoods have always produced liberal numbers of daughters, but sons have been relatively scarce. The sons who did come along were usually called William and attended Harvard as a matter of course. But the son scarcity has finally resulted in a complete lack of Underwoods in company management. The last active family member (*Continued on Page 120*)

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back to the classroom, Dad!

It's not that your three "R's" are slipping. But you *should* experience the comfort that wasn't there in your day.

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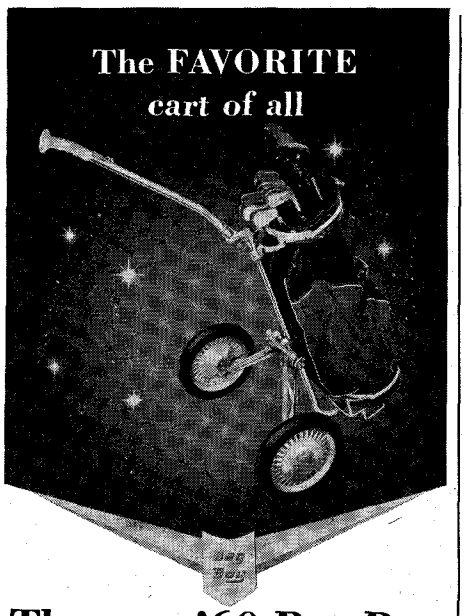

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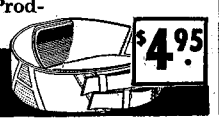

FUTURO SACRO BRACE **$4.95**

(*Continued from Page 118*) was a vice president who died in 1954. His name was William.

Though the Underwoods are less visible now, they are still definitely around. They hold certificates of beneficial interest in a Massachusetts trust, which in turn functions for them as a board of directors of the corporation.

Five of the seven trustees who take care of things for the family are in their sixties or beyond. Three are lawyers, one a bank president, one a stock broker and one a retired company treasurer. The seventh is from a startlingly different list—management officials of the corporation. He is president George Seybolt, who at forty-five is the oldest of the corporation slate. His sales manager is thirty-nine. Seybolt and his young colleagues, subject to trustee approval, are in direct charge of the company's packing business, a lopsided operation in which one product accounts for more than two thirds of total sales made in all products.

The one conspicuous product, known for years in all parts of the world, is Underwood's Deviled Ham. It comes in only two tin sizes, both small, and is chastely wrapped in pure white paper on which the name and a figure of the devil appear in black and New England red. In many ways this little product is unique. It sells today at the same wholesale price it brought in 1937. The label, subtly altered over the years, is ninety-two years old. The product is simple, unchanged and unchanging. The company buys whole hams of its own specifications, cooks them, cuts off the meat, grinds and mixes it and adds a spice formula. Any visitor is welcome to watch the entire process, but the recipe for the spice mixture, which contains a good deal of mustard, is kept in a bank vault and is presumably known to only one man in each generation.

Any housewife willing to take the trouble could approximate Underwood's Deviled Ham in her own kitchen. Any big Midwest packer, hundreds of miles closer to the sources of ham, could easily produce hundreds of times as much as Underwood does. Yet the Underwood product, according to the company, commands about two thirds of the entire deviled-ham market. It is, of course, a specialty market and not very big. Underwood doesn't have to reveal its financial figures to the public, but the company's total sales, of which the ham is the largest part, will fall considerably short of $20,000,000 annually.

The little cans get around. In Mexico and South America they go by the name of *Diablitos*—little devils. Indians coming into Mexican villages for "drunk night" bring a few centavos and buy one of the little foreign ham cans. As they load up on tequila or mescal they use the American product as an exotic snack, presumably the way we use caviar at cocktail time. Venezuelans consume more per capita than Americans do. Underwood's tins have gone to both poles with exploration parties, often travel with commercial prospecting groups and archaeologists on isolated diggings.

Underwood got a big jump in its early canned products during the California gold rush of 1849; and another during the Civil War, when the Union Navy took nearly half the company's output. In later wars deviled ham, introduced in 1867, became the principal company contribution, although in the First World War there was a little difficulty. Early in that conflict an Army major appeared at Underwood's and in the name of emergency cleaned out the company inventory of whole hams, promising that replacement would be made within a few weeks. The Army reneged, however, and the Underwood heading the company at that time refused any further dealings with so ungentlemanly an outfit.

About a half-dozen years ago the Underwood trustees, who may be advanced in years, but who are also very smart, observed the manner in which a district sales manager for a large can company put across a civic drive. They decided that the young man, George Seybolt, was a good prospect for Underwood and hired him as sales manager. By that time the company was running short of active operational Underwoods, and by the time Seybolt advanced to the presidency the last one was gone. Seybolt is a native New Yorker, without any kinship with the Underwood family. He is a hard-working young man, suave and pleasant, and he has brought Underwood to the highest sales level in its history.

Seybolt is almost as fond of suburban Boston as a native Yankee. But without the inextricable New England roots that Underwoods possess, Seybolt is able to look with tolerance on non-New England regions of the country. He may even consider diversifying the company both in products and geography. There is a bagful of money available for such moves, and the family, since there is no longer any threat of their personal removal to distant parts, will not care.

Way down below deviled ham in dollar value, Underwood has a second successful product, the Maine sardine. In recent years the Maine sardine industry has been the subject of an industry-wide quality improvement and now claims to be at least on a par with imported products. Seybolt has gone along with this effort enthusiastically, although Underwood is not the largest sardine canner. The company maintains three plants along the Maine coast, packing also clams, clam chowder and clam juice.

Any probable diversification will never be wide enough to return the Underwood company to the range of its earlier products. Hardly anything grows or lives that Underwood has not at one time or other packed, put up or bottled. The ancient company records comprise a food-products dictionary—quinces, mackerel, baked beans, soup, jam, lobster, cranberries and dozens more. Oddly enough, none has ever been a failure, according to a company spokesman, who adds, "Of course, a great many products lost money or met with too small a demand to warrant continuance." But no failures.

The roots of this persistent family business are somewhat obscure. The first William Underwood was an English baker's son who learned tinsmithing. The earliest canners had to be tinsmiths, since all cans then were cut by hand, assembled and then closed by solder. William came to New Orleans in 1817 in the company of a French friend. It is possible that these two were brought together by or shared an interest in the pioneer canning work of Nicolas Appert. Appert was the father of canning, having devised a method of putting up food in sealed vessels during the Napoleonic wars. A man named Donkin applied Appert's methods to metal containers in England, and William Underwood brought Donkin's ideas to America.

How William got from New Orleans to Boston, which he did rather promptly, is unknown. The Underwoods say he walked. If so, he was a mighty walker. It is believed that he was looking for a suitable place to establish a business. He didn't find it in Baltimore, although he tarried there, and for some peculiar reason he disdained both Philadelphia and New York. He went on to Boston. There is some suspicion that he was looking for other branches of the English Underwoods who preceded him to New England, but there is no record that he was or that he found any.

But he did establish his business in Boston, possibly in 1821, the year Napoleon died at St. Helena, or perhaps a little earlier. The company books begin in 1822, but relate back to earlier transactions. The William Underwood Company was not at first a canning company, if for no other reason than the fact that canning was hardly yet alive. The company provisioned ships, traded and brokered before the first tinsmith was hired to can the first broiled lobster, which seems to have been the first Underwood canned product.

William was probably quite willing to put up a single (*Continued on Page 122*)

"I can't make up my mind between the cheese sandwich and nothing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

Massachusetts Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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(*Continued from Page 120*) tinned turkey for a captain's table. But he was also willing to speculate on what were called "adventure accounts." An adventure account was the dispatching of a ship with a cargo of Underwood or other products on a sales or trading mission, whichever the captain found most promising. The markup was very high on the exports, and often the exotic goods which the ship brought back were salable here at rarity prices. Underwood records show many such adventure accounts, which were very aptly named. They were indeed risky. Many of the ships never returned.

The first William and then his son, another William, carried forward this versatile business until 1880. At intervals outsiders appear to have been taken into partnership, but they never lasted long, and finally the company settled down to just plain Underwoods. The second William, with the middle name of James, was a man of wide tastes and not too much business ambition. He suffered afflictions, a severe case of gout and, later on, a stroke. Bowing to the beliefs of that day, after his stroke he gave up one of his favorite recreations—drinking wine.

The third company head, Henry Oliver Underwood, was gruff, hardheaded, goodhearted and impatient of losing money. He abandoned more than half of the interminable list of products and concentrated on those which made profits, notably deviled ham. Henry could easily have become a big tycoon, but he did not want to. He ran the Underwood company and served on several outside boards such as United Fruit, but he often said he did not want the responsibility of heading a really large company. Presumably the William Underwood size was his ideal. He spent forty years managing it and the company was immensely better off for his service.

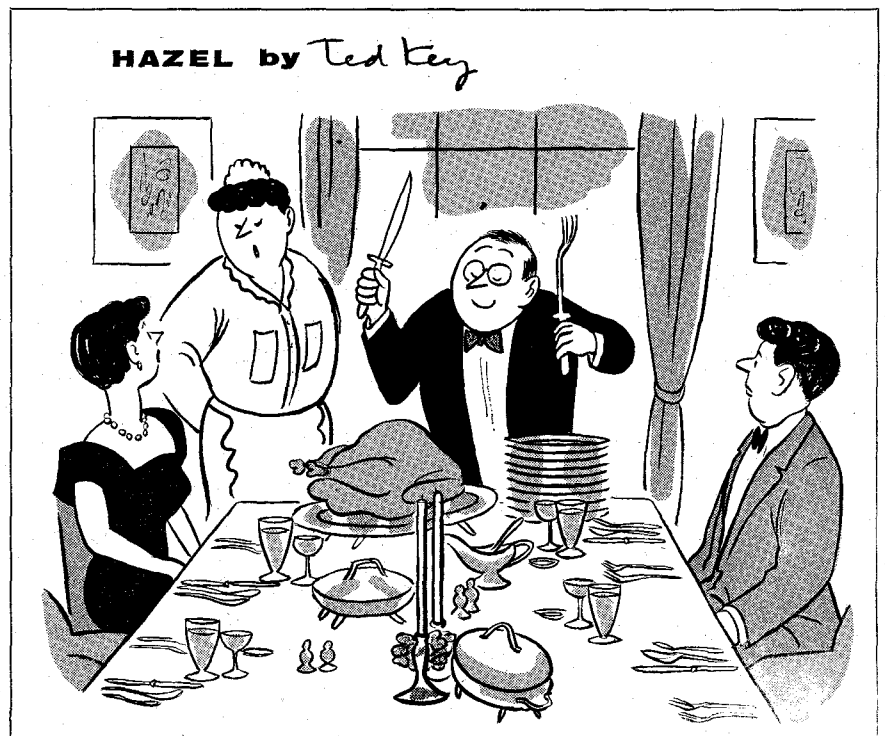
It is not a thing to bellow around Belmont, but even Henry O. could be wrong, and it looks as if he erred about the alleged inadequacies of his brother, William Lyman Underwood. William Lyman did make it easy for people to form a poor opinion of him. He was a specialist in shunning desks and playing hooky. It was impossible to get him through prep school, and when the family gave up on his education and put him into the company, it was impossible to keep him at a business desk.

William L. had another specialty, wildlife and biology, and for these pursuits he was willing to neglect everything else. He studied nature, delivered lectures and wrote books on conservation, wildlife and the dangers of malarial mosquitoes. Apparently the only interest he had in the canning business was why canned clams so often went bad, turning black and swelling their containers. This was not exactly a unique occurrence in early canning days, but William was curious about it.

Poking into the subject, he finally got together with Samuel Cate Prescott, an assistant professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Together these two started a series of experiments with bad clams, an unfragrant project. What they found and proved, upset all previous notions of canning. Theretofore it had been the practice to exclude air and set up a partial vacuum in cans, which presumably caused the contents to keep. The investigating pair, however, proved that the exclusion of air was by no means enough, that there were bacteria which easily survived that process and could be killed only by complete sterilization of the can's contents. Underwood and Prescott worked out the time and temperature rules for sterilizing clams, then went on to corn and other products.

This discovery not only blew up the technology of the entire industry but also greatly advanced the then young science of bacteriology. By playing it cozy and capitalizing on the discovery, the Underwood company could easily have gained a jump on all other canners. Instead, William and the professor in 1895 blithely published papers on their work, which soon led to the Federal Government's working out standard time and temperature sterilization rules for all canned goods.

The Underwood-Prescott achievement is remembered, but not with any great force. Undoubtedly others would have made the same discovery; in fact, a University of Wisconsin professor was on the same track at about the same time. But it is a curious fact that William is probably best remembered, not for his scientific achievement, but for the fact that he made a companion of a bear.



"Better move back for Dr. Kildare."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The bear was discovered as a cub, being nursed and reared, along with her own baby, by the wife of a Maine logger. William traded the family a cow for the bear and took the bear into the family life of his home. The baby grew up to be a hospital nurse, with William's help, and the bear grew up to be William's "brother" and a powerful nuisance. When the day arrived that with one swipe the bear knocked a pet dog the entire length of the house, the experiment in bear companionship ended. William wrote a book about his bear. It was called Wild Brother.

Henry Oliver Underwood, the strong man of the family, was responsible for the disappearance of Underwoods from front-line company positions. Henry had no sons, and when he died in 1921, non-Underwoods assumed active operation of the company. Until 1954 there remained only one family member near the top, William Lyman's son, another William.

But if Henry left no family successors in the company, he left a strong symbol, the Underwood Red Devil trade-mark. As early as 1895 the company had begun national advertising of the Devil. This was a rather bold move for a food-product company in that day, but it was successful, and the company has never since allowed the symbol to drop out of public sight. Nor has the devil ever suffered a really drastic change at any one time. It was first a solidly demoniac figure, with the label sprouting flames. But the flames were quenched early, and on two later occasions the devil's face was softened from horrible to menacing and thence to mere scowling. His originally stocky figure has also been slimmed down. Just this year two other slight alterations have been made. His scowl has been changed to a smile and, as a less negative note, his tail has been turned upward instead of down.

Underwood has always been able to stave off threatened imitations that have bedeviled its symbol, including a devillike pig and a devillike red Indian. The company also survived a rather pointed resolution passed long ago by a billboard association meeting in Chicago. No doubt influenced by proximity to the Chicago stockyards and the big packers, the billboard association solemnly resolved that the devil was an unfit brand symbol and should not be used on any of their billboards.

Although this persistent hammy Beelzebub is without question the mainstay of the present company, the lesser products are more colorful in their preparation. Sardine fishing, for example, is a lively pursuit. Night-flying airplanes slip along the Maine coast seeking out phosphorescent disturbances peculiar to schools of small herring. Once sighted, the schools are then reported to boats which herd them into coves or bays, catch them in seines and hold them in the sea until they empty themselves of food. Thereafter, four Underwood sardine carriers take them aboard and radio the news to the packing plants. The plant in most urgent need of fish gets first call. One of these plants used to be near Bar Harbor, but when that resort began attracting summer people in large numbers it was considered in the best interests of society to chase the Underwood plant to the other side of the island, which was done.

Underwood packs sardines in the standard varieties plus one that is spiced with a hot sauce, another *diablito* for the Latin-American market. By contrast with the seacoast operations the production of deviled ham is quiet and simple. Once the big hams have been washed and cooked and the meat removed by a crew swinging scimitars, the packing process is entirely automatic, and normally proceeds at a rate of about twenty tons per day.

In marketing deviled ham, Underwood has little difficulty with store distribution, since the product is a very old staple, but there is a type of roadblock in the housewife's kitchen. Women tend to pick up a couple of cans of the product as security against emergency need for a snack or the basis for a quick combination dish. But once they have it on the shelf Underwood notes that too often it remains there like a life preserver that is never thrown into the water. It becomes a sort of badge of security.

The company's problem is to get the little devil off the pantry shelf to make room for another purchase. To this end Underwood operates a kitchen in downtown Boston that keeps turning out new recipes and new uses, from cocktail snacks to salad dressings—major use of the ground ham is for sandwiches. Once in a while the deviled ham goes on a so-called "hitchhike"—a double promotion with some noncompetitive product where deviled ham can serve as a natural companion of crackers or cheese or something.

Originally prepared in the shadow of Faneuil Hall in Boston, the ham is now packed in a modest, tidy Watertown plant. The plant was built, and on two sides the surrounding land was landscaped, just in time for the big New England hurricane of 1938 to alter the landscape design. But the scars are healed now, and employees lunch in the tiny bit of park. The Watertown plant, from the standpoint of employee relationships, is just about ideal. Including executives and white collars there are only about 100 people involved. They are all close to one another, pretty much on a first-name basis, and there is a constant waiting list for employment. There are a number of family clusters on the rolls, including several husband-and-wife teams.

There is apparently no one specific reason why the plant attracts employees. Many jobs have been handed down from one generation to the next, and many remember that the Underwoods have always taken care of employees in hard times. But there are also other reasons. The size of the group makes for an easy-going pace and precludes personality troubles. Coffee and doughnuts are always available at a nickel. Employees who wish to cook lunch have facilities available in the recreation room. This privilege is not only honored but also has been severely tested. Someone with a passion for fried onions once drove president Seybolt to move his office from directly above the stove. There was no thought of banning the cooking. The company simply doubled the insulation over the kitchen area.

There is not much that can go wrong with a product that consists of nothing but whole ground hams and predetermined spices, but there is always a possibility of slight variations in cure or cooking. Hence, some years back the company set up a taste panel on strictly scientific principles. An engineering firm conducted tests of all employees to discover which individuals had the most sensitive tastes. The winners were then put through an intensive course in the semantics of describing any given taste, so that two individuals would not refer to the same taste sensation with different names. Results of the tests placed an office boy and a secretary among the top group which was to comprise the panel. The French chef who was then in charge of the process barely squeaked onto the panel.

But the biggest surprise lay at the bottom of the test results. It was bad news for the unusual Underwoods of Belmont. Low man in tasting deviled ham turned out to be an Underwood, and a William at that. THE END

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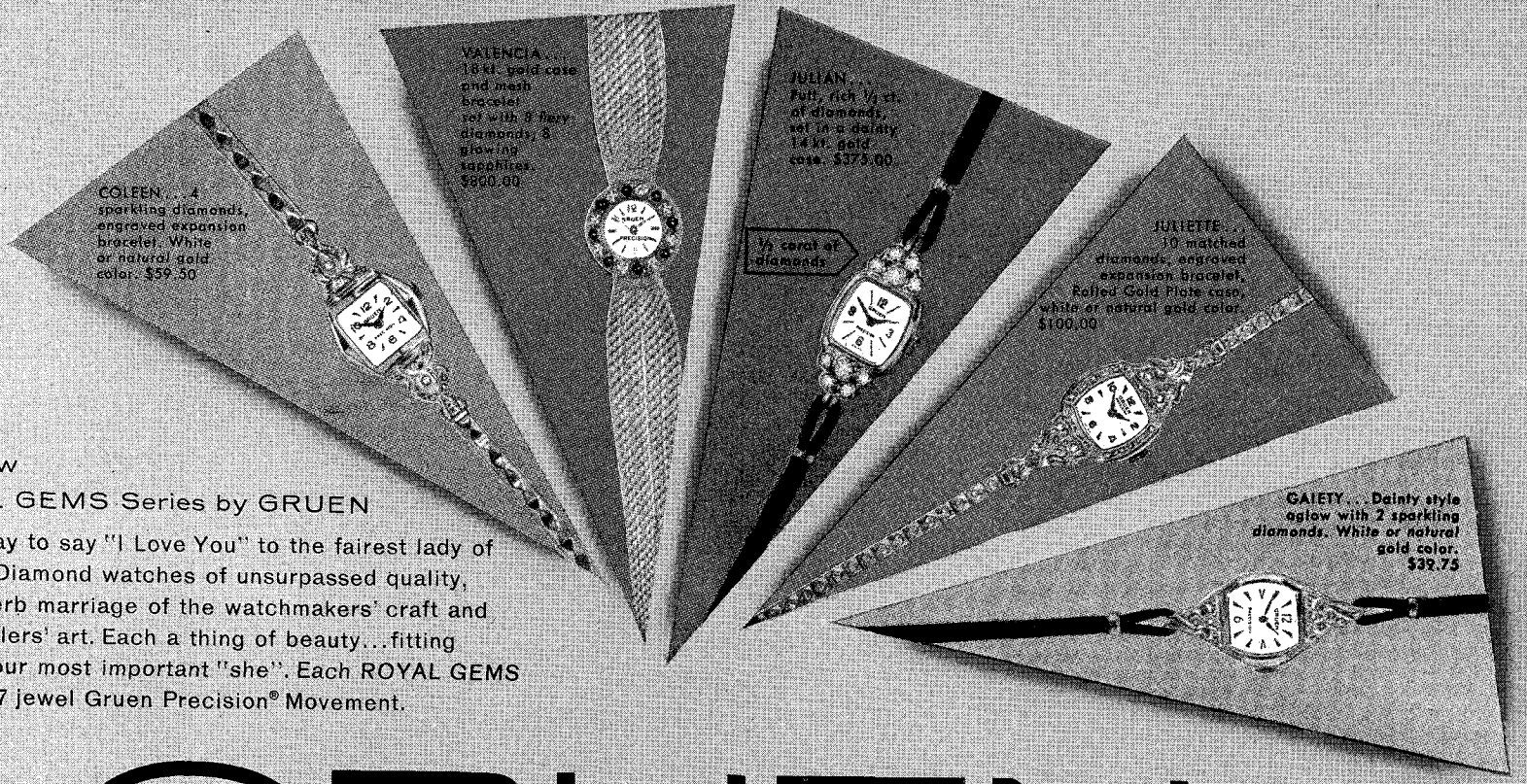
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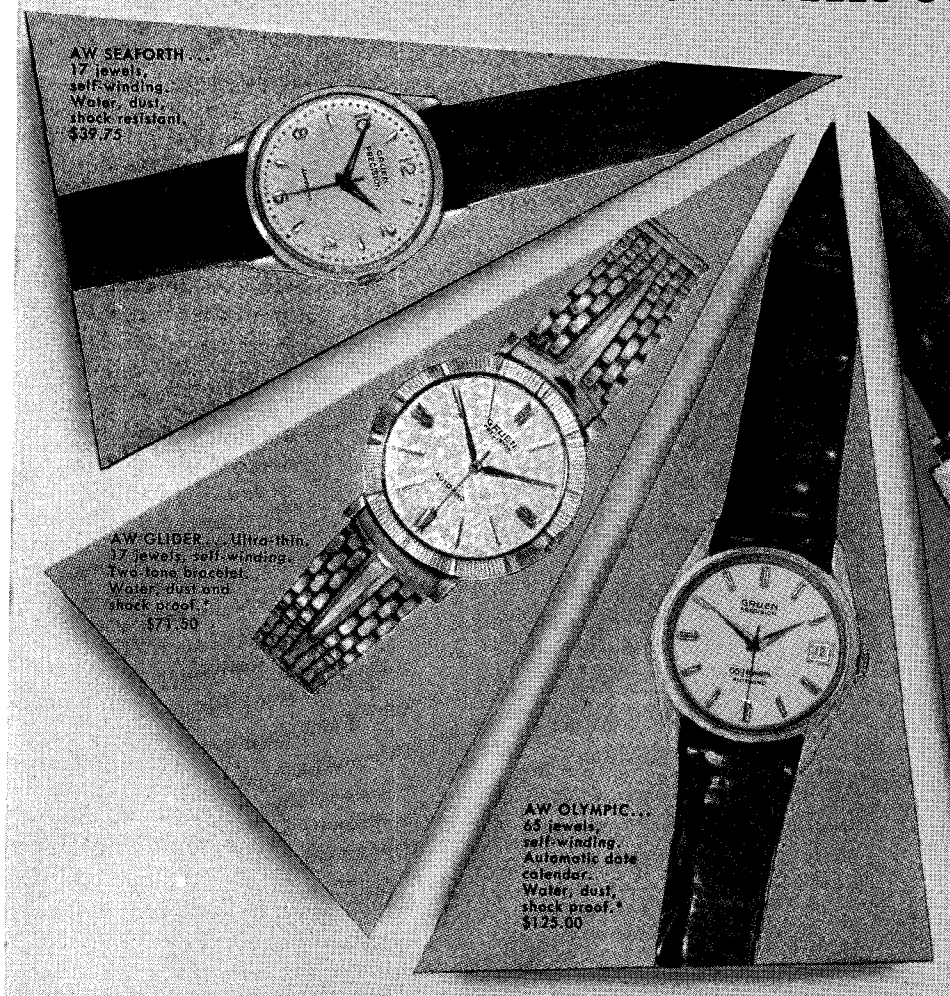
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Keeping Posted

Three Dictators

Unplanned photograph of author Neal, Mr. Nasser and Mr. Tito.

That picture featuring dictators Nasser and Tito was snapped by a Yugoslav photographer during a big partisan rally in Bosnia in the summer of 1958 and it ran on the front page of the Titograd newspaper *Pobjeda*. Over Nasser's shoulder you see an excellent likeness of **Fred Warner Neal,** who discusses Bulgaria on page 31. "A picture of three dictators," comments one of Professor Neal's students—the author teaches international relations at Claremont Graduate School, one of five associated colleges at Claremont, California. Actually Neal's presence in the picture was pure accident; a former State Department consultant and a specialist on Eastern Europe, he just happened to be there while on a four months' tour of the European Communist countries. Neal's book, *Titoism in Action*, published last year, evolved from an earlier penetration of the Iron Curtain as a representative of the American Universities Field Staff.

Welcome Veterans

Sanora Babb and her husband, James Wong Howe.

New contributor Harriet Renaud.

Authors making their first contributions to *The Post* often are relatively new at their craft, but this week there are three first-timers who present a switch on the situation.

Take **Sanora Babb** of page 20. Her stories and poetry have appeared in literary quarterlies and anthologies; her novel, *The Lost Traveler*, was published last year in the United States, Canada and England; and she teaches writing at the University of California at Los Angeles. The author uses a pen name—her maiden name. Her husband, Chinese-born James Wong Howe, has long been one of Hollywood's top directors of photography; he won an Oscar in 1955 for the film *Rose Tattoo*, and his recent work includes *Bell, Book and Candle* and *The Old Man and the Sea*. Sanora Babb has done a lot of wandering around the world with her husband while he was on location, but she prefers to be a homebody, enjoying the measure of solitude a writer needs and cooking for her gourmet spouse.

Another new veteran is **Harriet Renaud** (page 37), who exclaims, "I am a native New Yorker and a New Yorker forever, although I now live in the pretty university town of Berkeley, California, with my husband, a clinical psychologist, and our children, Raoul, Lissa and Paul." Previously she held staff jobs with the *New York Journal-American*, and *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Charm* magazines. Now, while working for a Ph.D. in English at the University of California, she successfully free-lances "whenever there isn't a thesis or baby a-borning—and sometimes when there is."

Example No. 3 is **Bernard Asbell,** who collaborates with the **Rev. J. L. Hughes** on page 22. He's an established Chicago free-lancer and a writing teacher in the adult-education division at the University of Chicago. His small children number three—Paul, Jonathan and Larry. Asbell reports that one Sunday he made the rounds with Mr. Hughes, the roving pastor of Park Forest, Illinois, and he frankly confesses that it was the first time he ever went to church four times in a morning.

Tales of the Authors

Tommy Devine, for the past twelve years a staff man with the *Detroit Free Press*, got word of his page 32 sale to *The Post* just as he was taking off to join the sports staff of the Miami, Florida, *Daily News*. "Can't think of a better good-luck charm to take along with me," exults Tommy.

Maybe **Peg Bracken's** page 34 essay on the odd Christmas gifts women like was partly inspired by the experience of a friend, Patricia Palmer. When Pat was a schoolgirl she used to ride a horse her family owned, but her riding togs were very primitive. Just before a yuletide season Pat told a newly acquired boy friend that she was a horsewoman, and the boy, who had never seen her in action, gave her a snazzy set of spurs for Christmas. Pat had no boots. And what's more, her mother had said that they couldn't afford to buy her any. Happy ending: Right after Christmas, before the boy friend got wise, Pat's father scraped up the money and bought boots.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Can't Stop Singing"

The extraordinary story of Mahalia Jackson.

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